

THE
WORKS
OF
H O R A C E

In ENGLISH VERSE.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
NOTES HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

VOLUME the SECOND and LAST.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

M.DCC.LIX.

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THE CONTENTS.

ODES. BOOK V.

By J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.

	Page
*ODE I. To <i>Mænas</i> .	1
*— II. The Praises of a Country Life.	4
— Imitated. By another Hand.	8
*— III. To <i>Mænas</i> .	12
*— IV. To <i>Menas</i> , Pompey's Freed-man.	14
*— V. <i>Canidia</i> . By <i>William Duncombe</i> , Esq;	16
*— VI. To <i>Cassius Severus</i> .	24
*— VII. To the Roman People.	26
*— IX. To <i>Mænas</i> .	28
*— X. On <i>Mænius</i> .	32
*— XI. To <i>Pettius</i> .	34
*— XIII. To a Friend.	36
*— XIV. To <i>Mænas</i> .	39
*— XV. To <i>Næra</i> .	41
*— XVI. To the Roman People.	42
*— XVII. To <i>Canidia</i> .	47
*— <i>Canidia's</i> Answer.	50
— The Secular Ode. By <i>William Duncombe</i> , Esq;	55
Preface to the <i>Satires</i> and <i>Epistles</i> .	iii

CONTENTS.

SATIRES. BOOK I.

	Page
*SATIRE I. By <i>J. P. Shard, Esq;</i>	71
*— III. —	82
*— IV. —	97
*— V. By <i>William Cowper, Esq;</i>	107
*— VI. To <i>Mæcenæ.</i>	124
*— VII. —	136
*— VIII. —	141
*— IX. By <i>W. C. Esq;</i>	147
*— X. —	156

BOOK II.

	Page
*SATIRE I. <i>Horace and Trebatius.</i>	169
*— II. <i>Of Frugality.</i>	178
*— Part of the same Satire Imitated.	489
*— III. <i>Damascippus and Horace.</i>	191
*— IV. <i>Horace and Gaius.</i>	229
*— V. <i>Ulysses and Tiresias.</i>	237
*— VI. By <i>Mr. Farwkes.</i>	252
*— VII. <i>Horace and his Slave</i>	266
*— Imitated. By <i>Mr. Pitt.</i>	278
*— VIII. <i>Horace and Fundanius</i>	285
*— Imitated. By <i>E. G. Burnaby, Esq;</i>	294

EPISTLES. BOOK I.

By *J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.*

	Page
*EPISTLE I. To <i>Mæconas.</i>	309
*— II. To <i>Lollius.</i> By <i>J. P. Shard, Esq;</i>	322
*— Imitated. By a Friend in <i>Ireland.</i>	332
*— III. To <i>Julius Florus.</i>	339
*— Imitated. By <i>Mr. Nevile.</i>	342
*— IV. To <i>Albius Tibullus.</i>	345
*— Imitated. By <i>Mr. Pitt.</i>	348
*— By <i>Mr. Say.</i>	352

* EPISTLE

CONTENTS.

v

	Page
*EPISTLE V. To <i>Torquatus</i> . — — —	353
* ——— Imitated. By a Friend in <i>Ireland</i> . — — —	356
* ——— VI. To <i>Numicius</i> . — — —	359
————— Imitated. By another Hand. — — —	366
* ——— VII. To <i>Mecenas</i> . — — —	372
————— Imitated. By Mr. <i>Pope</i> and Dr. <i>Swift</i> . — — —	380
* ——— VIII. To <i>Cælius Albinovanus</i> . — — —	385
* ——— Imitated. — — —	388
* ——— IX. To <i>Claudius Tiberius Nero</i> . — — —	390
————— Imitated. By Mr. <i>Prior</i> . — — —	391
* ——— X. To <i>Fuscus Ariftius</i> . — — —	393
————— Imitated. By another Hand. — — —	399
* ——— XI. To <i>Bullatius</i> . — — —	403
————— Imitated. By <i>George Lord Bishop of Derry</i> . — — —	407
* ——— XII. To <i>Iccius</i> . — — —	410
* ——— Imitated. By another Hand. — — —	413
* ——— XIII. To <i>Vinius Afella</i> . — — —	418
* ——— Imitated. By <i>E. G. Burnaby, Esq;</i> — — —	420
* ——— XIV. To his Country Steward. — — —	423
————— Imitated. By Mr. <i>Neville</i> . — — —	427
* ——— XV. To <i>Numonius Vala</i> . — — —	430
* ——— XVI. To <i>Quintius</i> . — — —	435
* ——— XVII. To <i>Scava</i> . — — —	444
* ——— Imitated. By another Hand. — — —	452
* ——— XVIII. To <i>Lollius</i> . By <i>I. P. Shard, Esq;</i> — — —	457
————— Imitated. By Mr. <i>Pitt</i> . — — —	468
* ——— XIX. To <i>Mecenas</i> . — — —	474
————— Imitated. By Mr. <i>Pitt</i> . — — —	479
* ——— XX. To his Book. — — —	482
* ——— Imitated. — — —	487

BOOK II. By WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

	Page
*EPISTLE I. To <i>Augustus</i> . — — —	495
* ——— II. To <i>Julius Florus</i> — — —	524

* BOOK III. Or, The ART of POETRY. Page

By the same Hand. 545

Errors

C O N T E N T S.

V

Page

323

326

329

330

375

380

387

388

390

391

393

399

403

407

410

413

418

420

423

427

430

432

434

437

440

443

447

450

453

457

460

463

467

470

473

477

480

483

487

490

493

497

500

503

507

510

513

517

520

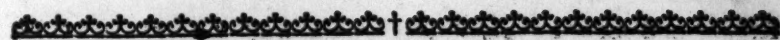
523

527

530

Errors of the Press.

- Page 135. Note 18. for *peaceable*, read *peaceful*.
 — 217. Last Line but four, read *tepidas*.
 — 257. Verse 9. read *the Cares of Life elude*.
 — 431. Verse 5. read *Sulphur*.
 — 464. Note 4. Strike out *San* at the End of it.
 — 474. Note 1. read *and the Wine*.
 — 510. Verse 8. from the Bottom, strike out the (;)
 at Works, and place a (,) at trace.
 — 522. Note 31. read *were*.
 — 565. Verse 7. from the Bottom, read *truly paint*.
 — 598. Read of Science.
 — 612. At the Bottom, for *sana* read *saxa*.

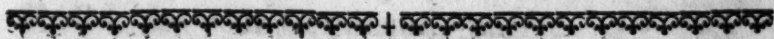


THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.
COMMONLY CALLED
THE EPODES.

By JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord WILLOUGHBY de BROKE.



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The FIFTH BOOK
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ODES of HORACE.

* ODE I.

To MÆCENAS.

YOU in *Liburnian* Barks, my Friend,
With *Antony's* tall Vessels will contend;
Boldly to hazard all prepar'd,
From every Danger *Cæsar's* Life to guard,
But how shall I the Hours amuse,
Or now what pleasing Entertainment chuse,
The tedious Minutes to beguile,
Which in *Mæcenas'* Presence always smile?
Shall I, by your Command, pursue
My Ease? but what is Ease unshar'd by you?

VOL. II.

B

Or

Or shall I all the Toils of War,
As suits the Brave, with dauntless Courage bear?

They shall be borne—O'er *Alpine* Snow,
With you, my Friend, I chearfully will go;

With you, wild *Caucasus* explore,
And view the Limits of the Western Shore.

What Aid, you'll ask, can you afford,
Weak, and unskill'd to wield the Warrior's Sword?

But then my Anguish will be less
With you; nor Fears my tortur'd Soul possess.

Thus the fond Dove, in Search of Food,
With greater Dread forsakes her callow Brood,
Left in her Absence Snakes devour,

Whom, present, to protect she wants the Power.

Ardent your Friendship to maintain,
I'll serve with Pleasure this, and each Campaign:

But * not, that, to my Traces bound,
A larger Team may labour in my Ground;

Or that my Flocks *Calabria* change,
In Summer o'er *Lucanian* Meads to range;

Or that such ample Lands be mine,
As might to *Tusculum* my *Villa* join.

Your Bounty has enlarg'd my Store
Beyond my utmost Wish; nor ask I more,

To hide, like *Chremes* in the Play,
Or, like a Spendthrift, squander it away.

NOTES.

The Result of the tedious Disquisition of the Critics on the Word *Epodes*, amounts to no more, than that it is an improper Title given to this Book by the *Grammarians*; and that it ought to be styled—*The Fifth Book of ODES*.

If the Odes were placed in their natural Order, this and the Ninth of this Book should immediately precede the Thirty-seventh of the First Book; as this was written some Months before the Sea-fight of *Actium*, when *Mecenas* was preparing to follow *Augustus*, who was gone to wage War against *Antony*. This was in the Year 722, *Horace* being then Thirty-five Years old.

DACIER.

¹ *Liburnis*.] The *Liburnians* were a People of *Illyria*, now called *Croats*. As they were Pyrates, who lived on the Plunder they took at Sea, they had very light Vessels; on which Account all light Ships were called *Liburnian*. *Horace* and *Propertius* give this Title to the Ships with which *Augustus* engaged *Antony* at *Actium*.

² *Non ut juvenis illigata*.] There never was a more disinterested Person than *Horace*. This appears throughout his Works. He asked for nothing more than the small House which *Mecenas* had given him in the Country of the *Sabines*, near *Tibur*. See Book II. Ode XVIII. Princes and Great Men would be more happy than they generally are, if those who follow their Fortune did it more from Sentiments of Esteem and Friendship, than from lucrative Motives, and to gratify their Ambition.

DACIER.



• O D E II.

The Praises of a Country Life.

BLEST ¹ as our Sires of old is he,
 Who, from vexatious Business free,
² Tills an hereditary Plain,
 Unfully'd by the Love of Gain.
 No Trumpet breaks his peaceful Sleep,
 No Danger dreads he from the Deep.
 Far from the *Forum*, and the Gate
 Of the contemptuous Rich and Great,
 Pleas'd round the Poplar's Height he twines
 His clasping marriageable Vines;
 Lops useless Boughs, and, on the Tree,
 Ingrafts a hopeful Progeny;
 Or, in a secret Vale, surveys
 His Cattle lowing as they graze;
 His Flocks, with Fleece o'erburden'd, shears,
 Or lays his Honey up in Jars.

But o'er the Fields his graceful Head
 When *Autumn* rears, with Fruit o'erspread,

With

With Joy the Pear, or Grape, whose Dye
 Not ev'n the Crimson can outvye,
 He plucks; *Sylvanus*! thy Rewards,
 Or † his, who still his Orchard guards.
 Now in an Oak's embowering Shade,
 Now on the Grass behold him laid!
 While near him rolls a rapid Flood,
 And Songsters warble in the Wood;
 And, gurgling down the verdant Steep,
 Cascades prolong his balmy Sleep.

But when stern *Jove* with wintry Storms
 The Beauty of the Year deforms,
 With Hounds on every Side beset,
 He drives fierce Boars into his Net,
 Or with nice Art slight Meshes lays,
 And the voracious Thrush betrays;
 Or (grateful Prizes!) in a Snare
 Beguiles the foreign Crane, or Hare.

Who, thus employ'd, has Time to prove
 The soft Anxieties of Love?
 But if a chaste and chearful Wife,
 To crown the Blessings of his Life,

† *Priapus*.

Should o'er his cleanly House preside,
 His Family and Children guide;
 (Like *Sabine* Dames, though tann'd they were
 With Summer Suns, and sultry Air)
 And make the well-dry'd Billets burn
 Against her Husband's wish'd Return;
 In Folds his joyful Goats restrain,
 And all their milky Treasure drain;
 With Wine of this Year's Vintage greet,
 And give him an unpurchas'd Treat;
 No *Lucrine* Oysters would I wish
 To taste; nor Turbot; nor the Fish,
 Which from the Eastern Sea is tost
 By Storms, on our *Italian* Coast:
 Nor Heathpouts, nor the *Libyan* Bird,
 So scarce, should ever be preferr'd
 To my own Olives, luscious Fare!
 From loaded Branches cull'd with Care;
 Or to wild Mallows, wholesome Food!
 Or Shards, which love the marshy Flood;
 Or Lambkin slain on festal Day,
 Or ⁴ Kid, from Wolves just snatch'd away.

Pleas'd, at such Meals, shall I behold
 My Sheep returning to the Fold;

My

My s lowing Oxen, tir'd and flow,
 With loos'n'd Traces drag the Plough;
 And all my Slaves, that swarm, like Bees,
 Round my blithe Houshold Deities.

This to himself old *Alfius* said;
 And, panting for the rural Shade,
 In Haste call'd all his Money in;
 Next Week he put it out again.

NOTES.

¹ *Ut prisca gens mortalium.*] The first Inhabitants of the Earth were either Labourers or Shepherds; but perhaps *Horace* here only refers to the Simplicity of the old Romans. Thus *Q. Cincinnatus*, to use the Words of *Columella*, *Ab aratro vocatus ad dictaturam, rursus fascibus depositis, ad eosdem juveneos et quatuor jugerum avitum herediolum rediit*: 'Having been called from the Plough to the Dictatorship, soon laid down the *Fasces* again, and returned to his Oxen, and his hereditary Farm of four Acres.'

² *Exercet.*] This is the proper Phrase for ploughing the Earth. Thus *Virgil*,

Exercetque frequens tellurem, atq; imperat arvis.

³ *Dapes inemptas apparet.*] Thus *Virgil* of his old *Corycian*,

serâque revertens

Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.

With unbought Stores he crown'd his frugal Board.

GEORG. IV. 133.

⁴ *Hædus ereptus lupo.*] *Horace*, after having told us that his Countryman fed upon Kid only once a Year, adds this Verse, to

show, that, if he eat of it oftener, it was only when he had snatched it from the Jaws of the Wolf. He was obliged to eat it then, as otherwise it would have been lost.

5 Mugientium prospectat greges.] Virgil also reckons the Lowing of Oxen among the Pleasures of the Country:

*Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,
Non absunt.* GEORG. II. 470.

The lowing Herds there sooth the careless Mind,
And Slumbers court us in the Shade reclin'd.



The SAME ODE Imitated.

By Another HAND.

THrice happy, who free from Ambition and Pride,
In a rural Retreat has a quiet Fire-side;
I love my Fire-side: Thither let me repair,
And drink a delightful Oblivion of Care.
O when shall I 'scape, to be truly my own,
From the Noise, and the Smoak, and the Bustle of
Town!

Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire
From the Pomp and Parade that the Many admire.
Hail, ye Woods and ye Lawns, shady Vales, sunny
Hills,

And the Warble of Birds, and the Murmur of Rills;

Ye

Ye Flowers of all Hues that embroider the Ground,
Flocks feeding, or frisking in Gambols around ;
Scene of Joy to behold ! Joy, that who would
forego,

For the Wealth and the Power that a Court can
bestow ?

I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,
That the Town is Man's World, but that this is of
God.

Here my Trees cannot flatter : Plants, nurs'd by my
Care,

Pay with Fruit or with Fragrance, and incense the Air :
Here contemplative Solitude raises the Mind,
(Least alone, when alone) to Ideas refin'd.

Methinks hid in Groves that no Sound can invade,
Save when *Philomel* strikes up her sweet Serenade,
I revolve on the Changes and Chances of Things,
And pity the Wretch that attends upon Kings.

Now I pass with old Authors an indolent Hour,
And reclining at Ease turn *Demosthenes* o'er.

Now, facetious and vacant, I urge the gay Flask
With a Set of old Friends, who have nothing to ask :
Thus happy, I reck not of *France* nor of *Spain*,
Nor the Balance of Power what Hand shall sustain.

The

The Balance of Power ! Ha ! till that is restor'd,
What solid Delight can Retirement afford ?
Some must be content to be Drudges of State,
That the Sage may securely enjoy his Retreat.
In Weather serene, when the Ocean is calm,
It matters not much who presides at the Helm ;
But soon as Clouds gather, and Tempests arise,
Then a Pilot there needs, a Man dauntless and wise.
If such can be found, sure he ought to come forth,
And lend to the Public his Talents and Worth.
Whate'er Inclination or Ease may suggest,
If the State wants his Aid, he has no Claim to Rest.
But who is the Man, a bad Game to redeem ?
He whom *Turin* admires, who has *Prussia's* Esteem ;
Whom the *Spaniard* has felt, and whose Iron, with
Dread,
Haughty *Lewis* saw forging to fall on his Head.
Holland loves him ; nor less in the North all the
Powers
Court, honour, revere, and the Empress adores.
Hark ! what was that Sound ? for it seem'd more
sublime
Than befits the low Genius of Pastoral Rhyme :
Was

Was it Wisdom I heard? or can Fumes of the
Brain

Cheat my Ears with a Dream? Ha! repeat me
that Strain;

Yes, Wisdom, I hear thee; thou deign'st to declare
Me, me, the sole *Atlas*, to prop this whole Sphere:
Thy Voice says, or seems in sweet Accents to say;
“Haste, and save sinking *Britain*.”—Resign'd, I
obey;

And, O! witness ye Powers, that Ambition and
Pride

Have no Share in this Change—for *I love my Fire-
side*.

Thus the Shepherd; then throwing his Crook
away, steals

Direct to St. *James's*, and takes up the Seals.

1746.



* ODE



* O D E III.

To MÆCENAS.

SHOULD impious Sons in future Times
 Their aged Parents slay, such Crimes
 Let poisonous Garlic but requite,
 More to be shunn'd than Aconite.
 Ye Reapers, how can ye digest
 This Venom, which torments my Breast?
 Sure Viper's Blood deceiv'd my Taste,
 Or vile *Canidia* cook'd the Feast!
 * *Medea*, *Jason's* Love to gain,
 In Beauty far beyond his Train,
 This, as a magic Ointment gave,
 From the Fire-breathing Bulls to save.
 With this she smear'd, on Mischief bent,
 The Presents to her Rival sent:
 Then in her Car away she flew;
 Her 3 Car, which winged Dragons drew.
 Such Heat, as rages in my Veins,
 Ne'er scorch'd the dry *Apulian* Plains,

Nor

Nor burnt *Alcides*' tortur'd Breast,
When round him clung th' envenom'd Vest.

My merry Friend, if e'er of this
Again you taste, no balmy Kifs
May *Chloë* grant, but from you fly,
Rejoicing by herself to lie!

NOTES.

¹ *Cicutum.*] He alludes here to the Poison which the *Athenians* gave to Criminals.

² *Ut Argonautas; &c.*] *Jason*, before he could make himself Master of the Golden Fleece, was obliged to encounter two wild Bulls, who breathed forth Flames, had brazen Feet, and Horns of Iron.

³ *Serpente fugit alite.*] Thus *Apollodorus*, at the End of his first Book, *λαβουσα παρ' Ἡλίου, &c.* 'Having received from the Sun a Chariot drawn by winged Dragons, she ascended into it, and fled to *Athens*.'





• * O D E IV.

To MENAS, *Pompey's* Freed-man.

WHEN Wolves no longer Lambs pursue,
Then I'll be reconcil'd to you.

Still on your Back and Legs remain

The Furrows of the Scourge and Chain.

Though ' Store of Wealth you now possess,

Condition changes not with Dress.

Behold, when on the Sacred Way

Your ' Gown, wide-trailing, you display,

How every free-born Passer-by

Turns from the Slave his scornful Eye!

“ Shall he, who tir'd the Lictor's Hand,

“ Scourg'd by the Magistrate's Command,

“ With Corn a thousand Acres load,

“ With Chariots wear the *Appian* Road,

“ And, in Contempt of ' *Otho*, fit

“ With the Knights' Order in the Pit?”

Why arm we then, our Coasts to guard,

And wherefore are our Ships prepar'd

From

From Slaves and Thieves the Trade to free,
While you, as Tribune, rule the Sea?

NOTES.

¹ *Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ.*] Menas had amassed great Riches under Pompey the Great, young Pompey, and Augustus; but more under young Pompey than under the two others; for Pompey suffered himself to be entirely governed by his Slaves and Freed-men. Paterculus says of him, *Libertorum suorum libertus, servorumque servus*: 'He was the Freed-man of his Freed-men, and the Slave of his Slaves.'

² *Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ.*] Very long and trailing Robes have been always looked upon as a Sign of Softness and Effeminacy.

³ *Othone contempto.*] A Law was published by L. Otho for the Assignment of distinct Seats in the Theatres to the Equestrian Order, who used before to sit promiscuously with the Populace: But by this Law fourteen Rows of Benches were appropriated to their Use; by which 'he secured to them,' as Cicero says, 'both their Dignity, and their Pleasure.' L. Otho *Equestri ordini restituit non solum dignitatem, sed etiam voluptatem.* Pro Muren. 19. This Act is frequently referred to by the Classic Writers as a very memorable one, and what made much Noise in their Time. Thus Juvenal:

Sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.

III. 159.

For by the Roscian Law the Poor can claim no Seat.

DRYDEN.





* O D E V.

CANIDIA.

By WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

BUT, by the Gods in Heaven, whose Sway
 This World, and all Mankind, obey,
 What can this Tumult mean? What Cause,
 On Me those Looks of Terror draws?
 Say by thy Children, if the Name
 Of Mother grace thy nuptial Flame;
 Say by this useleſs purple Veſt;
 By *Jove*, who muſt ſuch Deeds deteſt;
 O tell me, fierce *Canidia*, why
 Thou view'ſt me thus with vengeful Eye;
 Thus like a Step-dame doſt appear,
 Or Tygreſs ſnarling at a Spear!

While thus the Boy for Mercy ſu'd,
 Stripp'd of his Robes, he naked ſtood
 In Bloom of Youth, with ſuch a Form
 As *Tbracians* might to Pity warm!

Canidia,

Canidia, on whose hoary Head
 Were Knots of ² little Serpents spread,
 Unmov'd, these dire Commissions gave ;
 ' The rooted Fig-tree from the Grave,
 ' And the funereal Cypress tear ;
 ' The nightly Screech-Owl's Plumes prepare ;
 ' And be her Eggs besmear'd with Blood
 ' Of an envenom'd bloated ³ Toad :
 ' The Herbs that in *Iolcos* spring,
 ' Or poison-fam'd ⁴ *Iberia* bring :
 ' Then ⁵ from a famish'd Bitch a Bone
 ' Be snatch'd, and in the Cauldron thrown.
 ' Mix these Ingredients, and then raise,
 ' By ⁶ *Colchian* Art, the kindling Blaze !'

See ! busy *Sagana* the Ground
 With *Stygian* Waters sprinkles round,
 And, like a Porcupine, uprears
 Her hideous Length of bristled Hairs.
 Unaw'd by Conscience, *Veïa* ⁷ broke
 The Glebe, and ⁸ groan'd at every Stroke,
 To dig a narrow Hole, wherein
 The Boy might, buried to his Chin,
 Sink down alive, as Swimmers brave
 The Stream, with Head above the Wave ;

Slowly to pine his Life away
 For Food, chang'd twice or thrice a-day,
 And only plac'd before his Sight,
 To mock his eager Appetite ;
 That they, when thus his Life was spent
 By Hunger, and by Languishment,
 A Philter from his Liver dry'd,
 And juiceless Marrow, might provide.

° *Parthenope*, for Sloth renown'd,
 Believes, with every Village round,
 That *Folia* too of *Rimini*,
 (Whose potent Voice can from the Sky
 Call down the Moon, and every Star
 That nightly decks the Hemisphere,
 Who ev'n in monstrous Lusts delights)
 Assisted in these hellish Rites.

Canidia here, with livid Jaws,
 Her unpar'd Nails indignant ° gnaws :
 What said she then, what left unsaid,
 While to the Powers of Hell she pray'd ;

° " O *Hecaté*, and silent Night !
 ° Presiding o'er our mystic Rite,
 ° Now, now, your Vengeance interpose
 ° To blast the Triumph of my Foes !

° While

' While savage Beasts to Forests fly,
 ' And there, dissolv'd in Slumbers, lie,
 ' Let wakeful Dogs around him bark,
 ' As, skulking yonder in the Dark,
 ' Th' old Letcher to *Suburra's* Stews,
 ' With falt'ring Steps, his Way pursues;
 ' With Essences perfum'd all o'er!
 ' I cull'd them from my richest Store!—
 ' Whence can arise this strange Delay?
 ' Will not the Powers of Night obey
 ' My Spells? And are they weaker grown
 ' Than those to fam'd *Medea* known?
 ' *Medea* could the Royal Dame,
 ' *Creon's* proud Daughter, wrap in Flame,
 ' By a rich Robe she gave the Bride,
 ' In life-consuming Poison dy'd;
 ' She *Jason's* Prowess could defy,
 ' And on the Wings of Dragons fly!
 ' But though no Herb, nor Root that lies
 ' Conceal'd in Earth, escapes my Eyes,
 ' He sleeps in his fond Harlot's Bed,
 ' With Oyl oblivious round it shed—
 ' Alas! I now perceive the Cause,
 ' Why he contemns and spurns my Laws;

' While

- ‘ Some Sorcerers with her stronger Hand
- ‘ Has loos’d him from my brittle Band :
- ‘ But, *Varus* ! know, full many a Tear
- ‘ Shall wet *thy* Cheeks for what *I* bear.
- ‘ I’ll now a sovereign Beverage mix,
- ‘ For ever Thee my Slave to fix ;
- ‘ By *this* when I my Lover gain,
- ‘ E’en *Marſian* Charms would strive in vain
- ‘ To rend him from my Arms again !
- ‘ Sooner beneath the Sea the Skies
- ‘ Shall sink, and Earth to Heaven arise,
- ‘ Than he not burn with fierce Desire,
- ‘ ¹² Like this *Bitumen* in the Fire !—

With Prayers the Boy now try’d no more
To sooth their Fury as before ;

But, doubtful long what first to speak,
From his pale Lips these Curses break :

- ‘ Though magic Charms, on Earth, a-while
- ‘ The Hand of Justice may beguile,
- ‘ Yet never can their Power confound
- ‘ Of *Right* and *Wrong* th’ unvarying Bound ;
- ‘ And Heaven’s eternal Laws ordain,
- ‘ That all who *give*, shall *suffer* Pain !

- ‘ In Bitterness of Soul preferr’d,
- ‘ My Vows for Vengeance shall be heard;
- ‘ No Victim e’er can wipe away
- ‘ The Crimes of this infernal Day :
- ‘ Soon as this tortur’d Body dies,
- ‘ 13 A dreadful Spectre will I rise,
- ‘ And tear your Cheeks with crooked Nails,
- ‘ (So far the Power of Ghosts prevails !)
- ‘ Sit heavy on your Breast by Night,
- ‘ And break your Sleep with wild Affright.
- ‘ The hooting Vulgar shall pursue,
- ‘ From Street to Street, your impious Crew
- ‘ With Stones ; and with your Blood the Ground
- ‘ Shall stain, and dash your Brains around,
- ‘ Then shall the Wolves and Tygers tear
- ‘ Your Limbs, deny’d a Sepulchre :
- ‘ 14 My Parents (ah ! 15 surviving me)
- ‘ This just Revenge with Joy shall see !’

NOTES.

¹ *Ut noverca me intueris.*] The Hatred of Mothers-in-Law to their Husband’s Children gave Occasion to the Proverb, *Novercalis vultus*, and *novercale odium*. See the Notes on Book III. Ode 24.

² — *brevibus implicata viperis.*] *Canidia* is here represented as one of the Furies, whose Hair is always wreathed with Serpents—*brevibus* (small) because the smallest Vipers are the most venomous. DACIER.

³ *Et uncta turpis ova rana sanguine.*] *Horace* here puts the Word *Rana*, a Frog, instead of *Rubeta*, a Toad. It may not be amiss to observe that many of the Ingredients of *Canidia's* Cauldron are the same as those of the Witches in *Shakespeare's Macbeth*. The one throws in 'the Blood of an envenomed Toad;' the others 'boil an envenomed Toad' itself; 'she roots up a Fig-tree, and the funereal Cypress;' they 'dig up Roots of Hemlock, and Slips of Yew:' The one 'prepares a Screech-Owl's Plumes;' the others 'an Owl's Wing.' See *Macbeth*, Act IV. Scene I.

⁴ *Iberia.*] By *Iberia* we are not here to understand *Spain*, which was never famous for poisonous Drugs; but a Region of *Pontus* in *Asia the Less*, now called *Georgia*.

⁵ — *ossa ab ore rapta jejuna canis.*] The Ancients believed, that Bones snatched from the Mouth of a Dog, or any other Animal, were admirable in Enchantment, provided the Animal was fasting. Thus *Lucan*, speaking of the *Thessalian* Witch, Book VI.

— *morfusque luporum*
Exspectat, siccis raptura è faucibus artus.

⁶ *Flammis aduri Colchicis.*] *Colchian* Flames are Flames kindled by Enchantment, like those made use of by *Medea*.

⁷ *Ligonibus duris humum*

Exhauriebat.] This Passage *Dacier* has thus translated: *Béchoit la terre avec des efforts prodigieux.* 'She broke the Ground with prodigious Efforts:' But a late Translator gives it thus:

Uplifts the Spade with feeble Force.

⁸ — *ingemens laboribus.*] This Expression is very happy; and *Horace* here gives us a natural Image of the Noise made by

by Cleavers of Wood, or Diggers, at every Stroke they take.

⁹ — *otiosa credidit Neapolis.*] Naples was always famous for Sloth. Thus Ovid:

————— *Et in otia natam*
Parthenopen —————

For it was also called *Parthenope*. Thus also *Virgil*, at the End of his *Georgics*:

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis aiebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti.
Then I at Naples pass'd th' inglorious Day,
And in the Arms of slothful Leisure lay.

¹⁰ — *rodens pollicem.*] Lunatics, and Persons in deep Meditation, are wont to bite their Nails. Thus *Petronius*, speaking of a Madman, *Pollice usque ad periculum raso*; 'biting his Thumb to the Quick.'

¹¹ ————— *O rebus meis*

Non infideles arbitra,
Nox, & Diana ———] Magicians and Witches addressed their Prayers to the Moon, and to Night, which were always the Witnesses of their Sorceries. Thus *Medea*, in *Ovid, Met. B. VII.*

Nox, ait, arcanis fidissima —————
Tuq; triceps Hecatê quæ captis conscia nostris
Adjutrixque venis.

They invoked also the Earth, the terrestrial Gods, and the Gods of Hell.

¹² ————— *uti*

Bitumen atris ignibus.] As *Canidia* spoke these Words, she threw the *Bitumen*, or Sulphur, into the Fire.

¹³ *Nocturnus occurram furor.*] The Ancients believed, that Murderers were haunted and tormented by the Ghosts of those they had killed. *Cicero*, and many others, ascribe this to that Remorse of Conscience, which makes wicked Men believe that

they see Objects, which in Fact do not exist. But it is certain that the Historians did not refine upon it in this Manner. They believed it to be strictly true; and this Opinion was founded on an Article of their Religion, which taught them, that the Souls of those who had died a violent Death were not received into the Dominions of *Pluto*, till after they had wandered many Years in the World, and avenged themselves on their Murderers.

DACIER.

¹⁴ *Neque hoc parentes.*] The last Thoughts of this unhappy Boy turn on his Parents. He sees the Affliction it will give them to survive him, and the Consolation they will receive by the righteous Punishment of those detested Wretches.

¹⁵ *Heu!*] This Exclamation does not arise from his Concern that his Parents should survive him, but from his Tenderness towards them, as he is conscious of the Anguish his Death must give them; for Parents naturally desire to die before their Children.



* O D E VI.

To CASSIUS SEVERUS.

WHY bark'st thou at the harmless Guest?
 The Wolf would prove thy Courage best.
 On Me thy empty Threats bestow;
 Here thou wilt find an equal Foe:
 For, like a Mastiff, which attends
 The Shepherd, and his Flock defends,

With

With Ears erect I well can chase,
 Through Depths of Snow, the savage Race.
 Though Forests with thy Voice have rung,
 Thou, pleas'd, can'st snap the Morfel flung.
 Beware ; † I always am prepar'd
 To give the Wicked their Reward.
 Keen as *Archilochus* am I,
 Or ‡ *Bupalus*'s Enemy :
 For, injur'd, why should I contain
 My Spleen, and, like a Boy, complain ?

NOTES.

† *Parata tollo cornua.*] *I brandish my Horns.*—This is a Metaphor taken from Bulls ; but we cannot make use of it in our Tongue, on account of the Idea it now conveys. This Idea was unknown to the *Greeks* and *Romans*. Dr. *Dunkin* has translated this Passage thus :

Beware, beware ; for, sharp as Spurs,
 I lift my Horns to butt at Curs.

‡ *Acer hostis Bupalus.*] He means the Poet *Hipponax*, who, to revenge himself on the two Brothers, *Bupalus* and *Anthermus*, eminent Painters, who had drawn a hideous Picture of him, wrote such severe Verses against them, as drove them to Despair. Some Authors tell us, that they hanged themselves.





* O D E VII.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

SAY, ye vile Race, what Frenzy draws
Your daring Faulchions in Sedition's Cause ?

Has not enough of *Roman* Blood
Been pour'd on every Land and every Flood ?

Nor fight we now to quell the Powers
Of *Carthage*, and destroy her rival Towers,

Nor that the *Briton*, who remains
Unconquer'd, through the Sacred Way in Chains
Be led ; but, to the *Parthians* Joy,

Against ourselves our frantic Arms employ.

Tygers more gently are inclin'd ;
They prey on other Brutes, but spare their Kind,

Does ' Rage, or some avenging Star,
Or your own Crimes, provoke so dire a War ?

Lo ! mute they stand, and wildly gaze ;
The downcast Eye the conscious Heart betrays !

'Tis so ; the Gods with righteous Doom
For *Remus*' Death pursue unhappy *Rome* ;

And on this Age avenge the Guilt
Of ² Blood, by *Romulus* unjustly spilt.

NOTES.

¹ *Furorne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,*

An culpa ?] Men are commonly influenced by one of these three Causes: They are transported by a blind Fury, or hurried away by some superior Force (that is to say, by the secret Decree of the Destinies, which the wise Man himself cannot resist, according to the Doctrine of the *Stoics*); or they are involved in Misfortunes by their own Crimes; for which the Wrath of the offended Gods drives them down the Precipice. The two former Causes, perhaps, may be resolved into the last; viz. the Abuse of our Free-Will.

DACIER.

² *Scelusque fraterna necis.*] *Virgil* ascribes the Calamities the *Romans* suffered to the Perfidy of *Laomedon*:

——— *jam pridem sanguine nostro*

Laomedontea limum perjurio Troja. GEOR. I. 501.

O let the Blood, already spilt, atone

For the past Crimes of curs'd *Laomedon*! DRYDEN.

But *Horace* here supposes, that they are punished for the Murder of *Remus*.

Plutarch, in his Discourse *On the Reasons why Divine Providence defers punishing the Wicked*, quotes this Passage from *Bion*:

‘Those who pretend that God punishes Children for the Crimes of their Parents, seem to expose him to the same Sort of Ridicule as a Physician would deserve, who, in order to cure the Malady of a Father or Grand-father, should prescribe Medicines for the Sons and Grand-sons.’

ODE VIII. omitted.

* ODE



* ODE IX.

To MÆCENAS.

WHEN, in large Draughts of ¹ hoarded Wine,
 At your ² high Palace shall we join,
 Reserv'd for these distinguish'd Days,
 And hear victorious *Cæsar's* Praise
 Resounded by the tuneful Choir,
 With *Phrygian* Pipe, and *Doric* Lyre?
 When, happy Patron! thus fulfill
 Almighty *Jove's* indulgent Will?
 Such was the jovial Life we led,
 When the ³ *Neptunian* Hero fled,
 (His Navy burnt) nor could retain
 His boasted Empire of the Main,
 Threat'ning to lead us in the Bands,
 From which he freed the servile Hands.

A *Roman* (will our Sons believe
 A Tale so shameful?) could receive
 A Woman's Chain, and basely act
 As wither'd Eunuchs would direct.

The

The Sun, 'midst Tents and Arms, survey'd

Th' *Ægyptian* + Canopy display'd.

Two thousand *Gauls*, incens'd, beheld,

And with their Horses left the Field ;

To *Cæsar*'s Camp with Shouts they came,

Loudly resounding *Cæsar*'s Name :

ne, The hostile Gallies in the Haven

Lay ready, at a Signal given,

To put to Sea, and homeward steer,

And seek a promis'd Shelter there.

Hail ! : God of Triumph ! hail ! prepare

The 6 Heifers white, and golden Car !

From Battles with *Jugurtha* fought

So great a Chief you never brought ;

Nor ev'n from *Africa*, though Fame

Will ever *Scipio*'s Worth proclaim,

And *Carthage* eternize his Name. }

By Land and Sea subdu'd, the Foe

His Purple turns to Weeds of Woe ;

And now for towering *Crete* his Sails

Are swell'd with inauspicious Gales,

Or seek the stormy *Libyan* Shore,

Or the wide Ocean wander o'er.

Boy,

The

Boy, Cups of larger Size produce,
 With *Chian* fill'd, or *Lesbian* Juice,
 Though, nauseous Loathings to remove,
Cæcubian is the Wine I love.
 Our Fears for *Cæsar* we'll resign,
 And drown our Cares in generous Wine.

NOTES.

This Ode was written in Honour of the Victory gained at *Actium*. The Sea-fight there, which is the Subject of it, was fought on September 12, A. U. C. 723. Consequently it ought to follow the first Ode of this Book, and to precede the twenty-sixth Ode of the first Book. *Horace* was then almost thirty-five Years old.

¹ *Repositum*, i. e. Reserved for great Festivals.

² *Sub altâ domo.*] *Horace* might perhaps give the Epithet of high to the Palace of *Mæcenat*, on account of the Tower there, which overlooked the whole City, and which he elsewhere calls, *Molem propinquam nubibus arduis*.

³ ——— *Neptunius*
Dux.]

He speaks here of *Sextus Pompeius*, who, being elated by his Success at Sea, called himself the Son of *Neptune*, assumed an azure Robe; and threw Horses, and, as some say, living Men, into the Sea, as a Sacrifice to his Father.

See *DION*, Book 48.

⁴ *Sol aspicit conopeum.*]

The Canopy was a net-work Tent, or Pavillion, which the Ladies in *Ægypt* made use of to guard themselves from the Gnats,

Gnats, which abound there, on account of its Nearness to the Sea, and the Marshes of the Nile. DACIER.

Id, Triumphe.] The Poet here addresses himself to *Triumph*, as a God. He has made use of the same Figure in the second Ode of the fourth Book :

Tuque dum procedis, Id, Triumphe.

DACIER.

aureas

Currus, & intactas boves.]

Among the Victims which the Conquerors offered, there was always a white Heifer untamed to the Yoke. Thus *Virgil* :

Intactas totidem cervicæ juvencas.

The Triumphal Cars were commonly made of Ivory. Thus *Ovid* :

Currus spectat eburnos.

And *Tibullus* :

Portabit niveis currus eburnus equis.

But the upper Part was gilded ; on which account *Horace* here calls them *aureos currus*. DACIER.





* O D E X.

On MÆVIUS.

IN an unlucky Hour, the Ship
 Of filthy *Mævius* fails;
 His Voyage may the *South* oppose
 With inauspicious Gales!
 Let the rough *East* his Cordage tear,
 And splinter all his Oars;
 And ² *Boreas* rage, as on the Hills
 Through shatter'd Oaks he roars!
 When ² sad *Orion* sets, let no
 Propitious ³ Star appear,
 To guide his Vessel through the Night,
 And the thick Darkness chear!
 May such tempestuous Billows rise,
 As those the *Grecians* knew,
 When ⁴ *Pallas* all her Rage from *Troy*
 On impious *Ajax* threw!
 Your Sailors sweat; and, yellow-pale,
 To *Jove* averse you pray
 With Female Clamours, while the Leaks
 Admit the foaming Sea.

If

If your gross Carcass shall become
To Cormorants a Prize,
I to the Winds a lustful Goat
And Lamb will sacrifice.

NOTES.

This Ode on the Voyage of a *bad* Poet may be considered as a Contrast to that on the Voyage of a *good* one, Book I. Ode 3. and the one is as much inferior to the other as *Mævius* was to *Virgil*. *Dacier* is of Opinion that this Ode was written some time before that.

¹ *Aquilo*.] This is the N. N. E. Wind; this being the most contrary to those who sail from *Italy* to *Greece*. On this Account, when *Virgil* set sail for *Athens*, *Horace* prayed *Æolus* to let loose no Wind but *Iapyx*, the W. N. W.

² *Qua tristis Orion cadit*.] The Setting of *Orion* is always stormy. Thus, Book III. Ode 27.

*Sed vides quanto trepidat tumultu
Pronus Orion?*

It sets towards the End of *November*.

³ *Sidus amicum*] He means the Constellation of *Castor* and *Pollux*.

⁴ *Cum Pallas, &c.*] The *Greeks* ascribed this Tempest to the Wrath of *Pallas*, in Revenge for the Affront *Ajax* had offered her, by violating *Cassandra* in her Temple.



* O D E XI.

To PETTIUS.

AH! *Pettius*, I no more indite
 My Lyric Numbers with Delight,
 Nor think of aught but Love.
 Since first I spurn'd *Inachia's* Chain
 Thrice Winter has resum'd his Reign
 O'er every leafless Grove.
 I blush, reflecting how my Name
 The Topic of Discourse became
 Through all this spacious Town;
 Where by a downcast Look, and Breast
 That heav'd with Sighs, at every Feast
 The Lover soon was known.
 • Merit, if poor, can nought avail,
 • When weigh'd with Riches in the Scale,
 Tears streaming from my Eyes,
 I thus to you complain'd, when Bowls
 Of generous Liquor from our Souls
 Had banish'd all Disguise.

- If, therefore, I enrag'd can strive,
- For such Indignities, to drive
- This Passion from my Mind,
- I'll cease henceforward to contend
- On such unequal Terms, and send
- My Sorrows to the Wind.'

When me thus resolute you saw,
And warn'd me homeward to withdraw ;

With ¹ heedless Steps I stray'd
To her ah ! too unfriendly Door,
Near which, for sleepless Nights before,
My Limbs have oft been laid.

Now soft *Lycisca* I prefer,
Unchang'd by gross Affronts from her,

Or free Advice of Friends,
• 'Till Dotage on some other Fair,
Who ties in Knots her Length of Hair,
My present Passion ends.

NOTES.

¹ *Incerto pede.*] This is not to be understood with a staggering Foot, on account of the Wine he had drank, but that his Feet had led him mechanically, if I may so speak, to *Inachia's* Door. *Tibullus* has the same Thought, but differently expressed.

*Juravi quoties reditulum ad limina nunquam?
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.*

² *Sed alius ardor.*] Horace was of a very amorous Complexion. The Author of his Life says of him, *Ad res venereas intemperantior traditur.* But he was also very fickle, and his Love soon shifted from one Object to another, as he owns himself at the End of Book I. Ode 6.

— *sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.*

ODE XII. omitted.



* O D E XIII.

To a FRIEND.

SEE! gathering Clouds obscure the Sky,
The Air seems melting from on high
In fleecy Snow, or Showers of Rain!
What howling Tempests sweep the Main,
And shake the Woods! While in our Power,
My Friend, we'll seize the present Hour,
While Youth yet revels in our Veins,
And unimpair'd our Strength remains.
The Cares of Age to Age resign;
But hither bring the generous Wine,

Laid

Laid up in my ² *Torquatus*' Year,
 When first I drew the vital Air.
 No more of adverse Fate complain ;
 Perhaps the ³ God may smile again :
 Let ⁴ *Achæmenian* Essence shed
 Its spicy Odours round your Head,
 And the ⁵ *Cyllenian* Lyre compose,
 With soft melodious Strains, your Woes.

⁶ Thus *Chiron* to his Pupil sung ;
 ' Great Hero ! from a Goddess sprung,
 ' Fame calls thee to the *Trojan* Plain,
 ' To old *Affaracus*'s Reign ;
 ' Where ⁷ small *Scamander* slowly glides,
 ' And ⁸ *Simois* rolls his rapid Tides.
 ' ⁹ There must thou fall by Fate's Decree,
 ' Nor shall thy Mother of the Sea
 ' Her short-liv'd Son again receive ;
 ' Then every anxious Thought relieve
 ' By Wine or Music's Charms, for they
 ' Can best the Cares of Life allay.'

NOTES.

¹ *Amici.*] Bentley, Cuningham, and other Commentators, read here *amice*, which is also adopted by Sanaden. The Sequel, says he, proves that this Alteration is necessary.

• *Tu vina Torquato move*
Consule pressa meo;
Cætera mitte loqui.

² *Torquato consule.*] Horace was born under the Consulship of L. Manlius Torquatus and L. Aurelius Cotta. See Book III. Ode 21. It was the Custom of the Romans, as has been elsewhere remarked, to mark their Vessels with the Names of the Consuls who presided in the Year when the Grapes were gathered.

³ *Deus.*] The God here referred to, in the Opinion of the Epicureans, means nothing but *Fortune*; but, in that of the Stoics, it is the Supreme Being, the Source of all Things, which he rules and governs by his Providence.

⁴ *Achæmenio*

Perfundi nardo.] He calls the Nard *Achæmenian*, as he also called it in Book III. Ode 1. *Achæmenium costum*. For those Spices came from that Part of *India* which bordered on *Persia*, where *Achæmenes* was King.

⁵ *Fide Cylleniâ.*] The Harp is called *Cyllenian*, from *Mercury*, the Inventor of it, who was born on the Summit of *Cyllenè*, a Mountain in *Arcadia*.

⁶ *Nobilis ut grandi, &c.*] Horace here introduces *Chiron* speaking to *Achilles*, as he makes *Teucer* address himself to his Friends in Book I. Ode 7. *Chiron* was the Foster-father of *Achilles*. The Reputation of his Learning and Justice gave Occasion to several Princes to send their Sons to be educated by him, viz. *Jason*, *Hercules*, *Æsculapius*, &c.

DACIER.

7 *Parvi Scamandri.*] The *Scamander*, otherwise *Xanthus*, a River of *Troy*. He calls it *small*, because it had only a small Source on one of the Hills of Mount *Ida*.

8 *Lubricus Simois.*] The *Simois* flows into the *Scamander*, and they both fall into the *Hellepont*, near the Promontory of *Sigæum*. He calls it *lubricus* (rolling), because it was impetuous.

9 *Unde tibi reditum, &c.*] *Chiron* might have learned this Circumstance from *Thetis*, or he might know it from his own Skill in Astrology.



* O D E XIV.

To MÆCENAS.

I Grieve to hear you oft enquire
What thus has damp'd my youthful Fire,
And why my Soul, in every Sense,
Is lull'd asleep by Indolence,
As if, my ardent Thirst to slake,
I'd drank of silent *Lethe's* Lake.
But, O! a God, a God indeed,
Forbids your Poet to proceed
In finishing the Work, to you
So long ago, by Promise, due.

D 4

Such

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DACIER.

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 I'd drank of silent *Lethe's* Lake.
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 In finishing the Work, to you
 So long ago, by Promise, due.

Such was the Fate *Anacreon* prov'd,
 So fondly he *Bathyllus* lov'd,
 Accustom'd his Complaints to suit
 In easy Measures to the Lute.
 You too are caught; and since the Dame
 That kindled *Ilium's* fatal Flame
 In Beauty ne'er could yours outshine,
 Rejoice; while I for *Phryne* pine,
 A haughty Jilt of mean Descent,
 And not with one Gallant content.

NOTES.

* *Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos.*] The Ancients feigned, that there was in Hell a River of Oblivion, by drinking of which the Souls forgot all the Miseries they had suffered in this World. Thus *Virgil*, *ÆN.* VI.

—— *Lethæi ad fluminis undam,
 Securos latices, & longa oblivia potant.*
 In *Lethe's* Lake they long Oblivion taste;
 Of future Life secure; forgetful of the past!

DRYDEN.

But this in Fact is a River in *Portugal*. The *Greeks* called it, ποταμός ληθης, and the *Latins*, *flumen oblivionis*. We now call it the River *Lethe*; but this is a Mistake. It ought to be called the River of *Lethe*, as the *Romans* called it the River of *Oblivion*, and not the River *Oblivion*. For, in the *Greek*, ληθης is not a proper Name, but the Genitive of the Word ληθω, which denotes the Property of the River. The Fiction that these Waters were the Cause of Forgetfulness in those who tasted them, was invented to show the Fertility of the Soil. Thus

Homer

Homer has said, that as soon as any Person had eat of the *Lotos*, he forgot his own Country, and could not be prevailed on to forsake a Soil, which produced such excellent Fruit.

DACIER.

This ODE is omitted by Mr. FRANCIS.



* O D E XV.

To NEÆRA.

‘T WAS Night; and *Cynthia* with her starry
Train

Serenely grac’d th’ ætherial Plain,
When with fond Arms around my Neck you clung,
Close as on Oak is Ivy hung;
And, as I dictatèd, you falsely swore
By the dread Name of every Power,
That long as Wolves pursue the fearful Sheep,
Or fierce *Orion* swells the Deep,
Or *Phæbus*’ Tresses wanton in the Wind,
‘ You would to Me continue kind.’
But if my Breast the Sparks of Manhood warm,
Soon will I break *Neæra*’s Charm;

Nor her disdainful Cruelty will bear,
 But seek, incens'd, some faithful Fair.
 And you, more favour'd Youth, whoe'er you be,
 Who vainly triumph over Me,
 Rich though you were in Herds and fertile Lands,
 Lord of *Pactolus'* golden Sands;
 Of Wisdom, like the † twice-born Sage posselt,
 And with each Grace of *Nireus* blest,
 Yet shall you mourn the fickle Fair's Disdain,
 While I shall mock your fruitless Pain.

† *Pythagoras.*



* O D E XVI.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

Second Age in Wars we waste away,
 And *Rome* must fall to *Rome* a Prey.
 She, whom in vain the *Marſian* Foe engag'd,
 With whom in vain *Porſenna* wag'd
 The War; whom *Capua's* State could ne'er ſubdue,
 Nor *Spartacus's* ſervile Crew;

Not

Nor (courting new Allies, but to the Call
Of Honour deaf) the perjur'd *Gaul*;
Nor *Germany*, of * blue-ey'd Sons the Nurse,
Nor *Hannibal*, the Parents' Curse,
ls, Grieves, here at home, more cruel Foes to meet,
Where Beasts shall prowl in every Street.
t, Barbarian Coursers o'er the Dust shall bound,
While with their Hoofs the Stones resound.
Nor will they, *Romulus*! thy Ashes spare,
But rudely scatter in the Air.
But some, or all, perhaps, may wish to know,
How we must ward th' impending Blow.
My Counsel is—to go where prosperous Gales
Point out the Way, and court our Sails;
To curse, *Phocæan*-like, our old Abodes,
And leave to Beasts our Fields and Gods.
Give your Advice, or else to mine agree:
Then, with glad Omens, put to Sea.
But swear we never to return again,
Till Rocks shall float upon the Main;
Till *Apennine* is cover'd by the Waves,
And *Po Matinus*' Summit laves;
odue, Till different Kinds in Bands of Love are join'd,
Hawks, Doves; the Tyger, and the Hind;
Nor Till

'Till Sheep their Dread of Lions lay aside,
And Goats shall swim the briny Tide.
Thus, of each Hope of sweet Return bereft,
By all shall this curs'd Town be left;
At least the better Sort; but let the Base
Still cleave to this devoted Place.
But you, brave Friends! unmanly Tears give o'er,
And sail beyond the *Tuscan* Shore,
Where, in the spacious Bosom of the Main,
Rise happy Islands, crown'd with Grain,
Which every Year adorns th' uncultur'd Land;
Nor Vineyards ask the Pruner's Hand;
Where never-failing Shoots of Olive blow,
And Figs the Parent Trees bestow;
Where hollow Oaks drop Honey, and the Rills
In Murmurs trickle down the Hills.
Homeward the Goats with swelling Udders bend,
And, pleas'd, the Milker's Hand attend;
No prowling Bear growls round the nightly Fold,
Nor Snakes are in huge Volumes roll'd.
And, farther still our Wonder to command,
Nor Showers, too frequent, drown the Land,
Nor too much Drought burns up the thirsty Meads,
But kindly each to each succeeds.

Among

Among the Herds no dire Contagions reign,

Nor Rots destroy the fleecy Train.

Hither the *Colchian* Sorcerers never stray'd,

Nor *Argo* her bold Chiefs convey'd;

This Land the *Tyrian* Sailors never knew,

3 Nor sage *Ulysses'* toilsome Crew.

This, for the virtuous, *Jove* reserv'd of old,

4 Changing the Times to Brass from Gold;

To Iron now, whence, as the Gods inspire,

Your Bard thus warns you to retire.

NOTES.

When the Civil War broke out between *Antony* and *Augustus* in the Year of *Rome* 721, *Rome* was filled with Disorders and Dissentions; some of the Citizens preparing to take the Part of *Antony*, and others that of *Augustus*. *Horace*, who was a Witness of this Division, and who knew by Experience the Ills that might attend it, expresses his Concern in this Ode, and endeavours to convince his Countrymen, that their Rage against each other does not spring from the Ambition or Avarice of their Chiefs, but from the Anger of the Gods, who are determined to revenge the Murder of *Remus*; and that, while they continued to inhabit a City, whose Walls were cemented with Blood, they must not expect an End to their Miseries: That therefore they have no Choice left, but to seek some happier Climate, in Imitation of the *Phocæans*, who, to avoid the Scourge of War, freely quitted their own Country. It was indeed this History which suggested to *Horace* the first Idea of this Ode, in which he gives a beautiful Description of the Fortunate Islands, to show, in a more lively manner, by this Contrast, the desperate State of *Rome* and *Italy*.

Scaliger

Scaliger thinks, that the Design of it is ridiculous and impertinent. Strange that this profound Critic should imagine, that *Horace* seriously intended to persuade 300,000 *Romans* to quit their own Country, and sail to the *Canary Islands*! It is rather to be considered as a *jeu d'esprit*, a wanton Sally of Imagination, in which youthful Poets often indulge themselves.

This Ode was written towards the End of the Year of *Rome* 721, *Horace* being then in his 34th Year.

¹ *Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas.*] *Horace* divides the Civil Wars into two *Æras*. The first comprizes all the Civil Wars that afflicted *Italy*, from *Marius* and *Sylla* to the Death of *Cæsar*; and the second from the Death of *Cæsar* to the Defeat of *Antony*.

² *Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube.*] He calls the *Germanians cæruleam pubem*, blue-eyed Youth, on account of their yellow Hair and blue Eyes. Thus *Tacitus*, *Truces & cærulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, magna corpora*.

³ *Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssæi.*] *Horace* here excludes the Companions of *Ulysses* from the Happy Islands, because they were wicked, and entirely given up to their Passions; on which account he speaks thus of them, in the second Epistle of his first Book:

*Sirenum voces et Circes pocula nâsti,
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors:
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.*

⁴ *Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum.*] The *Brazen Age* did not immediately follow the *Golden* one: The *Silver Age* intervened. But, as that bore a great Resemblance to the former, *Horace* here blends them together.





* O D E XVII.

To CANIDIA.

AT length thy powerful Arts I own,
 But O! by gloomy *Pluto's* Throne,
 By chaste *Diana's* dreadful Sway,
 And Spells, which falling Stars obey,
 Let me no more thy Vengeance feel,
 But backward roll thy magic Wheel.
 To Pity *Telephus* inclin'd,
 By Prayers, ev'n stern *Achilles'* Mind,
 Though Troops against him he had led,
 And launch'd his Javelin at his Head:
 And though the slaughtering *Hector* lay
 Condemn'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey,
 Yet with due Pomp the *Trojan* Dames
 Beheld his Coarse in funeral Flames
 Involv'd, when *Priam*, at the Fleet,
 Had bath'd with Tears *Achilles'* Feet.
 The wise *Ulysses'* † bristly Train,
 By *Circe's* Will, from Swine again

To

To Men were chang'd ; ² resum'd the Grace
Of godlike Reason, Speech, and Face.

To Sailors and to Pedlars dear,
Ah ! why, *Canidia*, thus severe
On Me ? Behold, my youthful Boast
Is fled, and all my Colour lost.

Thy magic Oyl has on my Head
3 The Snow of Age untimely shed.
Day chafes Night, and Night the Day,
But no Relief to Me convey :

For, lab'ring in the Pangs of Death,
I pant in vain, and heave for Breath.

Thy powerful Charms ('tis now confest)
Can tear the Head, and fire the Breast.

What would'st thou more ? O Land and Sea !

Alcides never burnt like Me,

When smear'd with *Nessus'* putrid Gore ;

Nor flaming *Ætna* rages more.

O thou fell Shop of Poisons dire,
Me wilt thou scorch with *Colchian* Fire,

Till my dry Ashes round are cast,

The Sport of every baneful Blast ?

Declare, what Ransom shall I pay ?

Speak ; and thy Slave will strait obey.

Shall

Shall then, to expiate my Guilt,
 A hundred Heifers' Blood be spilt?
 Or shall I thy unspotted Fame
 Upon the lying Harp proclaim?
 Chaste and untainted thou shalt rise
 A golden Star, and deck the Skies.
 Who injur'd & *Helen* could assuage
 By Force of Prayer her Brothers' Rage;
 For when their Mercy he implor'd,
 They to the Bard his Sight restor'd.
 Thou too (whom nothing can controul)
 Restore to Sense my frantic Soul!
 No Offspring of th' adulterous Bed
 Art thou; nor wont abroad to spread
 The poor Man's Dust, deny'd a Tomb:
 With timely Issue teems thy Womb;
 Never did Blood thy Conscience stain;
 Pure are thy Hands, thy Heart humane.



CANIDIA'S *Answer.*

WHY do thy Prayers thus stun my Ear?
Sooner th' obdurate Rocks shall hear,

When loud the wintry Billows roar,
And shipwreck'd Sailors seek the Shore.

Safely shalt thou *Cotytto's* Rites

Divulge, and lawless Love's Delights;

And, Pontiff-like, the City fill

With Secrets of th' *Esquilian* Hill?

Have I the Sisterhood in vain

Enrich'd, and brew'd the speedy Bane?—

By tardy Tortures thou shalt die,

And wear out Life in Misery.

With endless Thirst and Hunger prest,

The Sire of *Pelops* prays for Rest;

For Rest the Wretch pours forth his Prayers,

Whose Breast the clinging Vulture tears.

In vain the Stone's recoiling Weight

To settle on the Mountain's Height

Toils *Sisyphus*—for *Jove* has spoke,

Nor ever will the Doom revoke.

Headlong

Headlong thou now shalt wish to leap
 From some high Rock's tremendous Steep;
 And now to perish by the Sword,
 Or by the neck-encircling Cord;
 Then shall the World in thy Distress
Canidia's dreaded Power confess—
 Could I with Life the Dead inform,
 Though burnt, with Life an Image warm,
 Beheld by thy too curious Eyes;
 Could I force *Cynthia* from the Skies,
 And Philters mix to fire the Heart,
 And shalt thou baffle all my Art?

NOTES.

¹ *Setosa duris exuere pellibus.*] After *Circe* had transformed the Companions of *Ulysses* into Swine, *Ulysses* prevailed upon her by his Prayers to restore them to their former Shape. *Homer* says that they appeared more young and beautiful than before. This Story is related at large in the tenth Book of the *Odyssey*.

² *Tunc mens & sonus*

Relatus.] *Horace*, by saying that their Understanding returned to the Companions of *Ulysses*, deviates from *Homer*, who tells us that, though they were changed into Swine, they still preserved their Understanding. They had, says he, the Grunting, the Form, and the Bristles of Swine; but their Understanding was as clear as before. On which account, *Homer* adds, that they wept, when *Circe* had so transformed them; which they could not have done, had they not retained their Reason.

1 *Tuis capillus albus est odoribus.*] Horace's Hair was early white, as he tells us in the last Epistle of his first Book. He here pleasantly ascribes this Effect to the Drugs which *Canidia* had employed in her Enchantment; and ironically calls those magic Drugs *Odours*. Thus also he gives them the Name of *Nard* in the fifth Ode of this Book.

* *Infamis Helene, &c.*] *Stesichorus*, having written Verses on *Helen*, and afterwards losing his Sight, imagined that *Cassio* and *Pollux* punished him, to revenge their Sister. He was right in his Conjecture; for, as soon as he had sung a Recantation, his Sight was restored. *Plato* has preserved this Story in his *Phædon*, where he sets down the Beginning of this PA-
LINODIA.



P O S T S C R I P T.

The Reader is desired to add the following judicious Remark to the Notes at the End of Book III. Ode 29. of the preceding Volume. It was communicated to us by the learned Dr. Lowth.

Non est meum si mugiat Africis

Malus procellis, ver. 57, & seq.] All the modern Commentators seem to have quite mistaken the Meaning of *Horace* in the two last Stanzas of this beautiful Ode. They are a Continuation of the philosophical Rant begun four Stanzas above. In this Conclusion he is a perfect *Epicuræan*: He treats a principal Branch of Religion, namely, *Prayer to the Gods*, and *Trust in them for Succour in Distress*, with the greatest Ridicule, by using the most contemptuous Expressions, and the severest Irony: *Ad miseras preces decurrere*, & *votis pacisci*; as mean and absurd; as equally unworthy of the Dignity of the Philosopher, and of the Divine Nature. *Tum me*, &c. 'Then forsooth, says he, (*i. e.* when I have struck a Bargain with them) *Castor* and *Pollux* will be sure to take Care, and carry me safe, even in a Wherry, through the most dangerous Seas, and the most dreadful Storm.' The whole Train of this Ode, in which consists its greatest Beauty, will sufficiently justify this Interpretation. If Authority is still wanting, take that of the old Scholiast, who remarks on the three last Lines, that they are an Irony. Dr. Bentley's arbitrary Alteration of *feret* to *ferat* entirely destroys the Sense of the Passage.

The END of the FIFTH BOOK.



THE
SECULAR ODE.

By WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

Choir of Youths and Virgins.

PHÆBUS! and *Cynthia* o'er the Chace
Presiding; Heaven's eternal Grace!
Whom as past Times, the future shall adore,
Grant what, this sacred Season, we implore!
Now when the Sibyl's Lines command,
That Youths and Maids, a chosen Band!
Shall to the Gods, whom our seven Hills delight,
A choral Hymn alternately recite.

Choir of Youths.

Indulgent Sun! whose various Ray
Now spreads, and now withdraws the Day,
Another and the same; may Years to come
No Prospect yield thee more august than *Rome*!

Choir

Choir of Virgins.

Your Aid, mild *Ilithyia*, give
 To Matrons, and their Pangs relieve;
 Whether you chuse *Lucina* for your Name,
 Or rather that of *Genetyllis* claim.

To pregnant Wives give large Increase;
 The Laws that favour Wedlock bless,
 Those Laws (ordain'd to multiply our Race)
 Which Fathers with peculiar Honours grace.

Both Choirs.

Oft as th' allotted Term of Years
 Returns, and a new Age appears,
 May it restore such grateful Songs and Plays
 Three shining Nights, and three distinguish'd Days

Ye *Parcae*, whose resistless Will
 Events infallibly fulfill;
 Whose Word once spoke immutable shall last,
 With future Blessings still improve the past.

Let *Earth*, with Corn and Flocks o'erspread,
 Weave yellow Wreaths for *Ceres*' Head:
 Let wholesome Streams, sweet Air, and grassy Food,
 Cherish the Herds, the Flocks, and tender Brood.

Choir

Choir of Youths.

With Bow unstrung, and favouring Ear,
Kindly the suppliant Youths, *Apollo!* hear.

Choir of Virgins.

Horn'd Queen of Stars! the Maids attend,
Who to thy Throne, with humble Homage, bend,

Both Choirs.

* If *Rome* was rear'd by your Command;
If *Trojans* fought th' *Etruscan* Land,
Enjoin'd by *You* to leave their native Shore,
And foreign Realms, with prosperous Course, ex-
plore;

Whom safely through devouring Flame,
The * Chief, immortaliz'd by Fame,
Led to a fairer Soil, a happier Coast,
A nobler Empire than in *Troy* they lost;

Let *Youth* with Probity be blest!
To *Age*, ye Gods! give needful Rest;
And crown the *Romans* with a numerous Race,
With large Increase of Wealth, and every Grace!

* *Aneas*, who planted a Colony of *Trojans* in *Italy*.

9 Let *Cæsar* in his Vows succeed,

Who bids the milk-white Victims bleed ;

10 *Cæsar*, who triumphs o'er his stubborn Foes,
But generous Mercy to the Suppliant shows.

The 11 *Mede* now fears, by Sea and Land,

12 Th' *Albanian* Axe, and *Cæsar's* Hand :

13 *Scythians*, and *Indians*, late so haughty, wait
From *Rome's* rever'd Decrees to learn their Fate.

Now Honour, Truth, and ancient Shame,

And Peace, our savage Passions tame :

Virtue unveils her Face, secure from Scorn,

And Plenty scatters Fruits with plenteous Horn,

Choir of Youths.

The 14 Prophet-God, with golden Bow,

Dear to the Nine, who well can show

The healing Power of every Herb and Plant,

And sprightly Health to languid Mortals grant ;

If he survey with gracious Eye

His own high Towers, which pierce the Sky,

15 Will add fresh Glories to our envy'd Name,

And spread, from Age to Age, the *Roman* Fame !

Choir

Choir of Virgins.

Cynthia (ador'd on *Aventine*
And *Algidus*) with Looks benign

Regards these Rites; the priestly Vows receives,
And what we beg, with kind Indulgence gives,

EPILOGUE,

Both Choirs.

We, who have sung in sacred Lays
Apollo's and *Diana's* Praise,
Will home return with just Presage, that *Jove*
Allows our Prayers, and all the Powers above.

NOTES.

We need go no farther for the Rise of the Secular Games (the most remarkable in the *Roman* Story) than to the *Sibylline* Oracles, which the *Romans* held in such high Veneration.

In these sacred Writings there was an old Prophecy to this effect; That if the *Romans*, at the Beginning of every Age, should hold solemn Games in the *Martian* Field to the Honour of *Pluto*, *Proserpine*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Diana*, *Ceres*, and the *Parca*, or three fatal Sisters, their City should ever flourish, and all Nations be subjected to their Dominion. They readily obeyed the Oracle, and in all the Ceremonies used on that Occasion conformed themselves to its Directions. The whole Manner of the Solemnity was as follows; In the first place the Heralds received Orders to make an Invitation of every body to come to a Feast which they had never yet seen, and should never see again, some few Days before the Beginning of the Games, the fifteen Priests, taking their Seats in the Capitol and in the *Palatine* Temple, distributed among the People purifying Compositions,

as Flambeaus, Brimstone, and Sulphur. From hence the People passed on to *Diana's* Temple on Mount *Aventine*, carrying Wheat, Barley, and Beans, as an Offering; and after this they spent whole Nights in Devotion to the Destinies. At length, when the Time of the Games was actually come, which continued three Days and three Nights, the People assembled in the *Martian* Field, and sacrificed to *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, *Lactona*, *Diana*, the *Parce*, *Ceres*, *Pluto*, and *Proserpine*. On the first Night of the Feast, the Emperor, accompanied by the fifteen Priests, commanded three Altars to be raised on the Banks of the *Tyber*, which they sprinkled with the Blood of three Lambs, and then proceeded to burn the Offerings and the Victims. After this they marked out a Space which served for a Theatre, being illuminated by an innumerable Multitude of Flambeaus and Fires. Here they sung Hymns composed on this Occasion, and celebrated all Kinds of Sports. On the Day after, when they had been at the Capitol to offer the Victims, they returned to the *Martian* Field, and held Sports to the Honour of *Apollo* and *Diana*. These lasted till the next Day, when the noble Matrons, at the Hour appointed by the Oracle, went to the Capitol to sing Hymns to *Jupiter*. On the third Day, which concluded the Feast, twenty-seven Boys and as many Girls sung, in the Temple of *Palatine Apollo*, Hymns and Verses in *Greek* and *Latin*, to recommend the City to the Protection of those Deities, whom they designed particularly to honour by their Sacrifices. DACIER.

Dacier thinks this Ode the *Master-piece* of *Horace*, and that all Antiquity can furnish nothing more complete.

* *Phæbe, &c.*]

The Hymns, which were sung on the third Day, always begun with the Invocation of *Apollo* and *Diana*, because they were performed in the Temple of those Gods.

3 ————— *O colendi*

Semper, et culti, &c.]

Apollo and *Diana* were considered as the Founders of the *Roman* Empire.

4 *Virgines lætas.*] The Performers were all Children of Persons of Distinction. It was also a necessary Circumstance that both their Parents should be living. As the *Romans* thought
Apollo

Apollo and *Diana* Authors of all the Deaths that happened, they would have esteemed it a Crime to present Children to those Gods, whose Father or Mother they had slain.

[*Sive tu Lucina.*] It was a solemn Custom among the Ancients to invoke one and the same God by several Names, lest he should take Offence at the Omission of his favourite Title. Thus *Catullus* addresses *Diana*, *Sis quocumque sancta nomine* : And *Apollo*, at the End of *Statius's* first *Thebaid*, is accosted by three different Names :

*Adsis ô memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames ; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmenia ritu, seu præstat Osyrin
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.*

Propitious hear our Prayer, O Power Divine !

And on thy hospitable *Argos* shine.

Whether the Style of *Titan* please thee more,

Whose purple Rays th' *Achæmenes* adore ;

Or great *Osyris*, who first taught the Swain

In *Pharian* Fields to sow the golden Grain ;

Or *Mitra*, to whose Beams the *Persian* bows,

And pays in hollow Rocks his awful Vows ;

Mitra, whose Head the Blaze of Light adorns,

Who grasps the struggling Heifer's lunar Horns.

POPE.

Milton, who is every-where full of Allusions to the Customs of the Ancients, addresses Light in this venerable Style, at the Beginning of the third Book of *Paradise Lost*.

Hail, holy Light, Offspring of Heaven first-born,

Or of th' Eternal, Coëternal Beam ;

May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is Light,

And never but in unapproach'd Light

Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in Thee,

Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate.

Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal Stream, &c.

Diana was worshipped by the Names *Ilithyia*, *Lucina*, *Genetyllis*. The common Reading is *Genitalis* ; but *Bentley* has shown that Word to be incompatible with the Context. He conjectures

conjectures the true Reading to be *Genetyllis*, and confirms his Opinion by Reasons, which are at least very plausible. See *Bentley's Horace*.

* *Lege maritâ.*] *Augustus* had made a Law proposing Rewards as an Encouragement to Marriage, and Forfeitures for the Neglect of it, just before *Horace* writ this Ode; who had too much Judgment to forget a Circumstance so worthy a Hymn addressed to the Gods for the Prosperity of the Empire, and, at the same time, reflecting Honour on his great Patron.

7 *Vosque veraces cecinisse Parca,*
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.]

Thus the common Editions, where the Syntax and the Sense seem a good deal perplexed. The Reading of *Bentley* makes both clearer:

————— *Parca,*
Quod semel dictum stabilis per ævum, &c.

* *Roma si vestrum, &c.*] *Rome* might be justly called the Work of *Apollo*, because it was a Colony from *Troy*, of which *Apollo* was the Founder; and because the *Trojans* landed in *Italy*, and built a City there by his express Command.

9 *Quique vos bobus veneratur albis*
Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis
Imperet; bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.]

Thus the common Editions. But *Bentley*, justified by several Manuscripts and old Copies, reads,

Quæque vos, &c. —————

Impetret, i. e. Et quæ vos veneratur (orat, precatur) Augustus, impetret et consequatur. This, as the best Reading, is followed by the Translator.

It appears by these Lines, that the Emperor was present when this Hymn was sung, and then also offered a Sacrifice of white Bulls

Bulls to *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Jupiter*. The Solemnity ended with this Sacrifice, and with this Hymn.

¹⁰ ————— bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.]

Horace seems here to have imitated this Line in *Virgil*:

Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.

¹¹ *Medus*.] By the *Mede*, *Horace* means the *Parthians*, who had given up *Armenia* to *Augustus*, and sent him back the Ensigns they had taken from *Crassus* and *Antony*, and all their Prisoners.

¹² *Albanasq;*] *Horace* says *Albanian*, instead of *Roman Axes*, as if *Alba* were still flourishing; to inspire, by that antique Image, a greater Veneration for those Symbols of Honour.

¹³ *Seytha et Indi*.] The *Scythians* and *Indians* had sent Ambassadors to *Augustus*, to sue for Peace, and beg his Friendship.

¹⁴ *Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu*
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camænis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus :]

In these four Lines, as *Torrentius* observes, *Horace* has comprised the four chief Attributes of *Apollo*, viz. *Divination*, *Archery*, *Music* and *Physic*.

¹⁵ *Proroget, &c.*] *Bentley*, following several old Manuscripts, reads *prorogat, curat, applicat*, instead of *proroget, curet, applicet*, in the optative Mood.

Nothing, says he, can be more just or more decent: For the Choir, in the first place, offers Vows to *Apollo* and *Diana* for the Prosperity of the *Roman Empire*, the Emperor, and the Citizens; and, at length, as inspired by the present Deity, confidently declares to the whole Assembly, that their Vows are heard and ratified by the Gods; and immediately adds:

Hæc Jovem sentire Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

And,

And, in the first Epistle of his second Book, ver. 134. (where he alludes to this very Ode) he has this Verse :

Pescit opem chorus et presentia numina sentit.

Thus Statius, *Silv.* III. 2.

_____ *soli Zephyro sit copia cœli ;*
Solus agat puppes, summasque supernatet undas.
Audimur : vocat ipse ratem. _____

Mr. Creech has omitted this Ode in his Translation.



POSTSCRIPT.

The foregoing Notes were written long before I met with Sanadon's Translation and Remarks on *Horace* : I believe I might have said before they were published. That learned Author has taken great Pains to dispose the Odes, &c. according to the Order of Time in which they were composed, as far as he could trace it from History and Circumstances. He seems to think himself particularly happy in connecting with the *Secular Ode* several small Pieces, which were before thought to be independent of it. In his Edition it is thus disposed :

The four Verses prefixed to the first Ode of the third Book,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo, &c.

are the Prologue. This is followed by the Hymn to *Apollo*, Book IV. Ode 6.

Dive quem proles Niobæa magnæ
Vindicem linguæ, &c.

Then the twenty-first Ode of the first Book :

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines, &c.

And this is succeeded by what is commonly called the *Secular Ode* :

Phæbe, sylvarumque potens Diana, &c.

And

And the four Stanzas, tacked to the sixth Ode of the fourth Book,

Spiritus Phœbus mihi, &c.

(which *Sanadon* styles the *Epilogue*) close the Whole.

It might be expected, that he should have endeavoured to support this Disposition by the Authority of some Manuscripts, or old Copies; but nothing of this kind is pretended. On the other hand, we are informed by *Suetonius*, that *Horace* first published his three Books of Odes, each separately; and, *longo intervallo*, 'many Years after,' collected the fourth Book, at the Command of *Augustus*.

That those three Books were at first thus published, is also evident from the first Ode of the first Book, and the concluding Odes of the second and third Books. Consequently, the Prologue in question, and the twenty-sixth Ode of the first Book, can have nothing to do here. *Bentley* is of Opinion, that they were composed nine or ten Years before the *Secular Ode*. It is a known Rule, that, in Works of this kind, the Poet is never to appear himself. This is allowed by *Sanadon*; but, he says, it may be dispensed with as to the *Prologue* and *Epilogue*; but does not attempt to prove it by any Instance, except the present; which is *begging the Question*. As this Ode was designed for the Populace, as well as for the Senators and Knights, it would have been contrary to the Rules of Decency and Prudence to disgust them at the very Beginning of it, by such contemptuous Words as,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

I hate the vulgar Crew profane:

Avaunt! —

I take this and the three following Lines to be designed as a Prologue, not to the first Ode only, but to the whole third Book, in which there are scarce any but moral Odes; and the first Part of the second Ode relates to the Education of Youth. He seems to give up the *Old*, as hardened in Vice, and incorrigible; but hopes his Precepts will have a better Effect on *young Persons*, whose Minds are as yet untainted, and open to Instruction. The *Carmina non prius audita* may be referred to the Species of Poetry in which he excelled, *viz.* the *Lyric*; of this, in other Places also, he boasts himself the first Writer among the *Romans*. Thus, in the last Ode of the third Book,

*Dicar ————— ex humili potens,
Princeps Ædium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos.*

And, in the ninth Ode of the fourth Book,

*Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.*

If *Dianam teneræ dicite virgines*, and the *Secular Ode*, be considered as Parts only of one and the same Whole, there will be a disagreeable Tautology, which so great a Master as *Horace* cannot be supposed guilty of; e. g.

————— lætam nemorum comâ
————— sylvarumque potens Diana.
Insignemque pharetra,
Fraternaue humerum lyra.
————— fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camenis.
————— Hic miseram famem
Pestemque a populo, &c.
Vestra motus aget prece.
Nutriant foetus et aquæ salubres,
Et Jovis aura.

The *Levis Agyieus*, in the Ode to *Apollo*, is the same with *In-
tonsum Cynthium*, in this Ode; and but two Lines distant from
it, as *Sanadon* has ranged the Parts.

The Petition of the Ode to *Apollo*, closely translated, is no
more than this; ‘Great God! (whom *Niobe* experienced the
‘severe Avenger of a petulant Tongue, &c.) thou, who de-
‘lightest to lave thy Locks in the Streams of *Xanthus*, * the
‘beardless Guardian of the † Streets, O! defend the Glory of
‘the *Roman Muse*!’

After the Word *Dive*, at the Beginning of the Ode, there is
an uncouth Digression of twenty-four Lines, rather in Praise of
Achilles than of *Apollo*, or *Æneas*. Such a Parenthesis in a modern
Writer would be censured as insupportable. Now can any one

* *Apollo* was described and painted as a blooming Boy.

† Altars and Statues were erected to him in the Streets.

think this worthy the Ear of the Roman Emperor, the Senate, and the People, and much less to deserve the extravagant Encomiums bestowed on it by *Sanadon*? For what appears by the Context, it might be only a *private Ode* addressed by the Poet to *Apollo*, desiring him to inspire his Mule; and, even in this Light, it rather merits Pardon than Applause.

All that remain to be considered are the four Stanzas at the End of the sixth Ode of the fourth Book:

Spiritus Phœbus mihi

These Lines have undoubtedly a Relation to the *Secular Ode*. The only Question then is, What Relation? *Sanadon* says, they are the Epilogue to it.

But the Epilogue is plainly contained in the four last Verses of the Ode itself, where the Choirs exult, in Prospect that their Vows are granted by the Gods; and declare they are joyfully returning home:

Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.

So that, according to *Sanadon*, there must be a double Epilogue; which would be absurd.

The Truth of the Case is, that these Stanzas (which seem to be only the Fragment of an Ode) were addressed to the Children of the Choir, in the Interval between the delivering out of the Parts and the Performance, exhorting them to Diligence and Application:

*Lesbium servate pedem, meique
Pollicis ictum.*

and, in particular, promising the Maidens, as a Reward, that they should be speedily married:

Nupta jam dices, &c.

To illustrate this by a modern Example; let us suppose that the Reverend Dr. *M——* had addressed an elegant Ode to the *Senesinos* and Spinster-fingers, exciting them to perform their Parts with Propriety and Spirit; and that he had promised the former a noble Present of Gold and Jewels, and that each of the latter should gain a wealthy Husband; nobody, sure, would call this an *Epilogue* to his *Oratorio*?

If the English Reader is curious to see Sanadon's Notes at large, he may consult Mr. Francis's *Horace*, where he will find them translated.

Imperet, bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.

This ought to be the Construction of these Words, says Sanadon: *Augustus lenis imperet, prior seipso bellante.*

The following seems more natural: *Imperet, lenis in hostem jacentem; prior bellante hoste.*

The END of the SECULAR ODE.



THE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE SATIRES OF HORACE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE SATIRES OF HORACE

XX

THE
SATIRES
AND
EPISTLES.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

*Quatenus nobis denegatur diu vivere, relinquamus aliquid quo nos
vixisse testemur. Ἀγαθὸν δ' ἔστι, quum invicem se mutuis
exhortationibus amici ad amorem virtutis exacuunt.*

PLIN. Epist. Lib. III. Epist. VII.

XX

VOL. II.

* F

THE
STATES
AND
EPISCOPAL

BY SEVERAL HANDS.

Quotum nobis de regibus et principibus aliquid quo nos
vixit. Testimonium. Agrippa et alii, quoniam invictus et mutans
exhibuitur. Insuper ad omnes virtutes exornatus.
P. 111. Epist. Lib. III. Epist. VII.

Vol. II.

* 1



THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
SATIRES and EPISTLES.

IN the First Volume of this Work (p. xi.) we presented the Reader with the Character of *Horace*, drawn by a *French* Nobleman. It was taken from the Second Volume of *Dacier's* Edition.

We beg Leave to add here a Picture of him, portrayed by Father *Sanadon*. We believe it has not yet appeared in *English*.

"*Horace* was undoubtedly one of the finest Geniuses that the Age of *Augustus* produced. But Wit alone, abstractedly considered, is but a poor Recommendation. Nay, Experience every Day shows us, that it leads those who possess it into the greatest Errors, if it is not under the Direction of Good Sense and Judgment. The Wit of our Bard shines through all his Works; but I will be bold to say, that they derive their chief Merit from the Good Sense contained in them. His Thoughts are the genuine Offspring of Nature. They were dictated

by Truth and Reason. Unambitious to deck his Style with frivolous Ornaments, which serve only to amuse superficial Minds, he makes Amends for the Want of these, by the Sublimity and Lustre of his Ideas and Figures in his *Odes*, and by the Chasteness of his Elocution, and the Propriety of his Images, in his *Satires* and *Epistles*. Graces everywhere flow from his Pen, and please the more, because they seem natural and unstudied. His Poetry is not a barren Soil: The Useful and Agreeable spring up together: We are at the same Time entertained and instructed. The Mind finds itself enriched by Fables, History, and Geography, which are sprinkled through the whole Work with Judgment, and without Affectation. The Heart is here improved by a Variety of wise Reflections on the Manners, and by lively Draughts of Vice and Virtue. In a word, the Taste is formed by a Composition just and correct, without Constraint; full of Grace and Beauty, without Varnish; easy, and yet not negligent; majestic, without Bombast; and always seasoned with so much Wit and Learning, as leave no room for Disgust.

It rarely happens that an Author succeeds in different kinds of Composition; but *Horace* is equally happy in *Lyric* Poetry and *Satire*. He has not only united the Beauties of *Pindar*, *Alcæus*, *Anacreon*, and *Sappho* in his *Odes*, but found the Means to trace a new Path, and to substitute himself as a Model. He has the same Superiority in *Satire*.

He is more correct than *Lucilius*, and observes a Mean betwixt the flaming *Invectives* of *Juvenal*,
and

P R E F A C E.

v

and the obscure Brevity of *Persius*: He has neither the bitter Gall of the one, nor the peevish Spleen of the other. He rather aims to correct Vice, than to expose the Guilty.

As to his Morality, though he had unhappily imbibed the Principles of *Epicurus*, yet he acknowledges a Single Power, superior to all created Beings, who will not suffer Crimes to pass with Impunity; to whom even Kings are accountable for their Conduct, and who ought to be the Source and End of all their Actions *.

Horace teaches us, that our Happiness consists in the right Use of our Reason, and in curbing the tumultuous Sallies of our Passions; that we cannot too soon devote ourselves to the Study of Wisdom; that nothing but Virtue deserves our Admiration; and that without it there can be no true Liberty”.

Thus far SANADON.

It may be proper to acquaint the *English* Reader, that the Words *Sermo* and *Satira* (which we translate *Satire*) have a more extensive Sense in *Latin* than in *English*. We cannot explain this better than in the Words of Mr. *Dryden*.

‘ Among the *Romans* not only those Discourses
‘ went by the Name of *Satire*, which decried Vice,
‘ or exposed Folly, but others also, where Virtue
‘ was recommended. But, in *English*, we apply it
‘ only to invective Poems, where the very Name of
‘ *Satire* is formidable to those Persons who would

* Book I. Ode XII.

‘ appear to the World what they are not in themselves. With us, to say *Satire*, is to mean Reflection, as we use that Word in the worst Sense; or, as the *French* call it, more properly, *Méditation*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*; to distinguish its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*.’

Preface to *Juvenal*, p. 74.

The following Passage also from the same Preface deserves a Place here. ‘ *Horace* is always on the Amble, *Juvenal* on the Gallop. He goes with more Impetuosity than *Horace*, but as securely; and the Swiftneſs adds a lively Agitation to the Spirits. The low Style of *Horace* is agreeable to his Subject. I question not but he could have raised it: For the First Epistle of the Second Book, addressed to *Augustus*, (a most instructive Satire concerning Poetry), is of so much Dignity in the Words, and of so much Elegance in the Numbers, that the Author plainly shows, the * *Sermo pedestris* in his other Satires was rather Choice than Necessity.’

We have endeavoured to observe a Mean between a verbal Translation and one too diffusive.

Our old Translators of *Ovid*, *Juvenal*, and *Lucan*, *Sandys*, *Stapylton* and *May*, attempted to trace the Original, Line by Line. Though they were very learned and ingenious, this renders their Versions stiff, dark, and obscure; and, in many Places, a

* Prosaic Style.

Scholar may more easily construe the *Latin* than the *English*.

The modern Taste is more for the diffusive Style: But this, if carried too far, renders the Work weak and languid; and, in Similes, sometimes makes the Reader lose Sight of the Propriety and Application.

Mr. *Pope* has expanded the Comparison we meet with, towards the End of the eighth Book of the *Iliad*, which consists of no more than five Lines, into twelve. They are extremely beautiful; but his lively Imagination seems to have carried him too far. It is only a Night-piece; but the Line

A Flood of Glory bursts from all the Skies,

(which is not in the Original) is strong enough for the Sun shining out at Noon. The last Hemistich is,

————— γερνθε δ' ε τε φρενα ποιμην.

* The Heart of the *Shepherd* rejoices: Thus translated by Mr. *Pope*,

The conscious *Swains*, rejoicing in the Sight,
Eye the blue Vault, and bless the useful Light.

By which he seems to have lost the Drift of the Comparison. * The *Shepherd* here referred to, is *Hector* himself, (the *Pastor populorum*) who rejoices when he views the thousand Fires kindled before the Tents of the other *Trojan* Commanders, around the

* See the learned Mr. *Say's* Dissertation on the Numbers of *PARADISE LOST*, p. 155.

brighter Fire of his own Royal Pavilion; by the Lustre of which, the Tops of the Mountains, the Promontory of *Sigeum*, and the Vales appear, in the Calm of a cloudless Night, which succeeded the Storm of a Day so full of Action.

Mr. *Pope*'s Paraphrase of this Simile has been applauded as one of the finest things in his Translation. The whole might have been comprised in six Lines, or perhaps in less; *v. g.*

As when, around the Moon's fair Orb, are seen
The sparkling Stars, in cloudless Skies serene,
The Tops of Hills, the Cliffs, and Forests high
Are tip'd with Light; and to th' admiring Eye
All Heaven appears: Each Star distinctly glows:
The *Shepherd*'s Heart with secret Joy o'erflows.

Nothing can be more just than Dr. *Pemberton*'s Remark, that, in the descriptive Part of *Epic* Poetry, all Attempts towards Pomp of Style ought so to be moderated, that the Image be never rendered in any Degree indistinct. He farther adds:

'In every kind of Poetry studied Expression is an Art so very obvious, that great Care should be taken to avoid Excess, which will ever have the Appearance of Affectation.'

Observations on Poetry, p. 100, 101.

Mr. *Rowe*'s Translation of *Lucan* is, in the main, an excellent Performance; but in general he gives the Reader six *English* Lines for four in the *Latin*; and, in some Places, many more; *v. g.* From the four following Lines, he has spun out thirteen;

————— *O vitæ tuta facultas*
Pauperis, angustiq; Lares. O munera nondum
Intellecta Deum—Quibus hoc contingere templis,
Aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu,
Cæsareâ pulsante manu?

He was probably pleased with the Simplicity and Justness of the Sentiment. They might have been rendered in six Lines, even in a free Translation :

The poor Man's Cottage undisturb'd remains,
 Though hostile Armies overspread the Plains.
 O POVERTY, thou never-envy'd Good,
 The Gift of God, so little understood !
 What Temple, or what Tower secure could stand,
 Nor tremble, if but touch'd by *Cæsar's* Hand ?

Mr. *May*, in his concise Manner, comprises the Sentiment in three Lines ;

How blest the poor Man's Life ! O Gift of all
 The Gods, not yet well-known. What Citie-Wall,
 What Temple had not shook at *Cæsar's* Stroke ?

But while our old Translators thus affected Brevity, they were obliged to clog their Lines with Monosyllables, which spoiled the Harmony and Cadence of the Verse. However, it must be owned, that they were very happy in some particular Passages.

Cicero was a Friend to free Translation, as appears from the Account he himself has given of the Manner in which he translated two Orations from *Æschines* and *Demosthenes* : *Non verbum pro verba necesse habui reddere, sed genus omnium verborum*
ibi * G *vimque*

vimque servavi, non enim ea me adnumerare lectori putavi oportere, sed adpendere.

De opt. genere Orat.

I did not think myself obliged to translate Word for Word; but I have retained the Propriety and Force of all the Words. I have not retailed them to the Reader by Number, but by Weight.

Having thus explained what has been our Aim and Intention in the new Translations, we beg Leave to add, that if we sometimes fall short of our own Ideas (which will probably be the Case) we hope the Reader will accept the good-natured Apology with which we are furnished by *Horace* himself;

*Nam neque oborda sonum reddit, quem vult manus & mens;
Nec semper series quodcumque minabitur arcus.*

As the Public seemed to be particularly pleased with the Imitations in the First Volume, we have here added many more, in proportion, of the same kind. By these, *Horace* is, in some measure, naturalized, and becomes, as it were, a Denizen of *Great Britain*.

We beg our learned Friends to accept our grateful Thanks for the valuable Assistance they have given us. We look on the Imitations of several of the Epistles by the late Mr. *Pitt* as a great Ornament to this Work. For these we are indebted to his worthy Friend and Kinsman the Reverend Dr. *Lowth*.

The various Readings and Corrections of several Passages in the *Satires*, *Epistles*, and *Art of Poetry*, which were obligingly communicated to us by Mr. *Meadowcourt* and Dr. *Tunstall*, may be of Service, especially to young Scholars, who are not furnished with

with the best Editions of *Horace*; and we persuade ourselves that some of them will be acceptable even to those of a superior Class.

We shall conclude with an Epistle from *Augustus* to *Horace*, as preserved by *Suetonius*, which will show in how friendly and familiar a Manner he was treated by that great Emperor.

‘*Dionysius* brought me your little Volume. I took it in good part, and did not complain of its Brevity. However, you seem to Me to be afraid lest your Scrolls should be of a larger Size than your Person. But though your Stature is low, your Bulk makes amends for it. You might fit and write in a Bushel. Your Packet was exactly like your own Belly, thick and short.’

We at first intended to have printed a List of the Subscribers to this Work; which would have done us Honour, both from their Quality and Talents; But this Volume having been swelled by the poetical Contributions of our Friends to a larger Size than we expected, it was thought proper to omit it.

Frith-Street, Soho,
30 March, 1759.

W^m. DUNCOMBE,
Jⁿ. DUNCOMBE.

with the best Editions of *Alfons*; and we persuade ourselves that some of them will be acceptable even to those of a superior Class.

We shall conclude with an Epistle from *Alfons* to *Alfons*, as preserved by *Alfons*, which will show in how friendly and familiar a Manner he was treated by that great Emperor.

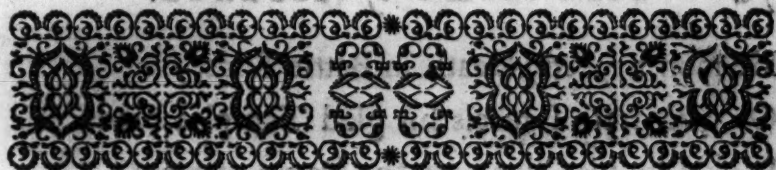
Alfons brought up your little Volume. I took it in good part, and did not complain of its Brevity. However, you seem to Me to be afraid lest your Scrolls should be of a larger Size than your Person. But though your Scrolls are long, your Bells makes amends for it. You might as well write in a Basket. Your Packet was exactly like your own Bells, thick and short.

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Wm. DUNCOMBE.
J. DUNCOMBE.

Printed, 24, St. Pauls Church-yard, 1753.

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The FIRST BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE.

* SATIRE I.

Adapted to the Manners of the present Times.

By I. P. SHARD, Esq;

*That all Men, and especially the Covetous, are discontented with
their Lot.*

Addressed to the Right Honourable

The Earl of CORKE and ORRERY.

WHAT is the Reason, none enjoy the State
In which they here are plac'd by Choice
or Fate?

All their Condition, ORRERY, bemoan,
And think another's happier than their own.
The Soldier, worn with Toil, with Years oppress'd,
Laments his Lot, and calls the Merchant blest.
When Billows roar, and stormy Winds arise,
The Soldier's Life is best, the Merchant cries;

72 SATIRES of HORACE.

He soon a speedy Death in Battle finds,
 Or with fresh Laurels his glad Temples binds.
 Wak'd by his Client ere the Dawn appears,
 A Peasant's Life the Barrister prefers.
 When by a Summons hurry'd up to Town,
 Whate'er he sees delights the gaping Clown.
 Fully to prove how all Mankind admire
 Lots differing from their own, would *Whitefield* tire.
 But to the Point, my Lord; you now shall hear,
 From these Examples what I would infer.

Should some celestial Delegate be sent,
 And say, I come to give you all Content;
 * Soldier, enjoy your Wish, no more repine;
 * Lawyer, the Peasant's envied Life be thine:
 * Let each assume the Lot, that best will please,
 * And quit his own: Retire—depart in Peace—
 * Why stand you thus? whence springs this strange
 Delay?

* None will be blest, yet every Mortal may.
 Sure, Heaven, incens'd, no more will condescend,
 To their next Suit, a gracious Ear to lend.
 But to be grave, all jesting I decline,
 Though * Pleasantry with Truth one sure may join;

* With

* With Sweetmeats thus kind Parents strive to win
Children, when first their Hornbook they begin.

The subtle 3 Lawyer, wrangling at the Bar,
Soldiers enur'd to the Fatigues of War,

The *Hind*, that ploughs the Land with so much
Pain;

Sailors, who boldly venture o'er the Main;

All toil with this Pretence, to heap up Gold,

That from their Labour they may rest, when old;

All cite th' Example of the 4 busy Ant,

Who lays up Stores against a Day of Want:

But she, more wise, when Clouds are big with Rain,

Ne'er stirs from home, but eats her hoarded Grain;

Whilst you defy the Cold, the scorching Sun,

Through Fire and Sword, through various Dangers

run,

And fordid Lucre greedily pursue,

Left any boast, they richer are than you.

What Joy can those vast Heaps of Gold afford,

Which under Ground, by stealth, you trembling

hoard?

If touch'd, they soon will melt away, you fear;

But in an untouch'd Mass what Charms appear?

What if you thresh ten thousand Sacks of Grain,

Your Stomach will no more than mine contain.

Be-

74 SATIRES of HORACE.

Beneath his Basket though the Baker sweat,
 He no more Bread, than you or I, can eat.
 To those, whose Wants exceed not Nature's Bounds,
 Ten are as good as twenty thousand Pounds.
 You think it sweeter, though you take no more,
 To take it from a great, than little Store.
 Amply my little Barn my Wants supplies,
 What can you more from your large Granaries?
 You might as justly say, when you were dry,
 And a transparent Fountain rose hard by,
 From such a Spring I scorn my Thirst to slake,
 No, let me quench it from yon spacious Lake.
 Who eager more than what is needful craves,
 If his Feet slip, is bury'd in the Waves;
 Whilst the contented never fear the Flood,
 But drink their Water pure, and free from Mud.
 Led by false Notions, many we behold,
 Who think their Merit's to be weigh'd by Gold.
 What Answer shall we make to such as these?
 Why let them be unhappy, if they please.
 Thus the rich Miser, though the People hiss,
 Applauds himself, and hugs his fancy'd Bliss;
 Cries out, Laugh on; contented, I'm your Jest,
 So I my Bags contemplate in my Chest,

When

When *Tantalus*, immers'd in Water, stood,
 And with parch'd Lips catch'd at the flying Flood—
 You smile, and stop me as I just began;
 Change but the Name, you'll find yourself the
 Man:

Brooding you sit, and view with fond Delight
 Your Bags, as Pictures only made for Sight;
 But with religious Scruple you decline
 To touch them, as you would a sacred Shrine.
 No Worth intrinsic I in Gold perceive;
 Value to Money Use alone can give:
 With it plain Cloaths, and simple Food we buy,
 And Nature's reasonable Wants supply.
 For Dread of Fire, to lie whole Nights awake,
 And, trembling, every Noise for Thieves to take;
 With prying Jealousy to watch all Day,
 Left Servants plunder you, and run away;
 If Riches Cares increase, in Mercy grant
 That I such Blessings, Heaven, may ever want!
 But, when attack'd by some severe Disease,
 Gold will pay *Watson's* Bill and *Wilmot's* Fees;
 All proper Means procure to save a Life,
 Dear to my Friends, my Children, and my
 Wife.—

Nor

76 SATIRES of HORACE.

Nor Wife, nor Children, at your Death would
 grieve;
 Not one, that knows you, wishes you to live:
 When, to all other Things, you Gold prefer,
 How can you think your Death deserves a Tear?
 Without some kind Returns, we hope in vain
 The Love of Friends and Kindred to retain;
 This will our Skill and Pains as much surpass,
 As, to the Bitt, to break the stubborn Ass.
 Since you have treasur'd up so vast a Store,
 Banish the Dread of e'er becoming poor.
 Of Wealth superfluous quit the vain Pursuit,
 Of your past Labours now enjoy the Fruit.
 Short is the Story, which I here relate,
 And learn to shun from thence * *Corbaccio's Fate*.
 Immensely rich, he went so meanly clad,
 He wore no better Cloaths than † Justice L—d;
 What Nature call'd for, would himself deny,
 And liv'd in Want, lest he for Want should die.

* A Character in *Ben. Johnson's Comedy of Valpone*.

† A rich Miser, known after twenty Years Absence by his
 old Cleak.

An Axe his Whore, a bold Virago, took,
 And clove him to the Middle at one Stroke.
 ' What ! to turn Spendthrift then you me advise,
 Between the two Extremes a *Medium* lies ;
 And, though against the Miser I exclaim,
 I likewise think the Prodigal to blame :
 Strive not to blend Things, which by Nature clash,
 * *E—s P—s* differs from Beau *Nash*.
 In every thing observe the golden Mean,
 Virtue within fix'd Bounds is only seen.

Well, to resume the Thread of my Discourse,
 Let none their Station think than others worse ;
 Just like the Miser, who, repining, views
 The swelling Udders of his Neighbour's Ewes.
 The greater Part, the poorer of the Train,
 He overlooks, in his Pursuit of Gain ;
 But if he sees a richer Man before,
 * Till he outstrips him, never will give o'er,
 The Charioteer thus in the rapid Race
 Lashes his Steeds to gain the foremost Place ;

* A noted Misanthrope, from whom the Character of *Crab* in the Farce of *The ENGLISHMAN returned from PARIS*, is supposed to be taken.

78 SATIRES of HORACE.

Presses on those before with eager Haste,
But disregards them, when he once is past.
This is the Reason, why so few are seen,
Who think their Station here has happy been;
Or, when the Feast of Life is o'er, retreat,
And quit, ^a like a contented Guest, their Seat.

Enough for once; 'tis time I should desist,
Lest you suspect, that I'm turn'd METHODIST.

NOTES.

The Satires and Epistles of *Horace* may be considered as Lectures of Morality, in this Respect singular, that though he attacks the Vices of the Age, and lays down the most rational Principles of Philosophy, yet he never loses Sight of the delicate Manners of the Court. He is a Philosopher, who, without assuming the Habit, or giving himself the forbidding Airs, of that Profession, so far embellishes every thing he borrows from it, and gives it such a Grace, that he seems not so much to have studied Philosophy as himself, and to draw every thing from his own Fund.

DACIER.

^a *Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat?] The Poet here excuses the employing Fables, which are commonly the Veil of Truth. No one ever made use of them more happily than *Horace*. *Persius* therefore had Reason to say of him,

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

Tangit, & admissus circum praeordia ludit.

Facetious *Flaccus* rallies the Foibles of his Friends, without putting them out of Humour.

^a *Ut*

² *Ut pueris olim.*] He here imitates the *Similé* of *Lucretius*, at the Beginning of his fourth Book :

*Nam veluti pueris absynthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, &c.*

For thus Physicians use,
In giving Children Draughts of bitter Juice;
To tempt the Lip, they tinge the Cup with sweet, &c.

CREECH.

This *Similé* was proper for *Lucretius*, who there considers himself as a Physician employed to purge the Mind of Superstition. But *Horace* had Reason to alter it, because he here assumes the Character of a Philosopher, who teaches and reforms.

³ *Perfidus hic Caupo.*—] Mr. *Markland* has hit the Blot in this Passage (where *Caupo* is palmed upon us for *Juris-consultus*) but has not been so happy in his Correction of it. The true Reading, in all probability, is *Cautor*. The Word is of the best Authority: ‘*Cautorem alieni periculi.*’ *Cicero*. As likewise the Propriety of its Use for *Juris-consultus*, is manifest, whose proper Business it was, ‘*in jure cavere.*’ ‘*Melius ei cavere volo, quam ipse aliis solet.*’ *Cicero de Valerio Juris-consulto*. ‘*Quiq; aliis cavit (i. e. Juris-consultus) non cavet ipse sibi.*’ *Ovid*. The Epithet *perfidus* added to it, makes a very humorous *Oxymoron*, as they call it, a pleasant Contradiction in Terms. This Conjecture is, I believe, an Anecdote. I heard it many Years ago; but cannot certainly say who was the Author of it; but think it was the late Dr. *Cockman*.

L.

⁴ *Sicut*

Parvula—formica.] The Diligence of the Ant was long ago proposed as an Example. *Solomon* refers the Sluggard to it, in the sixth Chapter of *Proverbs*, Verse 6. *Go to the Ant; thou Sluggard; consider her Ways, and be wise.* And it has furnished *Virgil* with a fine *Similé*, in the fourth Book of his *Æneid*:

*Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris æcervum
Cum populant, ver. 402, & seq.*

Thus

80 SATIRES of HORACE.

Thus in *Battalia* march embody'd Ants,
(Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants)
T' invade the Corn —————
The sable Troop, along the narrow Track,
Scarce bear the weighty Burden on their Back.
Some guard the Spoil; some lash the lagging Train;
All ply their several Tasks, and equal Toil sustain.

DRYDEN.

5 *Magna de flumine malle.*] There is a Passage like this in the Prophet *Isaiah*: *Forsomuch as this People refuseth the Waters of Shiloah, that flow softly; Behold! the LORD bringeth upon them the Waters of the River, strong and many.* Ch. VIII. 6 & 7.

6 See the Story of *Tantalus* in *Homer's Odyssey*, Book XI.

The Use of these Fables is very ancient. The Prophet *Nathan* addresses an admirable one to *David*, in the twelfth Chapter of the second Book of *Samuel*, relating to the poor Man's Ewe-lamb; and when it had produced the intended Effect, he applies it directly to the King, saying, *Thou art the Man!*

7 *Illic, unde abii, redeo.*] He returns to his Subject, from which he had digressed at the 23d Verse, and shows that *Mens Avarice* is the Source of their Inconstancy.

8 *Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus.*] This Comparison is beautiful, and in the Heroic Style. It was suggested to him by the Word *festinanti* (outstrips him) in the foregoing Verse. *Virgil* has a noble *Simile* of the same kind, at the End of the first *Georgic*, to which this, perhaps, is not inferior.

So four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,
Scour o'er the Plain, and lengthen every Pace:
Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threatening Cries they hear,
But force along the trembling Charioteer. DRYDEN.

9 *Cedat uti conviva satur.*] *Horace* here had his Eye on this Line of *Lucretius*:

Cur

Cur non, ut plenus vitâ conviva, recedis ?

And those which follow :

*Sed quia semper aves quod abest, praesentia temnis,
Imperfecta tibi elapsa est ingrataq; vita,
Et nec opinanti mors ad caput adstitit, ante
Quam satur ac plenus possis discedere rerum.*

Why rise we not, as at a plenteous Feast,
Cramm'd to the full with Food, the sated Guest?—
Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, fond of absent things:
From hence it comes, our vain Desires at Strife
Within themselves have tantaliz'd our Life;
And ghastly Death appears before our Sight,
Ere we have gorg'd our Senses with Delight.

DRYDEN;





SATIRE II. Omitted.

* SATIRE III.

*That we ought to be indulgent to the Imperfections
of our Friends, and not look on small Faults as
Crimes.*

ALL Songsters in this common Fault agree,
When ask'd to sing, they never will comply;

But, if unask'd, will sing from Morn till Night.

Such was *Tigellius*; for if *Cæsar* begg'd

A Song, by his own Friendship and his Sire's,

(*Cæsar*, who might command) he begg'd in vain.

But, when the Whim prevail'd, he then would
chant,

All Supper-time, a *Bacchanalian* Song;

In *Treble* rise, or sink in solemn *Base*.

Never was Man so inconsistent: Now
Swift he would fly, as if a Foe pursu'd;

Then

Then stalk majestic, like the Maids who bear
Great *Juno's* sacred Vessels to the Fane;
Oft had two hundred Slaves, and oft but ten.
Now big he talk'd of Tetrarchs and of Kings;
And now in humble Strain, 'Grant me, ye Powers!
' A three-legg'd Table and a Shell of Salt,
' A Gown, though coarse, to guard me from the
Cold.'

But give this frugal, this contented Man
Ten hundred thousand *Sesterces*; within
The Week, they will be spent. The jovial Night
He drinking past, and snor'd away the Day.
No Man was ever so unlike himself.

'But have you then no Vices of your own?'
Yes, many; but, I hope, not quite so great.

When *Mænius* rail'd at *Novius*; hold! says one;
Do you not know yourself? or do you think
Your Character unknown to Us? I know,
Said he, but am indulgent to my Faults.
This blind Self-love deserves to be rebuk'd.
Why are you Eagle-ey'd, to spy the Faults
Your Friends commit, but over-look your own?

84 SATIRES of HORACE.

The Consequence is this ; your Friends, in turn,
Will as minutely search, and censure yours.

' He is a little peevish, and ill-bred,'
You say, ' nor can converse with Men of Wit.
' And who but smiles to see that awkward Dress,
' His Beard ill shav'd, the Wideness of his Shoe,
' Unsuited to his Foot.' Suppose all this ;
The Man is worthy ; not a worthier lives ;
A Friend to you ; and, hid beneath that Case,
Rude as it is, a noble Genius lies.

Examine well yourself ; see with what Faults
3 Nature or Habit has deprav'd your Mind ;
For Fern, or Brambles, fit alone to feed
The Flames, will over-run th' uncultur'd Field.

The Lover's Eye his Fair-one's Blemishes
O'er-looks, or thinks those Blemishes a Grace :
Balbinus ev'n admires his *Hagne's* Wen.

O ! could we thus in Friendship kindly err,
Virtue would, sure, adopt the generous Fault.

Let us, indulgent to our Friends Defects,
As gently treat them, as a Sire his Child.
What you would call a *Squint*, he calls a *Leer* ;
Is he, like * *Sisyphus*, a lumpish Elf,

He's

He's then his *Puppet*, and his *tiny Joy*.
With Legs distorted should he walk, he *limps*.

Pursue this Rule in common with your Friends.
Call one, that's covetous, a *thrifty Man*.
Is he impertinent, and full of Words?
Say, he is *free*, and strives to *entertain*.
If haughty, say, he's *open* and *sincere*.
If passionate, he is, perhaps, *too warm*.
This, if I judge aright, will Friends procure,
And bind them to us in the Links of Love.

But we misconstrue ev'n their best Designs,
And brand their Virtues with the Name of Vice.
Suppose our Friend a modest, humble Man;
We call him *dull*, *insensible* and *cold*.
But is he always on his Guard, to shun
Each subtle Snare; as living in an Age,
Where Calumny and Envy keen prevail;
Whom we should deem *discreet*, we *crafty* style.

If one, unpolish'd in the *Graces'* School,
(Such as, with conscious Shame, I freely own,
Mæcenæ, I am often found by you)
With idle Chat breaks in upon his Friend
Reading or thoughtful; with a Sneer we cry,

86 SATIRES *of* HORACE.

The Fellow's mad, and void of common Sense,
 Alas ! how rashly we condemn ourselves :
 The Seeds of Vice spring up with every Man ;
 Happy ! whose Faults are of the lightest kind.

A Friend well-natur'd (as is fit) should weigh,
 In equal Scales, my Habits bad and good,
 (If he himself desires to be lov'd)
 And, if the last prevail, incline to those.

In the same Scales his Worth shall then be try'd,
 Can *you* expect *5 your* Hump shall not offend
 Your Friend, yet cavil at *his* freckled Face ?
 One, who needs Pardon, ought to give it too,

But now, since we can never wholly quell
 Anger, and other Vices, in the Soul
 Deep fix'd, her Beam let steady *Reason* hold,
 And, in exact Proportion to th' Offence,
 Award the Punishment. Suppose your Slave,
 When bid to clear the Table, should devour
 The broken Fish, and guzzle down the Soup,
 If you command him to be crucify'd,
 All sober Men will justly think you mad.

But wears not your Offence a deeper Dye,
 And favours more of Madness ? some slight Fault

Is

Is charg'd upon your Friend ; should he not meet
 With your Indulgence, well may *you* be deem'd
 Unkind and cruel ; but, instead of That,
 You hate and shun him, as from *Risfo* flies
 His wretched Debtor, who, unless he pays
 The Loan, or Interest, at th' appointed Hour,
 Seiz'd at the harpy Plaintiff's Suit, must hear
 The tedious Scroll, and hie away to Jail.

Perhaps my Friend in Liquor stain'd my
 Couch,
 Or from the Table ⁶ threw an antique Vase,
 Wrought by *Evander's* Hands ; or from my Plate,
⁷ Hungry, a Chicken snatch'd ; does this deserve
 Repentment ? What if he had robb'd me, broke
 His Word, nor would th' entrusted ⁸ Pledge re-
 store ?

They who maintain all Vices are alike
 Faulter, when try'd at *Truth's* impartial Bar.
 Against this Doctrine, ⁹ Sense and Law reclaim,
 And ¹⁰ public Good, the Source of Just and Right.

When every living Thing first ¹¹ crept from
 Earth,
 Mankind, a ¹² dumb and wretched Herd, with ¹³
 Nails

88 SATIRES *of* HORACE.

And Fists for Caverns and for Acorns fought,
 Their common Food ; and afterwards with Clubs ;
 And then with Arms, which Use at length had
 forg'd.

Thus Discord reign'd, ¹⁴ till Names to Things they
 gave,

And Words invented, to express their Thoughts.
 Then Rapine ceas'd, and ¹⁵ Cities then they built,
 And fortify'd with Walls ; and ¹⁶ Laws ordain'd
 From Dread of Injuries, or to prevent,
 Or punish Robbers, Thieves, Adulterers.

For long ere *Helen* liv'd, debasing Lust
 Has been the Cause of War ; but all have died
 Unknown, who fell by stronger Brutes. The Bull,
 By Force alone, thus lords it o'er the Kine.

If you consult the Annals of the World,
 Fear of Injustice, you must needs allow,
 Gave Rise to Laws ; for Nature cannot Right
 From Wrong discern, though, taught by her, we know
 To shun things hurtful, and pursue the good.

Reason can never prove, that one who robs
 The sacred Temples of the Gods by Night,
 Is guilty of no greater Crime, than he
 Who steals a Cabbage from his Neighbour's Grounds.

Then

Then let the Law adapt to every Crime
 Its proper Pain ; nor one with Scourges flay,
 Whose flighter Fault deserves the Switch alone ;
 For that you'll err upon the milder Side,
 Cannot, I think, be fear'd ; since you maintain
 Theft is as great a Crime as Sacrilege ;
 And threaten, if you were a King, to lop
 Both great and smaller Faults with equal Hook.

17 If *your* wife Man is rich, and knows all Arts ;
 If *he* alone is handsome, and a King ;
 Why wish you then for what you now possess ?

STOIC.

You understand not what *Chrysippus* says ;
 Though the wife Man nor Shoe nor Sandal frame,
 Yet still he is a skilful Shoemaker.

HORACE,

Inform me how.

STOIC.

Just as *Hermogenes*
 Is said in Song and Music to excell,
 Though he nor plays, nor sings : This, sure, you'll
 own ;
 And though *Alfenus'* Shop be shut, and all
 His Razors fold, he is a Barber still.

So

90 SATIRES of HORACE.

So the wise Man is skill'd in every Trade,
As soon as wife ; the best Artificer :
And thus he is a King.

HORACE.

Beware ! beware !
For should you teach, O mighty King of Kings !
This Doctrine in the Streets, the hooting Boys
Will gather round, and pluck you by the Beard ;
In vain you'll snarl, and burst yourself with Spleen,
Unless you drive 'em from you with your Staff.

But to conclude ; while *You*, my Royal Sir,
Bathe for a Groat ; and in *your* Equipage
No other Guard than vain *Crispinus* boast,
My Friends ¹⁸ indulgent will excuse my Faults,
And I will pardon theirs—Thus shall *I* live
A happier private Man, than *You* a King.

D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ *Iracundior est paulo.*] The old Commentator communicates to us a remarkable Tradition. He tells us that this and the five following Lines mark *Virgil*, whom *Horace* defends against the Railleries of *Augustus's* Court. What makes this Tradition very probable is, that the Picture he here draws of *Virgil* is very like him; for he was homely, and had an awkward Air. The Author of his Life says of him, *Corpore et staturâ fuit grandis, aquilo colore, facie rusticânâ*. He adds, that he was so bashful, that as he walked the Street, if he saw any one follow to look at him, he turned into the next House to conceal himself,
DAGIBR.

² — at *ingenium ingens.*] This Character too agrees perfectly well with *Virgil*, who was called by *Cicero*, *Magnâ spes altera Roma*, on the bare hearing one of his *Eclogues*; and of whom *Propertius* says, speaking of the *Æneid*,

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Bentley imagines that *Horace* has given us his own Picture here; but it is highly improbable that he would have applied *ingenium ingens* to himself. The late Mr. *Miller's* Parody on this Character deserves to be inserted here.

What though sage *Horace* is not quite a Beau,
What though his Shoes no Diamond Buckles show,
Though coated in a Taste uncouth, and breech'd
With Trowsers often calling to be hitch'd,
Shall he for this on Satire's Wheel be broke,
Or made the Courtier's Gibe, and Coxcomb's Joke?
No; one, who wants the polish'd Trim and Grace,
The supple Knee, and promissory Face,
May yet be Master of a noble Heart,
Prepar'd to act the friendly, generous Part:
For many an outward Case, though rough or droll,
Contains an honest, brave and upright Soul.

³ *Natura aut etiam consuetudo mala.*] Our Vices, as well as our Virtues, spring from these two Sources, viz. *Nature*, or *Habit*. In fact, the Vices of *Habit* are almost incorrigible, as
Seneca

Seneca rightly observes in his 39th Epistle, *Definit esse remedio locus, ubi quæ fuerant vitia, mores sunt.*

4 ——— *ut abortivus fuit olim*

Sisyphus] The Dwarf of *Mark Antony*. He was but two Feet high, and so witty and acute, that he was called *Sisyphus*—for *Sisyphus* was the most ingenious Man of his Time; whence arose the Proverb, *Sisyphi artes.*

5 *Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,*

Postulat, ignoscet verrucis illius.] This is a divine Precept; since our Saviour has adopted and sanctified it; though in other Words, in the 7th Chapter of *St. Matthew*, ver. 3 & 4.

6 ——— *menfave catillum,*

Evandri manibus tritum, dejecit.] The *Stoics*, who pardoned no Faults, would not have pardoned a Slave who had broke so valuable a Dish. *Epictetus*, who well knew that this Sentiment was unworthy a Philosopher, afterwards corrected it.

7 *Aut positum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini*

Sustulit esuriens.] According to the Doctrine of the *Stoics* it was an unpardonable Fault to take any thing at a Feast belonging to another, or to help one's-self to the largest or best Part of any-thing; because this subverts that Equality which is the Foundation of Society. *Epictetus*, who corrected in many things the Harshness of that Sect, softens also these convivial Precepts.

8 *Commissa fide.*] *Fide* for *fidei*, as *Virgil* says; *die* for *dici*,

Libra die somniq; pares ubi fecerit horas.

And *Sallust*, *Vix decima parte die.*

9 ——— *Sensus moresq; repugnant,*

Atq; ipsa utilitas.] This Opinion of the *Stoics* is contrary to *Common Sense*; for no Man can believe, that he, who only steals a Cabbage, is guilty of as great a Crime, as he who has robbed a Temple. *Manners* also oppose it, as we see by the Practice of all People; nor will *public Utility* allow it; for, if this were true, all Men being in some degree Offenders, they would

all

all deserve to be capitally punished; the Consequence of which would be, that they would be plunged in Despair, and give themselves up to all manner of Crimes. DACIER.

Id. ——— ¹⁰ *justi prope mater & equi.*]

‘ And public Good, which is the Parent of Justice and Equity.’

This Doctrine of the *Epicuræans* inverts the natural Order of Things. Public Good neither is, nor can possibly be, the Source of Justice and Equity; but, on the contrary, the general Practice of Virtue (which includes Justice and Equity) would certainly produce the Happiness of Society, or public Good.

But if he only means, that Laws were first enacted to promote social Happiness; in that Sense the Proposition will, indeed, be true, but is inaccurately expressed. D.

¹¹ *Prorepserunt.*] This Word is very proper to express the Origin of Men according to the Notion of the *Epicuræans*; for they imagined that they sprung from the Bowels of the Earth.

¹² *Mutum & turpe pecus.*] According to the *Epicuræans*, Men, at the Beginning of the World, were no better than Beasts. They had not yet learned to express their Thoughts: Nature had only taught them to utter vague and harsh Sounds; their Language was nothing but obscure Cries, 'till Necessity had given them Words, as *Lucretius* says:

Utilitas expressit nomina rerum.

DACIER.

¹³ *Unguibus & pugnis, dein fustibus.*] Thus *Lucretius*, in his fifth Book, ver. 1282, & seq.

*Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesq; fuerunt,
Et lapides, & item sylvarum fragmina rami;
Et flamma, atq; ignes postquam sunt cognita;—
Posteriùs ferri vis est arisque reperta,
Et ferro capere solum proscindere terræ;
Exaquataque sunt creperi certamina belli.*

Ere

94 SATIRES of HORACE.

Ere Cruelty was yet improv'd by Art,
And Rage unfurnish'd with the Sword or Dart,
With Hands, Nails, Teeth, or Clubs, our Fathers fought,
Or Stones, the only Weapons Nature taught.—
Then Fire was struck : By Fire the Iron Share
Was forg'd for Peace ; the Sword for doubtful War.

¹⁴ *Donec verba quibus voces, &c.*] This Brutality continued 'till they had found Words to make themselves understood, and had given fixed Names to things, which removed Confusion, and established Order.

¹⁵ *Oppida caperunt munire, & ponere leges.*] *Nicocles* follows the same Order in *Isocrates* ; for he says, ' When we had found out the Secret of making ourselves understood, and of persuading one another, we not only quitted this brutal Life, but assembling in Societies, we built Cities, made Laws, &c.

¹⁶ *Jura inventa metu injusti.*] *Horace* says in brief, that if we trace History from the earliest Times, we shall be obliged to own, that the Fear of Oppression and Injustice gave Rise to Laws. Taking it in this Light, *Justice* is manifestly the Daughter of *Utility* ; for it is *Utility*, and our own Interest, that inspire this Fear. *Thrasea* says in *Tacitus*, that evil Actions are the Parents of Laws : *Nam culpa quam pena tempore prior ; emendari quam peccare posterius est.* ' Crimes precede Penalties ; and we must be wicked before we can be reformed.' What therefore *Horace* says here is true of *written Laws* ; but the *Law of Nature*, which is the primitive Justice, is quite another thing. Thus *Cicero* excellently observes, in his second Book *De Legibus* : ' There was a Reason which sprung from the Bosom of Nature herself. This prompts to Good, and deters from Evil. This Reason did not then begin to be a Law, when it began to be written, but was such from its first Existence ; and it was coæval with the Divine Understanding. On which Account, the true and original Law, which ought to be enforced by human Laws, is no other than the Reason of the great God himself.' So that, according to this Doctrine, which is agreeable to Truth and Reason, when *Cain* killed his Brother *Abel*, though long before the

written Law, which says, *Thou shalt not kill*, this Murder was nevertheless a Sin; because it was committed against the Law of Nature.

DACIER.

17 ——— *si dives, qui sapiens est.*] The End of this Satire is a cutting Raillery. *Horace* breaks off the Dispute, and, on the *Stoic's* saying, that if they were Kings, they would punish the smallest Faults as severely as the greatest, he takes Occasion to railly them on their pretended Royalty. For one of their principal Opinions was, that their wise Man is every-thing; that he alone is a good Shoemaker, a good Cook; that he alone is rich, beautiful, and in short a KING. *Horace* therefore says to them, 'Why are you so inconsistent with yourselves? Why do you wish for what you have already? For you are even now Kings according to your own Principles.' But we must not forget, that the Railleries which *Horace* here uses did not hinder him from drawing, in other Places, excellent Truths from this very Opinion. In fact, if we reduce this Notion to its first Principle, we shall find, that the Founder of this Sect, *Zeno*, meant no more than that the Wise and the Virtuous are superior to Kings; and that Virtue bestows on her Votaries Sceptres and Crowns more valuable, than those which are derived from the Suffrage of the People. See Book II. Ode 2. and Book IV. Ode 9.

But the same thing has happened to *Zeno*, which commonly happens to the Founders of new Sects. Those who succeed them often interpret their Rules in so gross and foolish a Manner, that it gives Occasion for turning into Ridicule both them and their Opinions.

DACIER.

18 *Inq; vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter.*] *Pliny* has given some Advice for our Conduct towards our Friends agreeable to the Rules here laid down by *Horace*. 'I must esteem (says he) that Man the best and the most perfect, who acts, by forgiving Errors, as if he was continually committing them; and yet abstains from Faults, as if he never pardoned them.' And afterwards: 'We should ever keep in Remembrance the Maxim of *Thrasea*, whose remarkable Humanity rendered his Greatness conspicuous in that Virtue as in all others, He who hates Faults, hates Mankind.' *Pliny's* Epist. B. VIII. Ep. 22. Translated by the Earl of CORKE.

The

96 SATIRES of HORACE.

The noble and learned Translator (whose Observations are no less valuable than the Text) justly remarks, that *Pliny* here writes as if he had been influenced by the Doctrines so excellently displayed in the Gospel. D.

Notwithstanding the Raillery of *Horace*, which is carried to a great Length, we are not to imagine that *Zeno* and all his Followers absolutely banished Complaisance and Compassion. *Epicætetus*, or his Commentator *Simplicius*, somewhere says, that 'we ought to extenuate the Faults which our Friends commit against us, in order to pardon them; and to aggravate those we commit against them, to correct and reform ourselves.'

The *Stoic* Philosophers, who were for a long time the Repositories of Virtue and Wisdom, knowing the Weakness of human Nature, urged the Practice of Duties incompatible with it; that Mankind, by making an Effort to follow their Precepts, might, as it were, stop in the Middle; as we bend a Tree farther to the opposite Side, to make it grow strait.

DACIER.



* SATIRE



* S A T I R E IV.

*He excuses the Liberty taken by Writers of Satire,
and especially that which he takes himself.*

THE comic Poets of the Grecian Stage,
Who form'd the rising Manners of the Age,
Dar'd Murder, Theft, Adultery, to blame,
Nor fear'd notorious Criminals to name.
The same free Spirit in ^a *Lucilius* reigns,
The Metre chang'd; but careless are his Strains,
And rough his Diction. 'Twas his chief Delight
Two hundred Verses in an Hour to write.
Through Indolence he never could sustain
The Toil of writing; writing *well* I mean:
For writing *much* can claim no Share of Praise.
But see! *Crispinus* dares me. 'Take, he says,
' Pen, Ink, and Paper, and the Task be thine,
' Both Time, and Place, and Keepers to assign;
VOL. II. H ' Then

98 SATIRES of HORACE.

‘ Then see which of us two can write the most.’

HORACE.

I, Thanks to Heaven, an humble Spirit boast ;
Little I speak, and feldom. *You* may blow
Your swelling Bellows, ’till the Metals grow
Plyant and soft. *Fannius* in *Phœbus*’ Shrine
Can place his Bust and Poems : None read mine ;
And public Repetition much I fear,
Because so few can honest Satire bear.

Take whom you please, his Mind some Passion
 sways,

And Avarice or Ambition he obeys.

One doats on Boys, and Matrons one admires :

This likes a Silver Vase, while That desires
Corinthian Brass ; from Climes where dawns the
 Day

To Regions warm’d beneath the setting Ray,
This wafts his Wares, and through all Dangers flies,
Like Clouds of Dust when rapid Whirlwinds rise,
To add more Wealth to his abundant Store :
All these hate Verses *much*, the Poet *more*.

‘ Fly, fly betimes ; avoid th’ unmuzzled Bear !’

‘ Fly, or he’ll rend you. Never does he spare

‘ A

* A Friend, to vent his Jest; and then all Eyes,
* Old Women, Boys, must read him, or he dies.'

Briefly my Answer hear. A Poet's Name
First be assur'd I never dar'd to claim;
That Name must justly be to those deny'd,
Whose Verse, like mine, to Prose is near ally'd.
His be that Name alone, & whose lofty Line
Breathes lofty Thoughts, and boasts a Flame di-
vine.

Hence some refuse a Poem's Name to grant
To Comedy, since that must surely want,
Both in the Words and Theme, the vivid Force
To Poetry essential; from Discourse
By Verse alone distinguish'd. 'Tis reply'd,
In swelling Terms an angry Sire may chide
His spendthrift Son, who madly will refuse
A Wife well-portion'd, and a Mistress chuse,
Or from the Tavern reel in open Day,
By Torch-light through the Streets. To this I say,
Would not *Pomponius* from his Father hear,
Were he alive, Reproaches as severe?

'Tis not enough that we a Verse compose
Of Words correct, in which, reduc'd to Prose,

100 SATIRES of HORACE.

A Father might in Converſe vent his Rage
No leſs than angry *Demea* on the Stage.

If from the Verſes which I now indite,
Or thoſe which old *Lucilius* uſ'd to write,
The Feet and ſtated Meaſure you ſhould take,
And of the Words the firſt the laſt ſhould make,
Changing the Order, you would ſeek in vain
The Poet's ſcatter'd Limbs. But in this Strain,
5 ' When *Discord* fell the Bolts and brazen Gates
' Of War had burſt,' invert it as you will,
The Soul of Poetry informs it ſtill.

Enough of this. Some future Work ſhall ſhow
If Comedies are Poems. I would know
Why my ſatiric Lays your Heart appall?
When ' *Caprius* hoarſe and *Sulcius* through the Hall
With their long Libels walk, though conſcious Fear
Betrays the Thief, yet he, whoſe Hands are clear
And innocent of Theft, may both defy.
Though had you, ' *Byrrhus*-like, to Robbery
Been long addicted; an Informer's Trade
I never follow'd; why are you afraid?
No Book of mine on Shops or Pillars ſtands
To Sale, nor is it ſoil'd by vulgar Hands,

Or

Or by *Tigellius* read. I but repeat
To Friends, who force me ; not to all I meet.
Some in the crowded *Forum* read their Verse ;
Some in the sweetly-echoing Bath rehearse,
Careless of Time and Place. ' But what you write
' Pale Envy prompts ; in Slander you delight.'
Will those support this Charge who know me well ?
Will those condemn me, amongst whom I dwell ?

Whoe'er can slyly scoff an absent Friend,
Or, when he's slander'd, dares not to defend ;
Who, pleas'd with lawless Laughter, for the Name
Of Droll, can trifle with his Neighbour's Fame,
What he ne'er saw invent, nor hide things seen,
Of him beware ! for Baseness lurks within.

Oft is a Table crown'd with many a Guest,
Where one with Freedom jokes on all the rest,
Except his Host ; nor even him he spares,
The Heart when Truth-revealing *Bacchus* bares.
Though Foe to Vice, yet at his Mirth you smile,
While if my Muse ^s this Man, in humorous Style,
A Goat, and that a Civet-Cat should call,
In Me 'tis Envy, and Detraction all.

If Mention of *Petillius'* Theft is made,
While you are by, you strait, as usual, plead

102 SATIRES of HORACE.

His Cause. ' I with his Friendship have been blest,
 ' Ev'n from his Childhood ; and, at my Request,
 ' He did me many a Favour. I rejoice
 ' To see him safe, but wonder how the Voice
 ' Of Justice could acquit him.' Envy's Weed
 Thus shoots unseen, and choaks fair Friendship's
 Seed.

But for myself to answer, I declare,
 With solemn Truth, no Sentence so severe
 As this, my Mind, much less my Paper, stains,
 But you'll not wonder if in freer Strains
 I rally Vice : Since ' thus my Sire his Son
 Instructed by Example, how to shun
 The Shelves, on which the Diffolute were lost :
 When he advis'd me how to make the most
 Of all that he could leave me, he would cry,
 ' Mark *Albius*' Son ! see *Barus*' Misery !
 ' Shun their Profusion, if their Fate you dread.'
 To warn me from the Harlot's dangerous Bed,
 He only would repeat *Sectanus*' Name :
 And that I should not court the wedded Dame,
 When I with lawful Pleasures might be blest,
 ' *Trebonius*'s Detection was no Jest,

' The

- ‘ The Grounds of Good and Evil, when you grow
- ‘ To riper Years, Philosophers will show ;
- ‘ Enough for me, Youth’s Ardour to restrain
- ‘ By our wise Fathers’ Precepts ; and maintain
- ‘ Your Life unfully’d, and your Fame secure,
- ‘ While you a Tutor need ; when once mature
- ‘ In Age you grow, you’ll safely walk alone.’

Such tender Care was by my Father shown !

And that his Words due Influence might receive,

- ‘ Like such a Man, he cry’d, respected live !’

Then to deter me, ‘ Can you hope to claim,

- ‘ By Deeds like these, a good and virtuous Name ?
- ‘ If so, that Convict place before your Eyes,
- ‘ Whom all that know, abandon and despise.’

As when a Glutton’s Funeral passes near,
 Abstemious grows the Patient, chill’d with Fear;
 So from the Shame, which Knavery pursues,
 The tender Mind such Crimes with Horror views.

Thus uninfected by great Faults, I own

My Guilt in those of lesser Kind alone ;

And some of these, as I by Years improve,

A Friend, or my own Reason, may remove :

For thus I love to commune with my Heart,

‘ Reposing on my Couch ; or when, apart

From Company, I rove; ' Yes, *That* is right;
 ' *This* must endear me, and my Friends delight,
 ' How base was that Man's Conduct! *Flaccus*, fly
 ' From Crimes like these, replete with Infamy.'
 Thus with close Lips; but when a vacant Hour
 Tempts me to steal into the Muses' Bower,
 To Paper I commit my idle Thoughts.
 This may be rank'd among my lesser Faults;
 But should they for your Pardon plead in vain,
 I strait will summon to my Aid a Train
 Of Bards, a numerous Race; and, like the *Jews*,
 To draw you to our Sect, we Force will use.

J. D.

 NOTES.

¹ *Eupolis*, &c.]

Eupolis, *Cratinus*, and *Aristophanes*, were three contemporary Poets of the old Comedy, who lived about 400 Years before *Jesus Christ*. It was usual with them in their Plays to call Persons by their Names, and to expose their Failings to the Laughter of the People. *Aristophanes* had the Boldness to ridicule *Socrates*. He was also very free with the Conduct of *Cleon*, *Nicias*, *Alcibiades*, and other Governors of *Athens*. In a word, that which we call the old Comedy was full of satirical Reflections and scandalous Slanders. We have nothing now left of *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*. *Aristophanes* is said to have written fifty-four Comedies, of which there remain but eleven. He excells in the Force, Purity, Sweetness, and Harmony of his Style.

² *Lucilius*.]

2 *Lucilius.*] A Poet of the Equestrian Order. He wrote Satires after the Manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, but gave them a more graceful Turn. He closely imitated the old Grecian Comedy. He lived A. U. C. 650.

3 *Quod sunt quos genus hoc minimè juvat.*] *Horace* says, that People did not take Pleasure in reading Satires, lest they should find their own Pictures drawn there. Thus *Juvenal*:

———— *Rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
Criminibus; tacitâ sudant præcordia culpa.* Sat. I. ver. 166.

When conscious Guilt appalls the wicked Heart,
Cold Sweat falls down in Drops from every Part.

4 *Ingenium cui sit.*] This is a just Definition of an *Heroic*, *Tragic*, or *Lyric* Poet; but he who has not so great an Elevation may still be a Poet, if the Verses he writes are adapted to his Subject. As there are different Species of Eloquence, so are there also of Poetry; and though some of these are much inferior to others, the Author who treats them skilfully, certainly deserves the Name of a Poet.

5 ——— *Postquam Discordia tetra
Belli ferratos postes portasq; refregit.*] These Lines are taken from the Annals of *Ennius*. *Virgil* has imitated them in his *Æneid*:

————— *morantes
Impulit ipsa manu portas, & cardine verso.
Belli ferratos rupit Saturnia postes.* Book VII ver. 621.

Then Heaven's dread Empress, while the Prince delay'd,
Shot down, and both the bursting Gates display'd:
The Bolts fly back, with every brazen Bar,
And, like a Storm, broke forth th' imprison'd War.

PITT.

6 ——— *Sulcius acer*
Ambulat, & Caprius.] *Sulcius* and *Caprius* were two famous Informers, who used to walk the Streets carrying under their Arms the Libels they had written against Delinquents.

106 SATIRES of HORACE.

7 *Similis Byrrhi.*] *Byrrhus* was a young Man, whose Luxury had prompted him to commit all Manner of Crimes.

8 *Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum.*] This Line is taken from Satire II. which consequently must have been written before this. The last Part of this Line, no doubt, gave the greatest Offence, and, as I imagine, particularly to the *Stoics*, who were great Patrons of Filthiness, or at least would not suffer it to be ridiculed. But I cannot help thinking, that if these good Philosophers had been more neat themselves, they would not have been so zealous to prejudice others in Favour of Nastiness. Surely it is no Breach of Charity to rally Men on a Fault, which it is in their own Power to correct. However, we must here except *Epictetus*, who says, that ‘the Cleanliness of the Body is an Emblem of the Purity of the Soul:’ That ‘Nature has furnished us with Baths, Essences, Linen Cloths, Brushes, Vitriol, and other Drugs, to cleanse us from Filth and Sweat:’ And that ‘he who does not make Use of them should not be looked upon as a Man, but a Hog, and should renounce all Commerce with Mankind, and not go into the Temples to poison others.’ DACIER.

9 *Insuevit pater optimus, &c.*] In the same manner *Demea* in *Terence* instructs his Son:

*Nihil pratermitto, consuefacio; denique
Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atq; ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi;
Hoc facito, et hoc fugito, &c.*

ADELPH. ACT III. Sc. 3.

10 *Cum lectulus, &c.*] *Horace* here follows the Precept of the *Pythagoreans*, who advise us never to go to Sleep without thinking three times on whatever has passed in the Day,

*Nec prius in dulcem declinent lumina somnum,
Omnia quam longi reputaveris æta diei.*

* SATIRE



* SATIRE V.

By WILLIAM COWPER, Esq;

*A humorous Description of the Author's Journey
from Rome to Brundisium.*

TWAS a long Journey lay before us,
When I and honest *Heliodorus*,

(Who far in Point of Rhetoric
Surpasses every living *Greek*),
Each leaving our respective Home,
Together sally'd forth from *Rome*.

First at *Aricia* we alight,
And there refresh, and pass the Night.
Our Entertainment? rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I've met with worse.

Thence o'er the Causeway, soft and fair,
To *Appii-forum* we repair.
But as this Road is well supply'd
(Temptation strong!) on either Side

With

108 SATIRES of HORACE.

With Inns commodious, snug and warm,
We split the Journey, and perform
In two Days time, what's often done
By brisker Travellers in one.

Here rather chusing not to sup
Than with bad Water mix my Cup,
After a warm Debate, in spite
Of a provoking Appetite,
I sturdily resolve at last
To balk it, and pronounce a Fast;
And, in a moody Humour, wait
While my less dainty Comrades bait.

Now o'er the spangled Hemisphere
Diffus'd, the starry Train appear,
When there arose a desperate Brawl;
The Slaves and Barge-men, one and all,
Rending their Throats (have Mercy on us!)
As if they were resolv'd to stun us.
' Steer the Barge this Way to the Shore!
' I tell you, we'll admit no more—
' Plague! will you never be content!'
Thus a whole Hour at least is spent,
While they receive the several Fares,
And kick the Mule into his Gears.

Happy!

Happy! these Difficulties past,
 Could we have fall'n asleep at last;
 But, what with humming, croaking, biting,
 Gnats, Frogs, and all their Plagues uniting,
 These tuneful Natives of the Lake
 Conspir'd to keep us broad awake.
 Besides, to make the Concert full,
 Two maudlin Wights, exceeding dull,
 The Bargeman and a Passenger,
 Each in his Turn essay'd an Air
 In Honour of his absent Fair.
 At length, the Passenger, oppress'd
 With Wine, left off, and snor'd the rest.
 The weary Bargeman too gave o'er,
 And, hearing his Companion snore,
 Seiz'd the Occasion, fix'd the Barge,
 Turn'd out his Mule to graze at large,
 And slept, forgetful of his Charge.

And now the Sun, o'er Eastern Hill,
 Discover'd that our Barge stood still;
 When one, whose Anger vex'd him sore,
 With Malice fraught, leaps quick on Shore;
 Plucks up a Stake; with many a Thwack
 Assails the Mule and Driver's Back.

Then,

110 SATIRES of HORACE.

Then, slowly moving on, with Pain,
At ten, ³ *Feronia's* Stream we gain,
And in her pure and glassy Wave
Our Hands and Faces gladly lave.
Climbing three Miles, fair & *Anxur's* Height
We reach, with stony Quarries white.

While here, as was agreed, we wait,
Till, charg'd with Business of the State,
Mæcenas and *Cocceius* come,
(The Messengers of Peace) from *Rome*;
My Eyes, by watry Humours blear
And fore, I with black Balsam smear.
At length they join us, and with them
Our worthy Friend *Fonteius* came;
A Man of such complete Desert,
Antony lov'd him at his Heart.

At ⁵ *Fundi* we refus'd to bait,
And laugh'd at vain *Aufidius's* State;
A ⁶ *Prætor* now (a Scribe before)
The purple-border'd Robe he wore;
His Slave the smoking Censer bore.

Tir'd, at *Muræna's* we repose
At ⁷ *Formia*; sup at *Capito's*.

With

With Smiles the rising Morn we greet;
At ⁸ *Sinueſſa* pleas'd to meet
With ⁹ *Plotius*, *Varius*, and the * Bard,
Whom *Mantua* firſt with Wonder heard.
The World no purer Spirits knows,
For none my Heart more warmly glows.
O what Embraces we beſtow'd,
And with what Joy our Breasts o'erflow'd!
Sure, while my Senſe is ſound and clear,
Long as I live, I ſhall prefer
A gay, good-natur'd, eaſy Friend
To every Bleſſing Heaven can ſend!

At a ſmall Village, the next Night,
Near the *Vulturnus* we alight;
Where, as employ'd on State Affairs,
We were ſupply'd by the ¹⁰ Purvey'rs
Frankly at once, and without Hire,
With Food for Man and Horſe, and Fire.

¹¹ *Capua*, next Day, betimes we reach,
Where *Virgil* and myſelf, who each

* VIRGIL.

Labour'd

112 SATIRES of HORACE.

Labour'd with different Maladies,
His such a Stomach, mine such Eyes,
As would not bear strong Exercise,
In drowsy Mood to Sleep resort;
Mæcenæ to the Tennis-court.

Next at *Cocceius*' Farm we're treated,
Above the *Caudian* Tavern seated;
His kind and hospitable Board
With Choice of wholesome Fare was stor'd.

Now, O ye Nine, inspire my Lays;
To nobler Themes my Fancy raise!
Two Combatants, who scorn to yield
The noisy Tongue-disputed Field,
Sarmentus and *Cicirrus*, claim
A Poet's Tribute to their Fame.
Cicirrus, of true ¹² *Oscian* Breed;
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
But ran away; we don't defame him;
His Lady lives, and still may claim him.
Thus dignify'd, in hardy Fray
These Champions their keen Wit display;
And first *Sarmentus* led the Way:

Thy

' Thy Locks, quoth he, so rough and coarse,
 ' Look like the Mane of some wild Horse.'
 We laugh.—*Cicirrus*, undismay'd,
 ' Have at you,' cries; and shakes his Head.—
 ' 'Tis well, *Sarmentus* says, you've lost
 ' That Horn, your Forehead once could boast,
 ' Since, maim'd and mangled as you are,
 ' You seem to butt.'—A hideous Scar
 Improv'd, 'tis true, with double Grace
 The native Horrors of his Face.
 Well, after much jocosely said
 Of his grim Front, so fiery red,
 For Carbuncles had blotch'd it o'er,
 As usual on *Campania's* Shore;
 ' Give us, he cry'd, since you're so big,
 ' A Sample of the *Cyclops'* Jig;
 ' Your Shanks, methinks, no Buskins ask,
 ' Nor does your Phyz require a Mask.'
 To this *Cicirrus*: ' In return,
 ' Of you, Sir, now I fain would learn
 ' When 'twas (no longer deem'd a Slave)
 ' Your Chains you to the *Lares* gave?
 ' For though a Scrivener's Right you claim,
 ' Your Lady's Title is the same.

114 SATIRES of HORACE.

- ‘ But what could make you run away,
- ‘ Since, Pygmy as you are, each Day
- ‘ A single Pound of Bread would quite
- ‘ O’erpower your puny Appetite.’

Thus jok’d the Champions, while we laugh’d,
And many a chearful Bumper quaff’d.

To ¹³ *Beneventum* next we steer,
Where our good Host, by over-care
In roasting Thrushes, lean as Mice,
Had almost fall’n a Sacrifice.

The Kitchen soon was all on Fire,
And to the Roof the Flames aspire.
There might you see each Man and Master
Striving, amidst this sad Disaster,
To save the Supper—then they came
With Speed enough to quench the Flame.

From hence we first at Distance see
Th’ *Apulian* Hills, well known to Me,
Parch’d by the sultry Western Blast,
And which we never should have past,
Had not * *Trivicus*, by the Way,
Receiv’d us at the Close of Day :

* A Village so called.

But each was forc'd, at entering here;
 To pay the Tribute of a Tear;
 For more of Smoke than Fire was seen,
 The Hearth was pil'd with Logs so green.

From hence in Chaises we were carry'd
 Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarry'd
 At a small * Town, whose Name my Verse
 (So barbarous is it!) can't rehearse.
 Know it you may by many a Sign;
 Water is dearer far than Wine;
 Their Bread is deem'd such dainty Fare,
 That every prudent Traveller
 His Wallet loads with many a Crust;
 For, at ¹⁴ *Canusum*, you might just
 As well attempt to gnaw a Stone,
 As think to get one Morsel down.
 That too with scanty Streams is fed:
 Its Founder was brave *Diomed*.
 Good *Varius* (ah! that Friends must part!)
 Here left us all with aching Heart.

At ¹⁵ *Rubi* we arriv'd that Day,
 Well jaded by the Length of Way;

* *Equotaticum*.

116 SATIRES of HORACE.

And sure poor Mortals ne'er were wetter.
Next Day, no Weather could be better,
No Roads so bad ; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy ¹⁶ *Barium's* Wall.

¹⁷ Th' *Egnatians* next, who, by the Rules
Of Common-sense, are Knaves or Fools,
Made all our Sides with Laughter heave ;
Since we with them must needs believe
That ¹⁸ Incense in their Temples burns,
And, without Fire, to Ashes turns.

To Circumcision's Bigots tell
Such Tales. For Me, I know full well

²⁰ That in high Heaven, unmov'd by Care,
The Gods eternal Quiet share ;

²¹ Nor can I deem their Spleen the Cause
Why fickle Nature breaks her Laws.

²² *Brundisium* last we reach, and there
Stop short the Muse and Traveller.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Octavius and *Antony*, both aspiring to absolute Power, frequently quarrelled. Their Reconciliation was never lasting, because never sincere. Among the Negotiations set on foot for that Purpose, History distinguishes two; one in 714, the other in 717. *Mecenas* took *Horace* with him to this second Conference, which was at first held at *Brundisium*, and afterwards concluded at *Tarentum*, by the Mediation of *Octavia*. That Journey gave Occasion to this Satire, which is a Master-piece in its kind. It has been imitated by several modern Poets; but perhaps by none better than *Monsieur Huet*, in his Description of his Journey to *Stockholm*, written in *Latin Verse*.

SANADON.

¹ *Aricia*.] *Aricia*, now *La Riccia*, is situated on the *Appian* Way, about twenty Miles from *Rome*.

² *Forum Appi*.] A little Town, about forty-six Miles from *Rome*.

³ *Feronia*.] A little Village, within Three Miles of *Anxur*. Near this Place was a Temple, a Grove, and a Fountain, consecrated to *Juno*.

⁴ *Anxur*.] *Anxur*, now *Terracina*, was situated on a Hill, on the Sea-side, which reaches from *Ostia* to *Naples*.

⁵ *Fundos*.] *Fundi* was twenty Miles from *Anxur*, famous for its excellent Wine.

⁶ *Pratore*.] The *Prator* was an Officer created to assist the Consul in administering Justice.

⁷ *In Mamurrarum*—*urbe*. *Formia* was remarkable for the Birth of *Mamurra*, one of the richest and most considerable Men among the Romans. *Murana* and *Capita* had Houses there.

⁸ *Sinuessa*.] A City near the River *Liris*, where now stands *Rocca di Mandragone*.

118 SATIRES of HORACE.

⁹ *Plotius et Varius, &c.*]

What an agreeable Meeting must this have been between four Persons of such distinguished Merit as *Virgil, Horace, Plotius, and Varius*! *Horace* never appears in a more amiable Light than when he is speaking of his Friends. His Heart, on these Occasions, dilates itself with a Tenderness which shows his Humanity; and Humanity is infinitely preferable to Wit. It is this, that qualifies us for those sweet Connexions, which are the Band of Society.

SANADON.

¹⁰ — *parochi.*] In the first *Julian* Law was this Article, that the Towns and Villages through which a *Roman* Magistrate passed, in his way to the Provinces, should be obliged to supply him and his Retinue with Salt, Wood, Corn, Lodging, and other Conveniencies.

¹¹ — *Capua.*] *Capua*, the chief City of *Campania*, built upon the *Vulturnus*.

¹² — *genus Osci.*] The *Oscians* were a People of *Campania*, of the most infamous Character in all *Italy*.

¹³ *Beneventum.*] A City in the Territory of *Naples*.

¹⁴ — *Canusi.*] A Town situated on the Side of a Hill, now called *Canosa*.

¹⁵ — *Rubos.*] A small Village, eighteen Miles from *Canusium*.

¹⁶ — *Bari.*] A Town situated on the *Adriatic*.

¹⁷ — *Gnatia.*] Or *Egnatia*, now called *Gnazzi*, or *Nazzi*, a Town on the *Adriatic*, between *Barium* and *Brundisium*.

¹⁸ *Dum flammâ sine, &c.*]

The Priests at *Egnatia* exhibited a pretended Miracle. They placed on a Stone, in the Portal of the Temple, some Grains of Incense, or Pieces of Wood, which were immediately consumed, without the Application of Fire. *Horace* had not Faith enough to believe such ridiculous Stories, which were only invented to amuse Fools.

DACIER.

A

A Miracle of the same kind is now supposed to be wrought at *Naples*, viz. the Liquefaction of *Januarius's* Blood at the Approach of the Saint's Head. Mr. *Addison* was Witness to this pretended Miracle twice; but thought it one of the most bungling Tricks he ever saw. He says, it seems to be copied from the Miracle here referred to. Dr. *Middleton* too, in his Letter from *Rome*, after quoting Father *Mabillon's* Opinion about the Manner of performing this Trick, proceeds as follows:

' But by whatever way it is effected, it is plainly nothing else but the Copy of an old Cheat, of the same kind, transacted near the same Place, which *Horace* makes himself merry with in his Journey to *Brundisium*, telling us, that the Priests would have imposed upon him and his Friends at a Town called *Gnatia*, by persuading them that the Frankincense in the Temple used to dissolve, and melt miraculously of itself, without the help of Fire.' Letter from *Rome*, p. 209.

The learned Author of the *Criterion*, speaking of the standing Miracles boasted of by the Papists, which, he says, upon Examination, will be found to be mere *Legerdemain Tricks*, or brought about by a superior Acquaintance with the Powers and Properties of material Compositions, gives us the following Account of the Liquefaction at *Naples*.

' That a Substance visibly dry and solid, having the Appearance of coagulated Blood, inclosed in a Glass hermetically sealed, actually doth melt, while held by the Priest in his Hands, and brought near to the Saint's Head, which is placed on the Altar, is a Fact which Thousands of Spectators are Eye-witnesses of every Year. But, however extraordinary this may seem, to suppose as the *Neapolitans* do, that there is any Miracle in the Case, would be to make the Experiments of the Natural Philosopher, and the Transmutations of the Chemist, deserve that Name; as some of them are far more surprising than the Liquefaction of this Saint's pretended Blood. The particular natural Cause is not, indeed, absolutely agreed upon. Some have imagined that the Heat of the Hands of the Priests, who keep tampering with the Phial of Blood during the Celebration of Mass, will be sufficient to make it melt. Others, again, have been inclined to believe that the Liquefaction is effected by the Heat of vast

Numbers of wax Tapers of a most enormous Size, with which the Altar is decked out, and many of which are placed so conveniently, that the Priest can, without any Appearance of Design, hold the Glass so near to them as to make it hot, and consequently dispose the inclosed Substance to melt.—I should be inclined to subscribe to this Opinion, had I not met with a more probable Solution.

I am informed (for I never tried the Experiment myself) that a Composition of *Crocus Martis* and *Cochineal* will perfectly resemble congealed Blood; and by dropping the smallest Quantity of *Aqua fortis* amongst this Composition, its dry Particles will be put into a Ferment, till at last an Ebullition is excited, and the Substance becometh liquid.

That a Glass may be so contrived as to keep the *Aqua fortis* separate from the dry Substance, till the critical Moment when the Liquefaction is to be effected, may be easily conceived. And, in fact, the Phial which containeth the pretended Blood is so constituted. It is something like an Hour-glass, and the dry Substance is lodged in the upper Division. Now in the lower Division of the Glass a few Drops of *Aqua fortis* may be lodged, without furnishing any Suspicion, as the Colour will prevent its being distinguished.

All the attendant Circumstances of this *bungling Trick* (as Mr. Addison calls it) are perfectly well accounted for, by admitting this Solution. Whenever the Priest would have the Miracle take Effect, he need only invert the Glass, and then the *Aqua fortis* being uppermost, will drop down upon the dry Substance, and excite an Ebullition which resembleth melting; and upon restoring the Glass to its former Position, the Spectator will see the Substance, the Particles of which have been separated by the *Aqua fortis*, drop down to the Bottom of the Glass, in the same manner that the Sand runneth through.

The *Neapolitans* (as fit Subjects to be imposed upon as the most servile Bigotry and superstitious Credulity can make them) esteem this annual Miracle as a Mark of the Protection of Heaven; and whenever the Blood faileth to melt, a general Panic ensueth.

Now, upon a Supposition that I have assigned the real Cause, the Priests can prevent the Success of the Miracle whenever they please; and accordingly we know that they actually do so, when they have any Prospect of advancing their own Interest, by infusing a Notion into the Minds of the *Neapolitans*, that

Heaven

'Heaven is angry with their Nation.' — *Criterion, or Miracles examined, &c.* By John Douglas, D. D. p. 243.—246.

For what follows we are also indebted to the same Author.

'Whether or no I have succeeded in pointing out the *real Cause* of this pretended Miracle, I must leave to the *few*, who have the Honour of tampering with the sacred Phial, and of conducting the annual Show: It is enough to the *many*, if I have assigned a Cause, which will account for every thing that happens; and that I have assigned such a Cause, every one may satisfy himself.

'When I published my Account of the liquified Blood, I had not, at that Time, tried the Experiment of the *Crocus Martis* and *Cochineal*; and, therefore, I could lay less Weight on the Solution of the Trick, as mentioned to me by a Friend. But now I can speak from my own Knowledge, and consequently with greater Confidence. Since I have lately mixed up some *Cochineal* with a larger Quantity of *Crocus Martis*, and this constitutes a hard Lump, perfectly resembling coagulated Blood, and which might well bear to be produced on St. *Januarius's* Altar. Upon dropping some *Aqua fortis* on this solid Lump, instantly there was excited a Fermentation and Bubbling of its Parts, 'till by Degrees the whole Lump dissolved, and it became a Liquid of about the Consistence of thick Blood.—This Experiment I performed (I ask Pardon, I should have said *Miracle*) in the Presence of a Physician of Learning, who assures me, that besides *Aqua fortis*, Spirit of Vitriol, or any other mineral Acid, by being dropt upon the coagulated Matter, will produce the desired Effect. But Spirit of Vitriol, which is clear as Water, will deceive the most curious Spectator most effectually; and by the help of this, and the other Ingredients, any good Protestant may challenge the Priests of *Naples*, to try which of them shall perform the Miracle most dexterously.'

39 ————— *Credat Judæus Apella, &c.*

Scaliger, and several other Critics, believe that *Apella* is the proper Name of some Jew, then well known at Rome; but it seems more natural to derive it from *sine pelle, circumcised*. It is well known, that the Heathens often ridiculed the Jews on this Account. Thus our Poet, in the ninth Epistle of this Book, ver. 70.

Vin' tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere? —

D.

It is certain, that the Poet here alludes to the Miracle wrought by *Elijah*, in causing Fire to descend from Heaven, and consume a Bullock cut in Pieces, the Wood, and the Stones, &c. after he had three times poured Water on the Sacrifice, and also filled the Trench with Water. See the Story at large in the first Book of *Kings*, Chap. 18.

The *Jews*, who had a Faith for such sort of Miracles, which proved the Truth of their Religion, were thought by the Heathens credulous and superstitious. Therefore *Horace* refers the Miracle wrought at *Egnatia* (which much resembles that of *Elijah*) to a *Jew*, as worthy his Belief. DACIER.

Dacier is not so kind as to inform us how he came to be so very sure that *Horace* had read the Books of the *Old Testament*; nor does the last Clause of this Remark furnish any Proof, that our learned Critic was himself too credulous. D.

20 *Namque Deos didici.*

Horace was an *Epicuræan*; and the *Epicuræans* believed, that the Gods are unconcerned about the Affairs of this World. It may be observed by the way, that this Philosophy, which taught that God was an idle Spectator of human things, and neither wrought Good nor Evil, was known to the *Jews*, and had its Followers at *Jerusalem*, above three hundred Years before *Epicurus* established his School in *Greece*. For thus God himself speaks by his Prophet *Zephaniah*, Chap. I. ver. 12. — *And it shall come to pass at that Time, that I will search Jerusalem with Torches, and punish the Men that are settled on their Lees* (that is, those who fare deliciously), *who say in their Heart, The LORD will not do Good, neither will he do Evil.*

We may collect from hence, that this Philosophy was embraced by the Rich, who seem chiefly interested, that God should not concern himself with human Affairs. DACIER.

21 *Nec, si quid miri faciat natura.*

Horace was of Opinion, that this supposed Miracle might be wrought by the Knowledge of some natural Secret, and without the Intervention of any God.

Thus

Thus *Varro* shows, that the *Hirpinians* walking unhurt with naked Feet on the live Coals of the Sacrifices, which they offered every Year to *Apollo*, was not owing to that God, but to the Virtue of an Ointment with which they rubbed the Soles of their Feet.

DACIER.

The foretelling that the Sun should be darkened on a certain Day; or the holding of live Coals on the Tongue, without being burnt; or the making a Voice descend from a Chimney, when there is nobody in it; each of these would, no doubt, in the Times of Ignorance, have been looked on as a Miracle:

D.

²² *Brundisium longa finis chartæq; viæque.*] *Brundisium*, now *Brindes*, a Town situated at the Beginning of the *Adriatic*. It has an excellent Port.

Horace justly calls his Journey a long one, since it was three hundred and seventy Miles from *Rome* to *Brundisium*. He travelled thither in fourteen Days and one Night, as will appear to those who examine the Particulars, *i. e.* at a Medium, about twenty-six Miles a Day.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE VI.

To MÆCENAS.

The Qualities of true Nobility.

Inscribed to the EARL of CORKE.

WHAT tho' no *Lydian*, on *Etruria's* Coasts;
 A nobler Birth than you, *Mæcenas*, boasts;
 What though to Chiefs, who Legions us'd to guide,
 Each of your generous Parents was ally'd,
 Yet you ne'er scoff, like most of high Degree,
 Those meanly born, or Freed-men's Sons, like Me;
 Since you're convinc'd, no matter how obscure
 Our Parents, if our Morals are but pure;
 Persuaded, that ere ' *Tullius* reign'd, there liv'd
 Many, who, though from Vulgar Stem deriv'd,
 Were yet as high in Honours as in Worth;
 While to *Lævinus* (though he trac'd his Birth
 From fam'd *Valerius' Race*, who from the Throne
 Expell'd proud *Tarquin*) no Regard is shown

By

By the rude Multitude, who yet, you know,
 Oft, on the Worthless, Honours will bestow,
 Led by false Notions; and with wondering Eyes
 High-sounding Titles and old Statues prize.
 How should those act, who from the vulgar Train
 Notions so widely different entertain?
 Yet grant they rather would *Lævinus* chuse,
 And ² *Decius*, of ignoble Birth, refuse,
 And grant that ³ *Appius* would reject my Plea,
 Since from a Father sprung, who was not free;
 (And justly since ⁴ I chose not to remain
 In my own Sphere) yet Glory in her Chain
 Drags both the noble and the vulgar Crew
 Behind her shining Chariot—What to You,
⁵ *Tillius*, avail'd it, that again you wore
 Your Robe, and *Tribunitial* Honours bore?
 Hence Envy rose, which in a private State
 Was less—When one is chosen to the Weight
 Of Senatorial Duty, all enquire
 ‘ Who is this Senator, and what his Sire?’
 For as the Fop, who studies to compare
 With beauteous ⁶ *Barrus*, and be thought as fair,
 Will hear the Girls enquire, in every Place,
 What are his Teeth, his Hair, his Legs, his Face.

So

126 SATIRES of HORACE:

So if you swear to guard, with watchful Eye,
The *Roman* People, City, *Italy*,
And Temples of the Gods, all seek to know
Your Birth if You to vulgar Parents owe.
Shall a Slave's Son from the *Tarpeian* Hill
Presume to throw, or bid the *Liſtor* kill
A free-born *Roman*? But you say, ' To Me
' *Novius*, my Collegue, yields by one Degree :
' He and my Sire are just as mean by Birth.'
This then, you think, will give you equal Worth
With ' nobleſt Senators—But in the Street
Should Cars two hundred, and three Funerals meet,
Novius, you know, would raiſe his Voice more loud
Than Trumpets, Horns, and all the jarring Crowd.
This to the Populace gives great Content,
And is eſteem'd a vaſt Accompliſhment.

To my own Story now again attend,
Whom all, becauſe *Mæcenas* is my Friend,
Now view with Looks of Envy, as before,
Becaufe a ^s *Roman Tribune*'s Charge I bore.
Far different this. My Station might, indeed,
With ſpecious Plea the Flame of Envy feed ;
Not ſo *your* Friendſhip. You with that, 'tis known,
(Such is your Care) the worthleſs never crown,

And

And scorn Intruders—No one can pretend,
That Fortune's Favour gave me such a Friend.

Virgil long since, then *Varius* too declar'd
My Character—And when I first appear'd
Before you, short and faltering was my Speech,
(For Modesty an Infant's Part will teach)
I never said, that round my Fields I rode
On ambling Steed, and no great Lineage show'd ;
But told you who I was. You little said,
As usual—I departed—But obey'd,
In nine Months time, your Summons to attend,
From thence distinguish'd by the Name of Friend.
Proud that discerning Judgment to delight,
Which nicely marks the Bounds of Wrong and
Right,

Not by a noble Birth, but worthy Mind.

If, save some lesser Faults, you in me find
No grand Defects (as, in the fairest Face,
Some Moles, some Pimples, we perchance may
trace) ;

If I with Justice can the Charge deny
Of sordid Manners, Lust, Debauchery ;
And if, (to praise myself) by many a Friend
I live belov'd, nor knowingly offend,

Thanks

128 SATIRES of HORACE.

Thanks to the Prudence of my Sire I owe:
 Though small his Farm, he chose not I should go
 To *Flavius*' School, where great Centurions sent
 Their Sons, who with their Slates and Pencils went,
 And Satchel cramm'd with Books, and could ac-
 count

How high would Interest every Month amount.

To *Rome* itself he boldly brought his Boy,
 Such Studies to pursue, as might employ
 The Sons of Knights or Senators; and those,
 Who saw my Dress and Servants, might suppose
 That from an ancient family Estate,
 I drew Supplies for an Expence so great.

Himself, the best of Tutors, kept his Eye
 O'er all my Teachers, and was ever nigh.
 Hence Modesty I learnt, the very Grace
 Of Virtue: Hence, I learnt, of all that's base
 To be in Thought no less than Action clear.
 Nor did he from the World Reproaches fear,
 Because he taught his Son no gainful Trade,
 Nor, like himself, a Tax-Collector made.

Hence from my Tongue (Complaints apart) must
 flow

The grateful Praises I so justly owe;

Nor

Nor shall I, while my Mind is sound, lament
My Birth, though mean, or of my Sire repent,
Or urge in my Behalf that vulgar Plea,
That though my Parents were not rich, or free,
'Twas not *my* Fault—Opinions I retain
Quite the reverse : For could past Years again
Return, and might we other Parents chuse,
Contented with my own, I would refuse
Those whom the *Consulship* and *Ivory Seat*
Adorn ; sure from each vulgar Tongue to meet
Reproach ; but not from yours, that I a State
So high decline, unequal to the Weight.
Far greater Riches I should then require,
Must make more Friends, and more Attendants hire ;
Never must move without a servile Train ;
Chariots must purchase, Slaves and Steeds maintain.

Now to *Tarentum*, when I please I ride
On a cropt Mule ; my Spurs indent her Side,
My Wallet galls her Back ; yet I disclaim
Avarice, like that, which all in *Tillius* blame,
When he, though *Prætor*, on the Road five Boys
To bear his Wine and Utenfils employs.

Hence, noble Senator, I taste more Ease
Than You and thousands more—Where'er I please

130 SATIRES of HORACE.

Alone I walk ; the Price of Barley know,
 Or Herbs ; ¹² to the deceitful *Circus* go
 At Evening Hours, or through the *Forum* roam,
 And hear the Augurs ; then returning home,
 Sup on Leek-Broth, and with delicious ¹³ Beet
 Regale ; three Boys attend me while I eat.
 My Marble Slab a Beaker and a Brace
 Of Glasse holds : Next stands a vulgar Vase,
 A Bason and a Cup, *Campanian Ware*.
 I then to Bed retire, devoid of Care,
 Since in the Morn I need not early rise
 To visit ¹⁴ *Marfyas*, whose disdainful Eyes
 Scarce bear the younger *Novius* in their Sight.
¹⁵ 'Till ten I lie. When drest, walk forth, or
 write,
 Or with a Book my leisure Hours beguile.
 Then for the Games anoint ; not with that Oyl
 Of which the Lamps vile ¹⁶ *Natta* us'd to cheat—
 The *Martian* Field, or Tennis, forc'd by Heat,
¹⁷ Glad I forsake, and to the Bath retreat. }
 I with a slight Repaste my Stomach stay,
 Trifling at home the Afternoon away.
¹⁸ Such are the idle Comforts that I share ;
 But, free from all the Weight of public Care,

More

More happy am I in this humble State,
Than if my Sire had fill'd the ¹⁹ *Quæstor's* Seat.

J. D.

NOTES.

Horace shows in this Satire, that true Nobility does not consist in being descended from a long Train of illustrious Ancestors, but in right Sentiments and Probity of Manners.

The Gratitude he testifies to his *Father's* Memory, does more Honour to his own, than the Friendship of *Mæcenas*, or even that of *Augustus*.

If this Satire was written after the Death of *Virgil* and *Varius*, as it probably was, by the 54th Verse, &c. — *Optimus olim Virgilius* — it was after the Year of *Rome* 735, and *Horace* must have been above forty-seven Years old.

DACIER and SANADON.

¹ *Ante potestatem Tulli atque ignobile regnum.*]

Servius Tullius, the sixth King of *Rome*. He was the Son of *Ocrisia*, who was taken Captive by the *Romans* at the Sacking of *Corniculum*. Because his Mother was in a State of Servitude when he was born, he was called *Servius*. It is on this Account only, and in Allusion to the Opinion of the People, that *Horace* here applies the Epithet *ignobile* (*ignoble*) to his Reign; for he was in fact a wise and valiant Prince, and his Reign was glorious. This Passage is thus translated by *Dacier*: ‘ You justly think, that before the glorious Reign of *Tullius*, who was the Son of a Slave, there have been many Persons obscurely born, who have lived with Honour, and by their Merit obtained the highest Dignities.’

² *Quam Decio mandare novo.*]

Publius Decius Mus was the first of his Family who distinguished himself, and obtained the Consulship by his Merit. He devoted himself for his Country in a Battle against the *Latins*, in the Year of *Rome* 417, three hundred and thirty-four Years before the Birth of Christ. His Son followed his Example forty Years afterwards.

132 SATIRES of HORACE.

3 ————— *Censorque moveret*

Appius.]

Appius Claudius Cæcus, who was chosen *Censor* in the Year of Rome 443. He was distinguished by the Severity with which he exercised this Office for five Years.

The Business of the *Censor* was to survey the People, and to censure their Manners. He had Authority to punish Immoralities in any Persons, of what Rank soever, Senators themselves not excepted.

4 ————— *Quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem.]*

He here alludes to the Fable of the As in the Lion's Skin.

5 ————— *Tilli.*] This Reading is found in the most ancient

Copies: Others read, *Tulli*. *Tillius* was a Person of an obscure Birth and bad Morals, and was obliged by *Cæsar* to lay aside the purple Robe, for having joined with *Pompey*; but after *Cæsar's* Death he resumed it, and was created *Tribune*; all things being then in so great Confusion, that the vilest Slaves were sometimes created Senators.

6 ————— *quo morbo Barrus.]*

Titus Veturius Barrus. All that we know of this pretty Fellow is, that he was an egregious Coxcomb (a Woman's Man to be sure) and so extravagant, that he ruined himself. He was at last put to Death for corrupting one of the *Vestal Virgins*.

7 *Paulus*

Et Messala.] Paulus Æmilius and *Messala Corvinus*, two illustrious Romans.

8 ————— *Mihi pareret legio Romana Tribuno.]*

Horace served in the Civil Wars as a *Tribune* in *Brutus's* Army, and was present at the Battle of *Philippi*, where, however, he gained no Honour, as he himself owns, in Book II. Ode 17.

————— *Philippos, et celerem fugam
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula.*

The Legion consisted of thirty *Manipuli*, or Bands, which made about six thousand Men, and was commanded by six *Tribunes*, or Colonels.

⁹ *Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes*

Circum doctores aderat.] It was very difficult to preserve the Morals of those Boys untainted, who were sent to the great Schools. Therefore they never went abroad without being accompanied by a sort of Guardian, or Governor, who was styled *Custos* and *Rector*. But as such Persons too often connived at the Vices and Extravagancies of their Pupils, the Vigilance of our Poet's Father supplied that Office himself, well knowing that Learning would be too dearly purchased at the Expence of Morals.

¹⁰ ——— *usque Tarentum.*]

Now *Taranto*, a City of the Province of *Otranto*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. *Horace* was so pleased with it, that he would have been glad to have spent the latter Part of his Life there. It abounds, says he, with excellent Honey, delicate Oyl, and Wine little inferior to that of *Falernus*: An early Spring, and a soft Winter, render it a delightful Habitation for an old Man. See Book II. Ode 6.

¹¹ ——— *ulceret atque eques armos.*]

The Critics puzzle themselves about the Meaning of these Words. *Dacier* says, he galled his Mule by his awkward Manner of sitting. *Sanadon* contends for the Poet's good Horsemanship, and is of Opinion that it was occasioned by his Weight only; for he was fat and unwieldy. The Translator dares not pretend to decide this important Question.

¹² *Fallacem Circum, &c.*]

Mr. *Creech* here introduces these Lines:

Through cheating *Rome*, about the Close of Day,
I freely walk; I go to Church and pray.

It is to be supposed that *Horace* was a good Christian.

¹³ ——— *Lachanique catinum.*]

But other Copies read, *Laganique catinum*, A Plate of Pancakes. The Reader may chuse which Dish he likes best.

134 SATIRES of HORACE.

¹⁴ ——— *obsundus Marfya.*]

Marfya was a *Phrygian* Musician, who, presuming to challenge *Apollo* to play with him on the Flute, was conquered, and slayed alive.

His Statue was placed in the *Forum*, facing the Bench, where the Judges sat, and the Lawyers pleaded.

The Pain *Marfya* felt to see such a fordid Wretch as *Novius* among the Judges, made him forget what he had suffered from *Apollo*. This Thought is the more happy, as his Statue had one Hand raised: And *Horace* ascribes this Posture to his Indignation against *Novius*.

DACIER.

¹⁵ *Ad quartam jaceo.*]

I lie a-bed 'till the fourth Hour; i. e. 'till ten o' th' Clock. But we are not to understand by these Words, that he slept so long; for none but Sluggards indulged themselves in Sleep even 'till six o' th' Clock. See *Epist.* I. ver. 17. & 18. No, he applied himself to Reading or Writing on his Couch, which was a common Practice among the Ancients.

Neque enim cum lectulus, aut me

Porticus excepit, desum mihi.

Book I. Sat. IV.

Nor when my Bed or Portico receives me,

Do I forbear to commune with myself.

Thus *Seneca* in his 72d *Epistle*:

'Some things may be written, even in a Chariot; but others require the Bed, Leisure and Retirement.'

And *Pliny*:

'*Gaius Fannius* dreamed one Night, that he lay on his Couch, in an Undress fit for Study, with a Desk, as usual, before him.' B. V. Ep. 5. Translated by the Earl of CORKE.

¹⁶ *Natta.*] This was a famous Miser, who is also mentioned by *Juvenal*, Sat. VIII. 95. and by *Persius*, Sat. III. 31.

Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Natta?

'Are you not ashamed to lead such a Life, as that dissolute Spendthrift *Natta*?'

¹⁷ — *Fugio rabiosi tempora signi.*]

But, according to *Cruquius*, a very ancient Manuscript reads,

Fugio

Fugio campum lufumque trigonem.

This Reading is adopted by Bentley, Cuningham, and Sanadon, and followed by the Translator. Horace plainly intends to point out here the Hour of the Day, and not the Season of the Year. It is ridiculous to suppose with Dacier, that he bathed only in the Dog-days. By *Campus* he means the *Campus Martius*, or *Martian Field*, where the public Exercises were performed; and this Line explains the preceding Words, *Ungor olivo*; for he was anointed, to make his Limbs the more pliant for Exercise.

18 *Hac est*

Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.]

Horace has Reason to boast of his Happiness. What Contrast? On one side, we see the constrained and restless Life of the Great, whom *Ambition* drags along, chained, like Slaves, to the Chariot of Fortune; on the other side, the free and peaceable Life of a private Man, who tastes, in his moderate State of Competence, Repose without Troubles, and Pleasure without Solicitude; and whose Labours afford him a useful and agreeable Amusement.

SANADON.

19 *victurum suavius, ac si*

Quæstor avus.]

The *Quæstor* was the Treasurer of the Commonwealth. This Office is put here for any considerable Charge. It was the first Step to mount higher.

SANADON.





* SATIRE VII.

*An Account of a wrangling Quarrel between Persius
and Rupilius King.*

HOW *Persius* on *Rupilius King*,
Proscrib'd by *Cæsar*, dar'd to fling
His own rank Venom, I suppose
Each paltry * Quack and Barber knows.

Persius had long to ¹ *Clazomene*
Profusely dealt; as long had been
In wrangling Suits with *King* engag'd;
Was bold and arrogant; and rag'd
So loud, that not to such a Pitch
Could ² *Barrus* or ³ *Sisenna* reach.

In vain had many Attempts been try'd
To make their cholerick Blood subside.
At length on *Asia's* wealthy Shore
When *Brutus* held *Prætorian* Power,

* The Reading of *Bentley* is here followed,
Omnibus et medicis notum et tonsoribus esse.

Our Champions met ; so match'd, as brought

4 *Bacchius* and *Bitbus* to our Thought.

5 When Warriors fight of equal Fame,

Death only can decide their Claim.

For, spite of Reason, each Pretence

Is justify'd by Insolence.

Hector and *Peleus'* Son contended,

And but with Life their Contest ended.

But when two, struck with Coward Dread,

Or (6 *Glaucus*-like with *Diomed*)

When Chiefs of Strength unequal meet,

The weakest buys a safe Retreat.

Into the Hall with lowering Mien!

They rush'd ; such Objects ne'er were seen.

Persius unfolds the Cause ; much Sport

Ensues ; with Laughter rings the Court.

He loads with many an Eulogy

Brutus, and all his Army : He

Is *Asia's* 7 SUN ; his Chiefs, he says,

Are STARS of most propitious Rays :

Save King ; he, Terror to the Swain,

Like the fierce DOG-STAR burns the Plain.

Swift roll'd his Speech ; as, through a Wood,

Resistless rolls a wintry Flood,

Th'

138 SATIRES of HORACE.

Th' *Italian* then with equal Glee
 Reply'd, in foul-mouth'd Ribaldry;
 Such as in Vineyards reigns among
 The Gatherers, whose opprobrious Tongue
 Is sure to hoot each Passer-by,
 With ³ *Cuckow, Cuckow*, as they fly.
 Language so coarse at length inflames
Perfius's Resentment—He exclaims,
 ' O *Brutus*, by each Power above
 ' I beg, that, for thy Country's Love,
 ' Thou, to whose Sires such Glory springs
 ' From rooting out the Race of Kings,
 ' Wilt now, like them, deliver *Rome*,
 ' And let a Rope be this KING's Doom;

J. D.

NOTES.

Publius Rupilius Rex being proscribed by *Octavius Caesar* in the *Triumvirate*, made his Escape, and took Refuge in the Camp of *Brutus*. He was born at *Praneste* in *Italy*. *Perfius* was descended from a *Grecian* Father and a *Roman* Mother.

Horace here presents us with a Dialogue well supported between these two Persons in the mock Heroic Style. Perhaps it might be designed as a Parody on some of the scoffing Scenes in the *Iliad*. It seems to have been our Author's first poetical Essay, and was probably written in the Year of *Rome* 712, a little before the Battle of *Philippi*.

³ *Clazomenis*.]

1 *Clazomenis.*]

Clazomene was a City of lesser *Asia* in *Ionia*. It was situated on the Coast of the *Ægean* Sea, between *Smyrna* and the Island of *Chios*. It had been called *Gryne*; hence *Apollo* was styled *Grynaeus*, from a celebrated Temple erected to him there. It was the Birth-place of the Philosopher *Anaxagoras*. See *Strabo*, Book XIV.

2, 3. *Sisennas, Barrus.*]

Barrus and *Sisenna* were two Senators of wrangling Memory. For the Character of *Barrus*, see the Notes on the foregoing Satire.

4 ——— *cum Bitho Bacchius.*]

Bacchius and *Bithus* were two Gladiators in the Reign of *Augustus*, who never failed to kill all those with whom they fought. At length being matched against each other, both fell on the Spot,

5 The Translator has transposed a few Lines here. A Parenthesis of nine Lines, uncouthly placed, breaks the Sense, and disfigures the Original.

6 ——— *ut Diomed*

Cum Lycio Glauco.] This alludes to that Passage in the sixth *Iliad*, where *Glauco* changed his Armour of Gold for *Diomed*'s of Brass.

— πρὸς Τυδείδην Διομήδεα τευχέ αμείβε,
Χρυσέα χαλκῆον, ἑκατομβοί' ἐννεάβοιον.

For *Diomed*'s Brass Arms, of mean Device,
For which nine Oxen paid (a vulgar Price)
He gave his own, of Gold, divinely wrought,
A hundred Beeves the shining Purchase bought.

POPE.

7 *Solem Asia.*]

Nothing is more common than these swelling Tropes in modern Tragedies. They delight the Players, and generally gain a Clap from the Galleries.

8 — *Cucullum.*]

140 SATIRES of HORACE.

—*Cucullum.*] This was a Term of Reproach commonly applied to the Grape-gatherers in Vintage-time, denoting a Loon, or an idle worthless Fellow. 'Perhaps,' says *Dacier*, 'because the Cuckow is a lazy Bird, who will not be at the Pains of hatching her own Eggs, but drops them in the Nests of other Birds—*Semperque parit in alienis nidis.*'

A Custom not unlike this prevails among us, viz. the People on Shore crying out to the Bargemen, as the West-Country Barges are passing by, *Ba! Ba!* to upbraid them with being Sheep-stealers.

A late Author, speaking of the first Lines of this Satire, justly observes, that here even 'the courtly *Horace* sinks into 'mean and farcical Abuse.' Mr. *Warton* in the *Adventurer*, N^o 133.

The Pun, with which it closes, would not be expected by a Modern in any Writer above the Rank of *Jo. Miller*.



SATIRE



* SATIRE VIII.

*PRIAPUS's Complaint against the Witches, who
infested the Hill of Esquilæ.*

OF old, a Fig-tree (useless Wood!)
Was I; when long the Joiner stood
Debating, if to make of Me
A Joint-stool, or a Deity:
At length the latter he preferr'd;
Hence (Terror to each Thief and Bird)
Priapus' threatening Form I wear;
The Club that in my Hand I bear,
And my red Stake the Robbers dread;
While the Reed, waving on my Head,
From Birds this new-made Garden frees,
Though Fruits hang tempting on the Trees.

Of old, the Carcasses of Knaves,
Buffoons and Rakes, their Fellow-Slaves

Bore

142 SATIRES of HORACE.

Bore hither in a paltry Chest ;
 Each in a narrow Cell to rest,
 That Stone a Witness has remain'd
 The Field one thousand Feet contain'd
 In Front ; three hundred in the Rear ;
 Sequester'd from the lawful Heir.

Now we may range th' *Esquilian* Grove,
 And o'er the Hill enraptur'd rove,
 Where, with Concern, we lately view'd
 The Ground with Bones unseemly strew'd.

But neither Thieves nor Beasts of Prey,
 Which here of old in Ambush lay,
 Such Tumults in my Breast excite,
 As those vile Hags, who here delight
 Distraction in the Mind to raise
 By venom'd Drugs and magic Lays.

Nor can I these destroy or chase,
 But, when at Night her comely Face
 Bright *Cynthia* rears, with Shrieks and Groans
 They gather baleful Herbs and Bones.

These Eyes *Canidia's* Form have seen,
 Stalking, with pale terrific Mien,

In

In sable Robe * upgirt ; her Hair,
Dishevell'd, flow'd ; her Feet were bare ;
Her Sister *Sagana* was there :

Their Screams re-echo'd all around,
While with their Nails they scoop'd the Ground,
And, with their Teeth, in Pieces tore
A * sable Lamb ; the reeking Gore
Distill'd into the Trench ; a Spell,
To call the 3 shadowy Ghosts from Hell,
And faithful + Answers to compell !

Thither they brought two Images,
Of Wool was one ; the other less,
Of Wax ; the Woollen, large and tall,
Severely scourg'd the Waxed small ;
Which, dreading Death by horrid Pain,
Suppliant for Pity pray'd in vain.

This Beldam calls on *Hecate*,
And *That* on dire *Tisiphone*.

* Snakes too and Hell-hounds might be seen ;
To shun which Sight, with modest Mien,
The Moon, retiring, made a Gloom,
Skulking behind a spacious Tomb.

May Ravens mute upon my Head,
And *Julius*, and such Scoundrels, spread

Their

144 SATIRES of HORACE.

Their Ordure round me, if I lye!
 But Time would fail me should I try
 Each Prank to tell, how, shrill or hoarse,
 The Hags and Spectres held Discourse;
 Or how the Fangs of speckled Snake,
 And a Wolf's Beard, by Stealth they take,
 And bury; how a magic Blaze
 On the small waxen Image preys;
 Or how, to their eternal Dread,
 I wreak'd my Vengeance on their Head.

Loud as a Bladder bursts afunder,
 I rattled my posterior Thunder.
 Strait to the Town they fled away;
 What Mirth must rise at such Dismay!
 Her borrow'd Teeth *Canidia* lost,
 And *Sagana* no more could boast
 Her Tower of Hair; from off their Arms
 Th' enchanted Bracelets dropt; the Charms
 And Spells lay fruitless on the Ground;
 Their Herbs were scatter'd all around.

J. D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Macenas had made Gardens on the *Esquilian* Hill, which was before uninhabited and unhealthy, on account of the Graves with which it was filled, and the Bones which covered it. *Horace* is glad of an Occasion to speak of these Gardens, and of the Pleasure they gave the Public. At the same Time, it gives him an Opportunity of inveighing against the Witches *Canidia* and *Sagana*, and of describing their Pranks every Night in that Place.

But this is not his only End : His principal Design is to mock the idle Superstition of the *Romans*, and their Bigotry for Idols, whom they adored as true Gods. He treats this Subject with great Wit and Delicacy. For he does not attack these Idols like a dry Philosopher, who deduces his Principles from first Causes, and by a long Detail of Reasoning, but like a philosophic Courtier, who knows that in Cases of this Nature. Ridicule is more prevalent than the closest Syllogisms.

DACIER.

Perhaps the Reasoning which *Dacier* here makes use of might be turned against the Superstition of the Papists, if we put *Images* for *Idols*. And, if his Argument be just, it will hold in favour of the Irony and strong Railleries, employed by *Tillotson*, and other Protestant Divines, against their Absurdities.

¹ ——— *nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ*

Canidiam.] *Canidia* and *Sagana* are the same of whom he speaks in Book V. Ode 5. *Canidia* walks with her Robe tucked up, her Feet bare, and her Hair dishevelled : As *Ovid* describes *Medea* ;

Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,

Nuda pedem, nudos humeros infusa capillis.

————— her Ancles bare,

Her Garments closely girt, and loose her Hair.

The only Difference is, that *Medea* wears her Robe loose : But it may be said, that *Canidia* only tucked it up to walk more conveniently.

DACIER.

² *Pullam agnam*.] They always offered black Victims to the infernal Gods. Thus *Medea*, in *Ovid* :

VOL. II.

L

—— *cultos*

146 SATIRES of HORACE.

————— *cultros in guttura velleris atri*
Conjecit.

3 ————— *ut inde*

Manes elicerent.] There was nothing of which the Ghosts were so fond as Blood. *Ulysses* in *Homer* is obliged to draw his Sword to keep off the Ghosts, and to hinder them from drinking the Blood which he had poured into the Trench for *Tiresias*. They could neither foretell future Events, nor answer Questions, 'till they had first tasted this Blood.

We see clearly by this Passage, that the *Manes* are nothing but the Souls of the deceased.

4 ————— *animas responsa daturas.*] The Enchantments by which Ghosts were raised, in order to know from them what should happen, were in use long before *Homer*. We see, in the first Book of *Samuel*, that *Saul* consults the Witch of *Endor*, who by her Enchantments calls up the Ghost of *Samuel*. And *Saul* lived at least 350 Years before *Homer*, as it would be easy to prove.

DACIER.

5 ————— *Serpentes atq; videres*

Infernas errare canes.] The *Serpents* proclaimed the Approach of *Tisiphonè*, and the *Hell-hounds* that of *Hecatè*. Thus *Virgil*, on the like Occasion,

————— *viseq; canes ululare per umbram,*

Adventante Deâ.

ÆN. VI. 257.

And howling Dogs in glimmering Light advance,

Ere *Hecat* came.

DRYDEN.

6 ————— *lupi barbam varia cum dente colubræ.*] Instead of hiding in the Ground a Wolf's *Beard* and a Snake's *Tooth*, as here in *Horace*, *Shakespear's* Witches, in *Macbeth*, are supposed to throw into their enchanted Cauldron, among other Ingredients, a Wolf's *Tooth* and a Snake's *Fillet*. See Act IV. Scene I.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE IX.

Adapted to the present Times.

By W. C. Esq;

The Description of an Impertinent.

'S Aunt'ring along the Street, one Day,
 On Trifles musing by the Way,
 Up steps a free familiar Wight,
 (I scarcely knew the Man by Sight)
 ' Carlos (he cry'd) your Hand, my Dear—
 ' Gad ! I rejoice to meet you here ;
 ' Pray Heaven I see you well !—So, so,
 E'en well enough, as Times now go ;
 The same good Wishes, Sir, to you.
 Finding he still pursu'd me close—
 Sir, you have Business, I suppose :—
 ' My Business, Sir, is quickly done,
 ' 'Tis but to make my Merit known ;—
 ' Sir, I have read'—O learned Sir !
 You, and your Reading, I revere—

148 SATIRES of HORACE.

Then, sweating with Anxiety,
And sadly longing to get free,
Gods! how I scamper'd, scuffled for't,
Ran, halted, ran again—stopp'd short—
Beckon'd my Boy, and pull'd him near,
And whisper'd—nothing in his Ear.

Teaz'd with his loose unjointed Chat——
' What Street is this? Whose House is that?'
O *Harlow*! how I envy'd thee
Thy unabash'd Effrontery,
Who dar'ft a Foe with Freedom blame,
And call a Coxcomb by his Name.

When I return'd him Answer none,
Obligingly the Fool ran on——
' I see you're dismally distress'd,
' Would give the World to be releas'd, !
' But, by your Leave, Sir! I shall still
' Stick to your Skirts, do what you will——
' Pray which Way does your Journey tend?'
O! 'tis a tedious Way, my Friend——
Across the *Thames*, the Lord knows where,
I would not trouble *you* so far.

' Well, I'm at Leisure to attend you'——
Are you? (thought I) the De'el befriend you!——

No

No Afs with double Panniers rack'd,
Oppress'd, o'erladen, broken-back'd,
E'er look'd a thousandth Part so dull
As I, nor half so like a Fool.

- ' Sir, I know little of myself,
(Proceeds the pert conceited Elf)
- ' If *Gray* or *Mason* you will deem
- ' Than Me, more worthy your Esteem.
- ' Poems I write by *Folios*,
- ' As fast as other Men write Prose.
- ' Then I can sing so loud, so clear !
- ' That *Beard* cannot with Me compare ;
- ' In Dancing too I all surpass,
- ' Not *Cooke* can move with such a Grace—

Here I made shift, with much ado,
To interpose a Word or two—
Have you no Parents, Sir ? no Friends,
Whose Welfare on your own depends ?—

- ' Parents, Relations, say you ?—No —
- ' They're all dispos'd of, long ago'—

' Happy ! to be no more perplex'd—
My Fate too threatens ; I go next.
Dispatch me, Sir ! 'tis now too late,
Alas ! to struggle with my Fate ;

150 SATIRES of HORACE.

Well! I'm convinc'd my Time is come;
When young, a Gipsy told my Doom;
The Beldam shook her palsy'd Head,
As she perus'd my Palm, and said—

- ‘ Of Poisons, Pestilence, or War,
- ‘ Gout, Stone, Defluxion, or Catarrh,
- ‘ You have no Reason to beware.
- ‘ Beware the Coxcomb's idle Prate,
- ‘ Chiefly, my Son, beware of that;
- ‘ Be sure, when you behold him, fly
- ‘ Out of all Ear-shot, or you die.’

To *Rufus*' Hall we now drew near,
Where he was summon'd to appear,
Refute the Charge the Plaintiff brought,
Or suffer Judgment by Default.

- ‘ For Heaven's sake, if you love me, wait
- ‘ One Moment, I'll attend you strait’—

Glad of a plausible Pretence—
Sir! I must beg you to dispense
With my Attendance in the Court;
My Legs will surely suffer for't—

- ‘ Nay, pr'ythee *Carlos*, stop awhile’—
- Faith, Sir, in Law I have no Skill;

Besides,

Besides, I have no Time to spare,
I must be going you know where—

‘ Well, I protest, I’m doubtful now,

‘ Whether to leave my Suit, or you’—

Me, without Scruple—I reply—

Me, by all means, Sir !—‘ No ! not I—

‘ *Allons, Monsieur !*—’Twere vain, you know,

To strive with a victorious Foe ;

So I reluctantly obey,

And follow where he leads the Way.

‘ You and *N—tle* are so close,

‘ Still Hand and Glove, Sir, I suppose’—

N—tle, let me tell you, Sir,

Has not his Equal every-where—

‘ Well ! there indeed your Fortune’s made ;

‘ Faith, Sir, you understand your Trade.

‘ Would you but give me your good Word,

‘ Just introduce me to my Lord—

‘ I should serve charmingly, by way

‘ Of *second Fiddle*, as they say—

‘ What think you, Sir ?—’twere a good Jest ;

‘ ‘Slife ! we should quickly scout the rest.’

‘ Sir, you mistake the Matter far—

We have no *second Fiddles* there—

152 SATIRES of HORACE.

Richer than I, some Folks may be ;
 More learned ; but it hurts not Me ;
 Friends though he has of different kind,
 Each has his proper Place assign'd—

‘ Strange Matters these alledg’d by you !
 Strange they may be, but they are true.

‘ Well ! then I vow ’tis mighty clever ;

‘ Now I long ten times more than ever

‘ To be advanc’d extremely near

‘ One of his shining Character.’

Have but the Will, there wants no more ;

’Tis plain enough you have the Power,

His easy Temper (that’s the worst)

He knows, and so is shy at first ;

But such a Cavalier as you !

Lord, Sir ! you’ll quickly bring him to—

‘ Well—if I fail in my Design,

‘ Sir, it shall be no Fault of mine ;

‘ If by the saucy servile Tribe

‘ Deny’d, what think you of a Bribe ?

‘ Shut out To-day, not die with Sorrow,

‘ But try my Luck again To-morrow—

‘ Never attempt to visit him,

‘ But at the most convenient Time ;

‘ Attend

- ‘ Attend him on each *Levé* Day,
- ‘ And there my humble Duty pay.
- ‘ Labour, like this, our Want supplies ;
- ‘ And they must stoop, who mean to rise.’

While thus he wittily harrangu’d,
(For which you’ll guess I wish’d him hang’d)

Campley, a Friend of mine, came by,
Who knew his Humour more than I—
We stop, salute : — ‘ And, why so fast,
‘ Friend *Carlos*?—whither all this Haste?’

Fir’d at the Thoughts of a Reprieve,
I pinch him, pull him, twitch his Sleeve,
Nod, beckon, bite my Lips, wink, pout,
Do every thing, but speak plain out—
While he, sad Dog! from the Beginning
Determin’d to mistake my Meaning,
Instead of pitying my Curse,
By jeering made it ten times worse—

- ‘ *Campley*, what Secret, pray, was that,
- ‘ You wanted to communicate?’—
- ‘ I recollect, but ’tis no matter ;
- ‘ *Carlos*! we’ll talk of that herea’ter—
- ‘ E’en let the Secret rest ; ’twill tell
- ‘ Another Time, Sir, just as well.’—

Was

154 SATIRES of HORACE.

Was ever such a dismal Day!
 Unlucky Cur! he steals away,
 And leaves me, half bereft of Life,
 At Mercy of the Butcher's Knife——

When, sudden, shouting from afar
 See his Antagonist appear!

The Bailiff seiz'd him, quick as Thought,

'Ho! Mr. Scoundrel, are you caught!

'Sir! you are Witness to th' Arrest.'——

'Aye! marry, Sir, I'll do my best.'——

The Mob huzzas——away they trudge,

Culprit and all, before the Judge;

Mean-while I, luckily enough,

(Thanks to *Apollo*) got clear off.

NOTES.

'*Ibam*, &c.] The Design of *Horace* in his Satires is to lay down Precepts to form the Manners, and to distinguish Virtue and Vice. But as mere *Precepts* must necessarily have a Dryness in them, which is apt to tire the Reader, *Horace* chuses to instruct by *Pictures*. There is nothing so difficult, and at the same Time so useful, as to propose Images and Characters, which being presented to the Eye kindle in the Heart the Love of Virtue, and the Hatred of Vice. *Perfius*, in his fifth Satire, ver. 37. very justly calls this Rule, *fallere solers*:

————— *tunc fallere solers*

Apposita intortos extendit regula mores.

Then

Then thy strait Rule set Virtue in my Sight;
The crooked Line reforming by the right.

DRYDEN.

He means that *Cornutus* had instructed him by Examples. *Theophrastus* was the Inventor of this Kind of Writing, or pursued the Idea which he had drawn from *Homer*. However, he is the first who has exemplified these Rules in the Fragment which he has left, entitled, *Characters*. But *Horace* excells him in the Picture he has here drawn of an *Impertinent*. It is perfect in its Kind, both with regard to the Likeness and the Height of the Colouring.

DACIER.

² ——— *domus hæc nec purior ulla est,*

Nec magis his aliena malis.] In the Houses of the Great every thing is usually carried by Cabal and Party. Their Domestic and Favourites generally get such an Ascendant over their Minds, that they warp their Esteem and Friendship at their Pleasure. *Mæcenas* did not suffer himself to be thus governed. He saw with his own Eyes, judged of every thing himself, and valued every Man according to his Merit. *Virgil* did not prejudice *Horace* in his Esteem, nor *Horace Varius* or *Virgil*. Every one held the Rank which he deserved—*Est locus unicuique suus.*

DACIER.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE X.

Inscribed to JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

*He justifies the Opinion he had given of Lucilius, and
lays down some excellent Rules for writing Satire.*

I Said, 'tis true, *Lucilius*' Lines were rough,
And what Admirer has he weak enough
To contradict it? But with genuine Wit
His Satires, as I freely own'd, were writ.
Yet though I grant him a due Share of Praise,
I never thought Perfection crown'd his Lays.
As well might I, as ² beauteous Works, pretend
Your Pantomimes, *Laberius*, to commend.

'Tis not enough that we your Poems read
With Laughter, though some Merit this may plead;
For Brevity and Smoothness we require;
Words harsh, or useless, soon our Ears will tire.
Be serious now, and now jocose your Strain,
The Bard and Orator by Turns sustain,
Or, like a Courtier, with the subtlest Skill
Of Words be sparing, and your Strength conceal.

Well.

Well-season'd Irony will oft prevail,
When stern Rebukes and strongest Reasonings fail.

The Writers of the ancient *Comic* Lay
In this excell, and point us out the Way.
Though fair *Hermogenes* has never read
Their Works, nor that mishapen Bard, whose Head
Is fill'd with *Calvus'* and *Catullus'* Lines.

' But Praise *Lucilius* merits, since he joins
' *Greek* Words with *Latin.*' Do ye think that hard,
Pedantic Fools! which by the *Rhodian* Bard
Was practis'd? ' But, you cry, more sweetly flows
' That vary'd Metre which both Tongues compose,
' Like rough *Falernian* in a *Chian* Cask.'

Well, since you Verses write, I fain would ask
3 Were you (hard Task!) to plead *Petillius'* Cause,
Would you in foreign Phrase enforce the Laws;
Though born at *Rome*, the *Roman* Tongue refuse,
And rather the *Canusian* Jargon use,
While *Pedius* and *Corvinus* ably strove,
Your Plea in purest Language to disprove?

When I in *Grecian* Numbers thought to write,
I, born in *Latium*; at the Dead of Night,
When Dreams are real, *Romulus* disclos'd
To View, my rash Intention thus oppos'd:

' Who

158 SATIRES of HORACE.

- ‘ Who to the Wood fends Timber is lefs mad
- ‘ Than he, who to the *Grecian* Bards would add.’

Hence, while the chryftal Current of the *Rhine*
Alpinus ftains with many a turgid Line,
 And ftabs his *Memnon*, I fuch sportive Verfe
 At Leiſure write, as I would ne’er rehearſe
 Where *Tarpa* judges; nor, the People’s Ears
 To charm, repeat in crowded Theatres.

Fundanius, you alone of all the Tribe
 Of Moderns, can in Comic Scenes deſcribe
 A crafty Slave or Harlot. *Pollio* ſings,
 In bold *Iämbic* Lays, the Deeds of Kings.
 Who can like *Varius* ſoar to Epic Heights?
 * The Muſe, which in the Sylvan Scene delights,
 Gives ^s Eaſe and Elegance to *Virgil*’s Strain.
 Satire remain’d, by *Varro* try’d in vain,
 And many more, whom though I could outvye,
 I to th’ Inventor yield; nor would I try
 To tear the Ivy Garland from his Head,
 Worn with ſuch juſt Applauſes. But I ſaid,
 That rough and turbid was *Lucilius*’ Lay,
 And oft chuſe leſs than I ſhould throw away.
 Say, does great *Homer* always merit Praise?
 Did not *Lucilius* alter *Attius*’ Plays?

⁶ Has he not various Faults in *Ennius* found,
Yet grants as great in his own Lines abound?
And may not we with equal Reason ask,
Whether the Hardness of the Poet's Task,
Or Want of Care, produc'd such rugged Strains?
Who thinks that Verse is finish'd, which contains
Six Feet, may write two hundred Lines, before
He dines, and afterwards as many more:
Like *Tuscan Cassius*, whose Invention flows
Swift as a Flood; of whom the Story goes,
That his own Writings form'd his funeral Pile.
Grant then *Lucilius* witty, grant his Style
Much more correct, than his the Way who led
Through Paths, where *Grecians* never dar'd to tread,
Or than our ancient Bards, yet I'll engage
That had his Life been lengthen'd to this Age,
Superfluous Lines he would have prun'd away,
Nor spar'd one useless, ornamental Lay,
But oft, while, lost in Thought, he Verses writ,
His Head he would have scratch'd, his Nails have bit.

⁷ Employ a Sponge, and write with Care again
What merits to be read, nor wish your Strain
Should charm all Readers; be content with few.
Would you expose your Verses to the View

Of

160 SATIRES of HORACE.

Of paltry Schools? Not so would I—My Care
Is only to delight th' *Equestrian* Ear.

Thus prais'd by few, though by the Vulgar scorn'd,
Their Scoffs ⁸ *Arbuscula* with Scoffs return'd.

Shall low *Pantilius*' Sneers my Spleen provoke,
Or, absent, shall I dread *Demetrius*' Joke,
With Slander fraught; or let *Tigellius*' Guest,
Dull *Fannius*, with his Scandal break my Rest?

Let ⁹ *Plotius*, *Varius*, *Virgil*, ¹⁰ *Valgius* praise,
And good ¹¹ *Octavius* but approve my Lays,
Mæcenas and ¹² the *Visci* let me name,
With ¹³ *Fuscus*; and without caballing claim
Thy Friendship, ¹⁴ *Pollio*; candid *Furnius*, thine;
To these the two ¹⁵ *Messalas* let me join,
With ¹⁶ *Servius*, ¹⁷ *Bibulus*; nor need I dwell
On many more, who equally excell
In Friendship and in Learning; Men like these,
I wish my Strains, such as they are, may please,
And grieve whene'er my Wishes are o'erthrown.
Their Lines to female Ears, in whining Tone,
Demetrius and *Tigellius* may recite.

Go, Boy, and in my Book these Verses write.

J. D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Lucilius had at *Rome*, in the Time of *Augustus*, many Admirers, who were very extravagantly so; on which Account, the Liberty which *Horace* had taken, in his fourth Satire, of censuring his Satires as harsh and obscure, had given great Offence; for most People are very unwilling to give up Opinions they have once embraced. This gave Occasion to *Horace's* Enemies to say, that he censured *Lucilius* through Envy, and in order to exalt himself above him.

Horace, being informed of this Report, composed this Satire to maintain his former Judgment; which he performs with much Force and Address. He refutes the Opinion of those Bigots, who thought that the Satires of *Lucilius* were perfect, because they excited Laughter: He shows, that a Piece may perhaps have this Quality, and yet be, in other Respects, full of Faults: He points out the principal Qualities it ought to have, to be esteemed perfect, and shows hereby the Difference between the *Beautiful* and the *Agreeable*.

After this he attacks the Reasons that the Admirers of *Lucilius* gave for their Taste, and proves their Absurdity. He excuses the Liberty he has taken by the Example of *Lucilius* himself, who had censured many things in the Works of *Attius* and *Ennius*, and by the Example of those who have found Faults in *Homer*, without pretending to place themselves above him.

DACIER.

¹ — *incomposito dixi pede currere versus.*] This was in his fourth Satire, where he says,

— *durus componere versus,*
and

Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles.

² — *ut pulchra poemata.*] Every thing which is *agreeable* is not therefore *beautiful*; for there is a great deal of difference between the *Agreeable*, το ἡδύ, and the *Beautiful*, το καλόν. *Plato* and *Aristotle* never confound them. The *Agreeable* is that which gives us Pleasure, and this is the Quality of *Pantomimes* and *Farces*; but the *Beautiful* is that which is *decent*, *excellent*, and worthy of *high Praise*, which the *Pantomimes*

162 SATIRES of HORACE.

can by no means deserve. And therefore they ought not to be styled *pulchra poemata*. DACIER.

3 *Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli.*] This is the same *Petillius* whom he mentioned in the fourth Satire. He was accused of having stolen a Crown of Gold from *Jupiter's* Statue in the Capitol, but was acquitted by the Favour of *Augustus*.

4 ——— *gaudentes rure Camenæ.*] He calls *Virgil's the Sylvan Muse*, on account of his *Eclogues* and *Georgics*. This is a Proof that this Satire was wrote before the Appearance of the *Æneid*. To speak properly, that Work was not published 'till after the Death of *Virgil*. No Part of it had been seen under *Augustus's* ninth Consulship. For while that Prince was in *Spain* he wrote to *Virgil*, desiring him to send him the first Sketch, or rough Draught, of that Poem, or at least some Specimen of it. *Virgil* declined complying with his Request. But a good while afterwards he read to him the second, fourth, and sixth Books. Now *Virgil* died six Years after this ninth Consulship. It clearly appears from hence, that *Horace* had not seen the *Æneid* when he wrote this Satire. He therefore wrote it before he was forty-one Years old, viz. between the Year of *Rome* 723, when the *Georgics* were finished, and the Year 728. This is all that can be known with Certainty concerning the Date of this Piece. For it is impossible to date it more precisely. DACIER.

From the 38th Verse, in which the Temple of *Apollo Palatine* is mentioned, *Sanadon* proves, that this Satire must have been composed in the Year 727, or 728, because that Temple was not dedicated before 726.

5 ——— *molle atque facetum*

Virgilio annuerunt.] *Horace* here justly declares, that the rural Muses have appropriated to *Virgil* their Elegance and Sweetness; who, as he copied *Theocritus* in his Design, has resembled him also in his Success; for, if we except *Calphurnius*, an obscure Author of the lower Ages, I know not that a single Pastoral was written after him by any Poet 'till the Revival of Literature. WARTON.

⁶ *Non ridet versus Enni gravitate minores?*] Ennius was one of the greatest Poets that Rome ever had. He wrote his Annals in *Hexameters*, of which there are still some beautiful Fragments left. He wrote also an Heroic Poem in *Trochaic Verse*, in Honour of *Scipio Africanus*.

The following fine Fragment is taken from that Work :

— *Mundus cœli vastus constitit silentio,
Et Neptuneus sævus undis asperis pausam dedit :
Sol equis iter repressit unguis volantibus :
Constitere amnes perennes ; arbores vento vacant.*

The vast Machine of Heaven in Silence stood,
And cruel Neptune calm'd his raging Flood ;
The Sun restrain'd his flying Chariot's Force ;
The Trees their Quivering stopt, th' eternal Streams their Course.

There is so much Strength and Beauty in these Lines, as justifies the Opinion that *Lucretius* has given of his Works, when he says of him ;

— *primus amœno
Detulit ex Helicone perenni fronde coronam.*

— on whose Brow
The first and freshest Crowns of Laurel grow
That ever learned Italy could show. CREECH.

Quintilian has given a Character of him no less just than noble. *Ennium sicut sacros vetustate lucos adoremus, in quibus grandia et antiqua robora jam non tantam habent speciem, quantam religionem.* ' We should esteem Ennius as we do those Groves, that are made venerable by Antiquity, in which the tall and aged Oaks have more religious Awe than Beauty.'

⁷ *Sæpe stylum vertas.*] The Ancients wrote upon their Tablets with Steel Pens, made almost like the Pencils that we use for our Pocket-Books, sharp at one End, and flat at the other. The flat Part served to efface what had been written.

164 SATIRES of HORACE.

⁸ ——— *explosa Arbuscula.*] *Arbuscula* was a celebrated Actress at that Time. *Atticus*, writing to *Cicero*, asks him if *Arbuscula* had performed her Part well in the *Andromache* of *Ennius*, which was then acting. *Cicero* answers, *Quæris nunc de Arbuscula. Valde placuit.*

These Lines are happily imitated by the Earl of Rochester :

Can'st thou be such a vain mistaken thing
To wish thy Works may make a Play-house ring ?

- Not I: I've no Ambition on that Score,
But say with *Betty Morris* heretofore,
When a Court Lady call'd her *Buckhurst's* Whore,
' I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too ;
' Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.'

⁹ *Plotius Tucca* is the same who was mentioned in the fifth Satire.

¹⁰ *Titus Valgius*, to whom he addressed the ninth Ode of the second Book.

¹¹ ——— *Octavius.*] An excellent Poet and Historian. He died suddenly at Dinner in a violent Passion.

¹² ——— *Viscorum — uterque.*] The two Sons of *Vibius Viscus*, a Roman Knight, who was highly esteemed by *Augustus*.

¹³ *Fuscus.*] *Aristius Fuscus*, to whom he addressed the twenty-second Ode of the first Book, and the tenth Epistle of the first Book.

¹⁴ *Pollio.*] *C. Asinius Pollio*, a great Poet, Orator, Historian, and General. See the Notes on Ode I. Book II.

¹⁵ ——— *candide Furni.*] This is the same *Furnius* who was Consul some Years after with *C. Julius Silanus*, to whom *Cicero* wrote two Letters that are still extant. See his tenth Book.

— ¹⁶ *Messala.*]

¹⁶ — *Messala.*] *Messala Corvinus*, who had all the Endowments of the Head and Heart. See Book III. Ode XXI.

¹⁷ — *Servi.*] The Son of *Servius Sulpicius*, to whom *Cicero* addressed some Letters.

¹⁸ — *Bibule.*] This was perhaps the Son of that *Bibulus*, who was Consul with *Julius Caesar* in the Year of Rome 695.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.



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THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE.

Inscribed to the Right Reverend
THOMAS Lord Bishop of KILDARE.





THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES
OF
HORACE.

Inscribed to the Right Reverend

Thomas Lord Bishop of Kilmore.





The SECOND BOOK
OF THE
SATIRES of HORACE.

* SATIRE I.

HORACE and TREBATIUS.

*He asks the Opinion of Trebatius, an eminent Lawyer,
whether he ought to forbear writing Satire.*

HORACE.

THERE are, who think my Verses are too bold,
And more severe, than Satire's Laws allow;
But others say, whatever I compose
Is without Nerves; and that a thousand Lines,
Such as I write, might in a Day be spun.
Advise me, now, *Trebatius*, what to do,

TREBATIUS.

Be silent,

HORACE.

170 SATIRES of HORACE.

HORACE.

What ! mean you by this, that I
Should write no more ?

TREBATIUS.

I do.

HORACE.

By all the Gods,
Your Counsel's right : But then I cannot sleep.

TREBATIUS.

Let those, who court Sleep's balmy Power in vain,
Anointed, thrice across the *Tyber* swim,
Or drown, at Night, their busy Thoughts in Wine.
But, if you needs must write, dare then to sing
Victorious *Cæsar's* Deeds ; assur'd to meet
A due Reward.

HORACE.

Though warm with Zeal, I own
My Strength is far unequal to the Task.
It is not every-one, who knows to paint
Our valiant Troops drawn up in dread Array,
The *Gauls*, transfix'd with Spears, whose Staves are
broke ;
The wounded *Parthian* falling from his Horse !

TREBATIUS.

TREBATIUS.

Paint then the milder Glories of his Reign ;
Describe him temperate, just, and merciful,
As wise *Lucilius* virtuous *Scipio* drew.

HORACE.

When fit Occasion offers, to myself
I never will be wanting ; *Cæsar's* Ear
Must be approach'd with nice Address, when he
Is disengag'd from Business of the State :
Each rash Intruder will be spurn'd with Scorn.

TREBATIUS.

How much more prudent this, than in rough Verse
Buffoons and Spendthrifts to attack by Name ;
For those you spare, fear for themselves, and hate
you.

HORACE.

How would you have me act ? for every one
The Bent of his own Genius will pursue.
• *Millonius* dances, when he's warm with Wine,
And double Lustres swim before his Eyes.
Castor delights in Horses ; while his Brother,
Sprung from the self-same Egg, the Whirl-bat
loves,

172 SATIRES of HORACE.

A thousand Men, a thousand different Tastes.
 Satire amuses Me; for which I plead
 Th' Example of *Lucilius* so rever'd.
 Whatever happen'd to him, good or bad,
 The old Man's tattling Muse disclos'd to all;
 And his whole Life is in his Satires seen,
 As in a votive Picture fairly drawn.
 Him I attempt to trace; ³ but whether I
Apulian or *Lucanian* should be deem'd,
 Is to the Critics left; for my *Venusium*
 Borders on both. Thither a Colony
 (As ancient Fame reports) was sent from *Rome*,
 After the *Samnites* were expell'd, to keep
Lucania's and *Apulia's* Sons in Awe,
 Left through the vacant Realm the Foe should rush
 Furious; and meditate a March to *Rome*.
 But, ⁴ unprovok'd, my Pen no Mortal wounds;
 'Tis like a Sword, which in the Scabbard lies
 Merely for Self-defence. Why should I draw it,
 Unless beset by Thieves, or Highwaymen?
 O *Jove*, dread King and Father, grant my Prayer;
 And rather let it be consum'd with Rust
 Than I provok'd to use it, who abhor
 Discord and Strife; but if I once am rous'd,

The Man, who hurts me, shall his Folly rue;
 Through the whole City laugh'd at by the Crowd.
Cervius to those who dare provoke him, threatens
 The Penalties of Law, and fatal Urn :
Canidia, Poison : And your Cause is lost,
 If *Turius* is your Foe, and sits as Judge.

That each will use his proper Arms, you may
 By Premises like these with me conclude ;
 Wolves with their Teeth contend, and Bulls with
 Horns ;
 By Instinct, in the School of Nature, taught.
 His long-liv'd Mother trust to *Scæva's* Care—

TREBATIUS.

Hush, hush! —
 With impious Hand he will not *stab* her.

HORACE.

Allow'd : The Ox ne'er bites ; the Wolf ne'er
 gores ;
 But *Hemlock* in a Cake will serve as well.

To sum up all : ' If peaceful Age expects me ;
 Or Death should hover round with sable Wing ;
 If rich or poor ; at *Rome*, in Banishment ;
 Whatever be my Lot, I still must write.

TREBATIUS.

174 SATIRES of HORACE.

TREBATIUS.

Alas ! my Son, I pity thee ; and fear
 Thy Days will be but few. Some great Man's
 Slave
 Will shortly give thee a composing Draught.

HORACE.

What ! when *Lucilius* with like Boldness wrote,
 And from each Villain dar'd to pluck the Mask,
 Fair to the Sight, but rotten at the Heart,
 Was *Lælius* e'er provok'd to Wrath, or * he,
 Who from demolish'd *Carthage* took his Name ?
 Did *they* complain ? or to *themselves* apply
 His scourging Lines on *Lupus* and *Metellus* ?
 The base Patrician and base Commoner,
 From Tribe to Tribe, he ventur'd to pursue ;
 To Virtue only, and her Friends, a Friend.
 Yet when, from Crowds and public Scenes retir'd,
Lælius † the Wife, and virtuous *Scipio*,
 Tasted the Pleasures of a calm Retreat,
 ‡ Without Reserve they lov'd with him to sport,
 And trifle, 'till their frugal Meal was dress'd.
 Whate'er I am ; and though confess'd in Rank

* SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

And

And Wit inferior to *Lucilius*, yet
 Spite of herself, must ⁸ *Envy* own, that I
 Live happy in the Friendship of the Great:
 And, should this Viper nibble at my Name,
 She'll break her Teeth—Now you have heard my
 Plea,
 Say, learn'd *Trebatius*, what have you t' object?

TREBATIUS.

Nothing of Weight. Yet be upon your Guard,
 Lest, unacquainted with our sacred Laws,
 You Penalties incur. The Statute's clear
 Against all those, who publish *wicked Verse*.

HORACE.

¹⁰ True; *wicked Verse*. But what if it be *good*;
 And such as *Cæsar* will himself approve?

TREBATIUS.

Indeed!—The Case is alter'd; if, of Crimes
 Guiltless yourself, you rally Knaves, the Judge
 Will smile; dismiss the Bill; and set you free.

NOTES.

176 SATIRES of HORACE.

NOTES.

* ————— *ter uncti*

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto.] It was natural for *Trebatius* to advise the Poet to swim, thrice cross the Tyber, to cure the Want of Sleep, as the Advice it seems was peculiarly agreeable to his own Practice and Character. Thus *Cicero*, in one of his Epistles, 'wonders that as he (*Trebatius*) 'was such a Lover of Swimming, he could not be prevailed on 'to swim in the Ocean.' *Neque in Oceano natare voluisti homo studiosissimus natandi.* Ep. Fam. VII. 10. MIDDLETON.

² *Millonius.*] An ancient Copy spells this Word with a double *l*, which is followed by *Sanadon*. This is justified by the old monumental Inscriptions.

³ *Lucanus an Appulus, anceps, &c.*] *Horace* here humorously imitates the Manner of *Lucilius*. Taken in any other Sense, this will appear (as *Sanadon* observes) a flat and insipid Digression.

⁴ ————— *Hic stylus haud petet ultro*

Quemquam animantem.] The true Character of *Horace's* ironical Apology is to this Purpose: 'Nature has given all 'Creatures the Means of Offence and Defence: The Wolf has 'Teeth, the Bull has Horns, and I have a Talent for Satire.' And at the same Time that he vindicates his Claim to this his natural Weapon, Satire, he shows its moral Use; it was to oppose to the noxious Qualities which Nature had given *Cervius* for informing, *Canidia* for poisoning, and *Turcius* for passing Sentence. The Turn of this ludicrous Argumentation is fine and delicate.

WARBURTON.

⁵ ————— *Seu me tranquilla senectus.*] *Horace* was then about forty-four.

⁶ ————— *mitis sapientia Lali.*] *Lalius* was surnamed the Wise, and is often mentioned by *Cicero* with Applause.

⁷ ————— *discincti.*] *With their Robes ungirt*, or in *Disbabille*; but, I think, it is to be understood metaphorically.

⁸ Cum

⁸ *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque Invidia.* To have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. POPE.

⁹ *Horace* here alludes to the known Fable of the File and the Viper.

¹⁰ *Esto, si quis mala; sed bona si quis, &c.* He quibbles on the Word *mala*, wicked. The Law understands by it *abusive*, or *defamatory*; but he takes it for *dull* and *stupid*, without Art and Spirit.





* SATIRE II.

OF FRUGALITY.

WHAT, and how great, the Benefits, that flow
From Temperance, here learn, my Friends,
with Me;

(For 'tis not I, but good *Ofellus* speaks,
Taught by pure Nature, wise without the Schools)
But come not to his Lecture, gorg'd with Food,
From splendid Tables and luxurious Feasts,
Where foolish Pomp corrupts the Judgment's Eye;
But fasting come: Why fasting, you will say?
You strait shall hear. Can any Judge, when-brib'd,
Sift out the Truth, and follow Reason's Lore?
' Go hunt,' he cry'd, ' or rein th' unbroken Steed,
' Or *Roman* Arms, in mimic Warfare, wield;
' But if, soft-train'd to *Grecian* Revelries,
' You think this manly Exercise too hard,
' At ' Tennis play, or hurl the massy Bar;
' The pleasing Sport will lessen all your Toil.

' When

- ‘ When thus you have remov’d your sickly Qualms,
- ‘ When hungry and a-thirst, scorn simple Fare ;
- ‘ Nor drink the harsh *Falernian* Wine, unless
- ‘ With *Attic* Honey mellow’d to the Taste.
- ‘ The Butler is abroad ; the wintry Sea,
- ‘ Black’ning with Storms, defends its Tenant-
Fish ;
- ‘ Yet now with Bread and Salt you can allay
- ‘ Your craving Appetite : What is the Cause ?
- ‘ ’Tis plain the Relish from yourself proceeds,
- ‘ And not from Meats high-flavour’d : But do You
- ‘ Cook Dainties for Yourself by Sweat and Toil.
- ‘ The Man, with late Debauch so puff’d and pale,
- ‘ Nor foreign Ortolans, nor Turbots please.’

But, spite of all I say, I doubt, if now
 A Peacock and a Pullet came before ye,
 You would regale on *that*, and *this* reject,
 Misled by Show. For the rare Bird is bought
 At a high Price, and with its painted Tail
 Delights. What to the Purpose this ? In Taste
 It is no better than a common Fowl.

You cannot eat the Feathers you admire,
 Nor does it boast these Honours in the Dish.

Say, by what wond'rous Instinct you discern,
 Whether this Pike was in the River caught,
 Or in the Sea; and if between the Bridges,
 Or near the Fountain of the *Tuscan* Stream?

You fondly praise a Mullet of three Pounds,
 Though cut in Pieces, ere it can be stew'd.
 The outward Form of Things deceives the Mind.
 You hate small Mulletts, Pikes when large; because
 Nature has made these large, and smaller those.

'Give me,' the harpy-throated Glutton cries,
 * 3 A mighty Turbot in a mighty Dish! —
 O haste, propitious South-winds, haste, and taint
 His Food! But why should I invoke your Aid?
 His own Excess will pall his Appetite,
 And make the Boar and Turbot, freshly caught,
 Rank to his Taste; and soon he must repair
 To * 4 acid Herbs and Radish for Relief.

Yet some Remains of our old simple Fare
 Are seen at royal Banquets; there cheap Eggs
 And fable Olives still maintain a Place.
 Not many Years ago, of Luxury
 * 5 *Galloni* was convicted, on his Board
 Because a Sturgeon smok'd. But did not then

The

The Sea as many Turbots feed, as now?
 But safely in their watry Bed they slept;
 And safely in her Nest the Stork repos'd;
 'Till longing to be *Prætor*, *Rufus* first
 Instructed you to eat this dainty Food.
 And even now, if any one will vouch,
 That roasted Cormorants are excellent,
 Our Youth, soon warp'd to Ill, will follow him,
 And Cormorant will be the reigning Dish.

Wide is the Difference, *Ofellus* thinks,
 Between a lavish and a frugal Meal:
 Then with Discretion in the Middle steer,
 Careful to shun th' Extremes on either Hand;
 Frugal, not mean; and free without Excess.

Avidiënus, who was styl'd the *Dog*,
 And merited the Name, was wont to eat
 Olives of five Years old, and Cornels wild;
 Nor other Wine would for Libations grant
 Than what was eager; and, when ⁶ rob'd in white,
 He kept his natal, or his wedding Day,
 He from a Cruet, which contain'd a Quart,
 Distill'd upon the Coleworts Oyl so rank,
 His Guests were almost poison'd with the Stench;
 But plenteous pour'd the mothery Vinegar.

182 SATIRES of HORACE.

What sort of Life should now the wise Man chuse?
 Here stands *Extravagance* ; there *Penury* ;
Frugality points out the middle Road ;
 Bids him be neat, and yet Profusion shun.
 He will not be severe, like old *Albutius*,
 Who to each Slave assign'd his proper Post,
 When Guests he summon'd ; and, without Remorse,
 Punish'd the least Mistake : Nor yet, like *Nævius*,
 So slovenly, to give them greasy Water.
 This a wide Error on the other side.

Now learn the various Blessings that will flow
 From ⁷ Temperance : Of these, the first is Health.
 Reflect how sprightly were the Days of Youth,
 When on one Dish you could contented dine.
 But since, at once, Meat boil'd and roast you mix,
 Shell-fish and Fowls ; the sweet and acid jar,
 And wretched Tumults in your Bowels raise ;
 Cold Phlegm, and Bile adust, fermenting there.

How pale, from Treats luxurious, rise the Guests !
 Nay more ; the Body, heavy with the Load
 Of Yester-night's Debauch, ⁸ chains down to Earth
 That Particle of Breath divine, the Soul !

The temperate Man snatches a frugal Meal,
 Resigns his weary Limbs to sweet Repose,

And

And rises active to his daily Toil.
Yet he can sometimes take a chearful Glass,
When circling Years bring round a festal Day,
Or to invigorate his ⁹ feeble Form,
Or when weak Age a milder Treatment claims.
If now, while young and strong, you waste your
Days

In Blandishments, what Solace can you hope,
Oppress'd with languid Health, or listless Years?

Our Fathers prais'd a tainted Boar; and yet
They had a Nose. Their Meaning, as I guess,
Was this: They kept it 'till their Friends should
come,

And share the Feast; nor would, Curmudgeon-like,
Devour it by themselves entire and sweet.

O that the vigorous Earth had brought me forth
Among the Heroes of that Golden Age!

Regard'st thou *Fame*, which ought to sooth the
Ear

Beyond the sweetest Verse? or know'st thou not,
That costly Treats will hurt thy *Character*

No less than thy *Estate*? Nay, add to this,
That, by thy Children, Friends, and Self, accurs'd,
Thou wilt not have a single Penny left,

184 SATIRES of HORACE.

To buy a Cord, and end thy wretched Life!

' Why aye, 'tis right,' the wealthy *Traſius* cries,

' Thus to rebuke the Man, whose ſmall Eſtate

' Will not ſupport the Table that he keeps.

' But what is this to Me, who am poſſeſs'd

' Of Wealth enough to dignify a King?'

Indeed! why therefore doſt thou not employ

That Wealth ſuperfluous to a nobler End?

Why does a worthy Man repine in Want,

Whiſt thou art rich? Wherefore in Ruins lie

The ancient Temples of the Gods? O ſay,

Wretch as thou art, ' why doſt thou not beſtow

Some Portion of thy Pelf to ſerve thy Country?

What! will kind Fortune ſmile on thee alone,

And never, never change? Hereafter, thou,

Scorn'd by thy Foes, ſhalt dearly rue thy Folly.

Say, which is moſt ſecure, ſhould Fortune ſhift,

The Man, who gratifies each Appetite,

Pamper'd each Day in Body and in Mind;

Or he, who, bleſt with little, fears the worſt,

And prudently in Peace provides for War?

But, by an Inſtance to confirm my Words,

Ofellus ¹¹ I remember when a Boy,

Who with the ſame Frugality then liv'd

In

In Affluence, as now he ¹² lives reduc'd.
 You still may see this sturdy Hind, who ploughs
 Those Fields for Hire, of which he once was Lord;
 And, as he works, he thus accosts his Sons :

- ‘ On common Days I was content to dine
- ‘ On a smok’d Fitch, with savoury Coleworts join’d.
- ‘ But when a Friend, long absent, came from far,
- ‘ Or a kind Neighbour on a rainy Day,
- ‘ And by foul Weather we were kept at home,
- ‘ ¹³ I feasted them with home-bred Kid and Fowl,
- ‘ And not with Fish from *Rome*. Grapes long preserv’d,
- ‘ Walnuts and Figs, adorn’d our second Course.
- ‘ The Dinner o’er, with grateful Hearts we paid
- ‘ To ¹⁴ *Ceres* due Libations ; and implor’d
- ‘ Her Influence, to bless the springing Corn ;
- ‘ Then chearly circled round the generous Bowl,
- ‘ And smooth’d our wrinkled Brows with *Bacchus*’ Gift :
- ‘ Yet was each Guest from all Compulsion free,
- ‘ And *Temperance* reign’d sole Mistress of the Feast.
- ‘ Let Fortune frown, and farther Tumults raise,
- ‘ From Me how little can she take? Have I,
- ‘ My Boys, liv’d worse, or are your Looks less sleek,
- ‘ Since

186 SATIRES of HORACE.

- ‘ Since this new Tenant came, and seiz’d our Land?
- ‘ I call him *Tenant*, whom you deem your *Lord*;
- ‘ ‘ That Farm, which by *Ofellus*’ Name once past;
- ‘ Is now *Umbrenus*’s; the *Use* alone,
- ‘ Not *Property*; which can to none belong:
- ‘ For neither him, nor me, nor any one,
- ‘ Hath Nature truly form’d *Proprietor*
- ‘ Of what he holds. This Man ejected me;
- ‘ Him, or his own Debaucheries, or Quirks
- ‘ Of wicked Law unknown, may soon eject;
- ‘ Or on his Heir it must at last devolve.
- ‘ Live then, my Sons, contented with your Lot,
- ‘ And meet each adverse Chance with steady Mind!’

NOTES.

Horace has given us, in this Satire, an admirable Lecture in Recommendation of Frugality and Temperance, and against Luxury and Extravagance, under the Character of *Ofellus*, who was ejected from his Patrimony in the District of *Mantua* or *Cremana*, after the Battle of *Philippi*, when the Lands in those Parts were distributed among the Veterans by *Octavius Caesar*. He was now the Tenant of *Umbrenus*, to whom his Estate had been assigned.

He has shown the fatal Consequences of Luxury and Extravagance, such as Loss of Health, Fortune, and Character, and described the wretched State of the Person so reduced; who can neither help himself, nor find any one to pity or relieve him. The Speech of *Ofellus* to his Sons, as he was labouring with them

them in the Field, exhibits an amiable Picture of the Simplicity of Manners in the old Times.

1. ——— *Pila velox.*] The Ancients had four sorts of Balls,
1. The *Follis*, or Balloon, which they struck with their Arms, guarded with a wooden Bracer. If the Balloon was little, they used only their Fists. 2. The *Pila trigonalis*, which was like our Tennis Ball. To play with this three Persons stood in a Triangle, striking it round from one to the other. He that first let it fall was the Loser. 3. *Paganica*, a Ball stuffed with Feathers. 4. *Harpastum*, a harder kind of Ball, which they played with, dividing into two Companies, and striving to throw it through one anothers Goals, which was the conquering Cast.

DUNSTER.

This last seems to have been like our Cricket.

2 In most of the printed Editions, this Line here follows,

Jejunus stomachus raro vulgaria temnit.

‘A fasting Stomach seldom disdains simple Fare.’ But it evidently interrupts the Connexion; and is therefore rejected by *Sanadon*, as an Interpolation from the Margin.

3 *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino.*] This Line by the Slowness of the Syllables, where four Spondees follow one another, well expresses the enormous Bulk of the Dish which the Glutton prayed for. The *Romans* in their Entertainments were very fond of great Dishes. *Sylla* had one of massy Silver of one hundred Pounds weight. They proceeded at last to such a Height of Extravagance, that at the Time of *Claudius*, *Drusillanus Rotundus* had a Dish which weighed above five hundred Pounds. And *Vitellius* had one of that prodigious Size, that it was called *Minerva’s* Buckler.

4 ——— *cum rapula plenus*

Atque acidas mavult inulas.] *Radish* and *Elicampane*. Though the latter was naturally an Enemy to the Stomach, the *Romans* pickled and preserved it in such a manner, that it became both agreeable to the Taste, and very wholesome.

DACIER.

5 *Galloni præconis erat acipensere mensa*

Infamis.] *Gallonius* was so infamous for his Gluttony, that his Name became a Proverb,

6 *Festos*

188 SATIRES of HORACE.

⁶ *Festos albatuſ celebret.*] The Romans always wore white Robes on Holidays or Feſtivals. The Difference between the *toga alba* and *toga candida* was this; the firſt was the natural Colour of the Wool, the other an artificial white.

⁷ The Reader will not be diſpleaſed to hear the Sentiment of the Son of *Sirach* on the ſame Subject with our Author :
 ‘ A very little is ſufficient for a Man well-nurtured; and he
 ‘ lieth not puffing and blowing.

‘ Sound Sleep cometh of moderate Eating : He riſeth early,
 ‘ and his Wits are with him : But the Pain of Watching (or
 ‘ Wakefulneſs) and Choler, and the Pangs of the Belly, are
 ‘ with an inſatiable Man.’ *Eccleſiaſt.* XXXI. ver. 19 & 20.

There is ſcarce any applauded moral Maxim in the ancient Philoſophers, but the ſame Thought may be found to Advantage in the Book of *Eccleſiaſticus*. It were to be wiſhed it could be admitted into our Canon, inſtead of *Solomon’s Song*.

• Mr. *Pope* has happily imitated this Paſſage in his humorous Way :

The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
 To ſeem but mortal, ev’n in ſound Divines.

But he has miſtaken the Senſe of *Horace* in the following Lines :

On Morning Wings how active ſprings the Mind,
 That leaves the Load of Yeſterday behind !

Horace, in Recommendation of Temperance, ſays, that the Man, who ſnatches a light Supper, awakes with his Faculties lively in the Morning : But, according to Mr. *Pope*, this is the Conſequence of a Debauch; for what other Senſe can be put on the Words, *leaving the Load of Yeſterday behind*? If we conſult *Horace* and Experience, they both aſſure us, that *this Load will not be left behind*, but attends us the next Day :

— corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis animum quoque pręgravat una.

That *Dryden* by the Word *Load* underſtood a Debauch, is evident from a Paſſage in his Tranſlation of the firſt *Iliad*, where (indecently enough, and without any Authority from his Maſter *Homer*) he makes *Jupiter* go to Bed drunk,

Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart.

He

He here speaks of the subordinate Gods, with *Apollo* and the Muses : But (not content with that) he adds ;

————— The thundering God,
Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and *had his Load*.

9 ——— *tenuatum corpus.*]

i. e. *His Body emaciated by too close Application, by hard Labour, or Distempers.* *Ofellus* allows but three Things which should make us treat ourselves more delicately than ordinary, viz. *Festivals, Weaknesses* occasioned by Distempers or Labour, and the *Infirmities of Age*. But under the Name of *Festivals* all extraordinary Occasions are comprised, such as a Birth or Wedding Day, the Visit of a Friend, &c. DACIER.

10 ——— *cur, improbe, cara*

Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo ?] *Horace* remembered, and hints with just Indignation at those luxurious Patricians of his old Party, who when they had agreed to establish a Fund in the Cause of Freedom, under the Conduct of *Brutus*, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive Pleasures what was sufficient for the Support of so great a Cause. WARBURTON.

11 *Horace* might have seen *Ofellus* at *Rome*, for he lived there from his ninth or tenth, to his twentieth or twenty-first year, when he went to *Athens*, to prosecute his Studies.

DACIER.

12 *Quam nunc accisis.*]

Mr. *Pope* has condescended to give us a low Pun here, to have a Fling at the *Excise*,

In *South-Sea* Days not happier, when furmis'd
The Lord of Thousands, than if now *excis'd*.

To be sure he had his Reasons for it ; and it probably answered his Purpose at that Juncture.

Tasso seems to have had *Ofellus* in his Eye, when he wrote the Episode of *Erminia* and the Shepherd on the Banks of *Jordan* in the seventh Book of his *Jerusalem Redeemed*. It is translated by Mrs. *Rowe*. See her Poems, 12^{mo} 1749. Vol. I. p. 24.

13 Mr.

190 SATIRES of HORACE.

¹³ Mr. Pope's Imitation here excells the Original :

'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my Boards,
But Gudgeons, Flounders, what my *Thames* affords:
'To *Hounslow* Heath I point, and *Bansted* Down ;
Thence comes your Mutton ; and these Chicks my own :
From yon' old Walnut-tree a Shower shall fall ;
And Grapes, long-ling'ring on my only Wall ;
And Figs, from Standard and Espalier, join——

¹⁴ *Ac venerata Ceres.*] *Ceres*, the Daughter of *Saturn* and *Ops*, first taught Men to till the Ground and sow Corn. The Reader may see this Fable explained at large by M. le Clerc, in his *Biblioth. Univ. Tom. VI.*

¹⁵ There is a pretty Epigram in *Lucian*, where we find just the same Thought.

Loquitur ager. (The Field speaks.)

I was of *Achamenides* the Field,
But by *Menippus*' Name I now am known ;
Each thought me his : But I Obedience yield
To Fortune's Nod, and am her Slave alone.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

In this Dialogue Damasippus explains at large, and illustrates by Examples the Doctrine of the Stoics, That every wicked Man is a Fool or Lunatic, as he himself had learned it in a Lecture from the Stoic Philosopher Stertinius.

DAMASIPPUS.

IF you so rarely write, that, through the Year,
 You scarce four times your Pens and Scrolls
 demand,
 Retouching all you have already writ;
 And nought produce, that merits public Praise,
 Though conscious you indulge in Wine and Sleep,
 If this must be allow'd, what can you plead?
 Hither from ^{*} Saturn's Revellers you fled,
 More sober, sure: Then now, retir'd, perform
 Your mighty Promises. Begin. What—Nothing?—
 Nay, 'tis in vain to ^{*} blame your Pens, and curse
 The harmless Wall, in evil Hour uprear'd.

And

192 SATIRES of HORACE.

And yet you seem'd to threaten glorious Things,
 Soon as you reach'd your Villa, snug and warm.
 Why bring you hither your ³ *Menander*, ⁴ *Plato*,
⁵ *Archilochus*, and ⁶ *Eupolis*? Why such
 Illustrious Company?—Think you to blunt
 The Shafts of *Envy*, by forsaking *Virtue*?
 Wretch as you are, Contempt shall be your Lot.
 You must avoid that ⁷ wicked *Siren*, Sloth;
 Or be content to give up all th' Applause
 The Studies of your ⁸ better Life have won.

HORACE.

May, ⁹ *Damasippus*, for thy sage Advice,
 The Gods and Goddesſes ¹⁰ a Barber give thee!
 But whence haſt thou acquir'd this Knowledge of
 me?

DAMASIPPUS.

Since at th' Exchange I loſt my whole Eſtate
 By unſucceſſful Barter, I attend
 Th' Affairs of other Men, driv'n from my own.
 I dealt before in Statues, Pictures, Coins;
 Knew to diſtinguiſh modern from antique;
 And lov'd to purchaſe Cauldrons rare, in which
 The ſubtle ¹¹ *Sisyphus* had lav'd his Feet;

A perfect *Connoisseur*, with nicest Taste
 Discern'd the Hand of each Artificer,
 Who cast each Vase, and who each Busto wrought;
 And for one Statue gave fix hundred Pounds;
 12 For I was shrewd, and knew it cheaply purchas'd.
 Gardens, and stately Houses too, I bought;
 And sold again with Profit: Hence the Crowd
 Were pleas'd to style me *Hermes'* Favourite.

HORACE.

This I have heard; but wonder by what Means
 You were restor'd to Sanity of Mind.

DAMASIPPUS.

A new Distemper oft expells the old:
 Thus Pleuresies and Head-achs shift their Seat,
 And, flying to the Bowels, there assume
 Another Shape: Thus the lethargic Man,
 Rouz'd from his Slumber, his Physician beats.

HORACE.

This Frenzy spare, and act what Part you please.

DAMASIPPUS.

Be not deceiv'd, my Friend; nor think that I
 Am mad alone; for you, and every Fool,
 Are mad no less than I; if true the Lore

194 SATIRES of HORACE.

Stertinius boasts ; from whom I docile learnt
These wondrous Precepts, when, oppress'd with
Grief,

On the *Fabrician* Bridge, ¹³ with muffled Head
I stood, prepar'd to plunge into the Stream.

He taught me first to wear this reverend Beard,
Compos'd my Mind, when frantic with my Loss,
And made me thence return sedate and calm ;

For, luckily, he then was by—' Beware,

' (He cry'd) how you commit so rash a Deed.

' Idle your ¹⁴ Shame : Why should you fear alone

' To be thought mad, among a Crowd of Mad-
men ?

' First, let us seek the Meaning of the Word ;

' And if it should agree with you alone,

' Fulfill your Purpose ; nor will I oppose it.

' The Man, by restless Passions blindly led,

' Or Ignorance of Truth ; this Man, I say,

' ¹⁵ *Chrysippus* and his School condemn as mad.

' The Charge, you see, is general ; and includes

' Both High and Low, the Subject and the King ;

' Ali but the *Wise*—Attend, and you shall hear,

' How those, who call you mad, are mad them-
selves.

As

' As in a Forest, Crowds, by Error led,
 ' Mistake their Way; this, on the right, proceeds;
 ' That, on the left; yet both are in the wrong;
 ' Though eagerly they different Paths pursue;
 ' Just such is Life! Then think yourself indeed
 ' (As you are call'd) a *Fool*; and yet the Man,
 ' Who laughs at you, trails his own dangling Tail.
 ' One sort of Frenzy makes Men stand aghast,
 ' And tremble at imaginary Ills.
 ' When walking on the level Ground, they cry,
 ' That Trees, and Rocks, and Rivers bar their
 ' Way.
 ' Another kind, not less extravagant,
 ' Through Flames, or boisterous Floods, will head-
 ' long rush.
 ' To Him his Mother, Sister, Friends and Wife
 ' Cry out in vain, Lo! here a Precipice;
 ' And there a mighty Rock obstructs your Passage;
 ' He hears no more than *Fusus*, when of old,
 ' *Ilioné* he play'd, suppos'd to sleep;
 ' But, in a drunken Fit, he slept so sound,
 ' That *Catiénus* and two thousand Mouths
 ' Bellow'd in vain; *6 "Sister! awake, and help
 ' "me."

196 SATIRES of HORACE.

' I now proceed to show, that all Mankind
 ' Are with some epidemic Frenzy seiz'd.
 ' You, *Damaspus*, act a frantic Part
 ' In purchasing Antiques. But frankly say,
 ' Is not your Creditor as mad as you?
 ' Let us now fully canvas this Affair:
 ' Should I accost you thus, "Here take this Gold;
 ' "Employ it for your Use without Account,"
 ' Would you be deem'd a Fool to take the Gift;
 ' Or would you not be mad, if you refus'd?
 ' But now methinks I hear the Creditor
 ' Reply; He gives his Bond for all I lend him.
 ' 'Tis well: Consult *Cicuta* too, who knows
 ' To tie the strongest Knots of Law; and yet
 ' This wicked *Proteus* will elude your Skill;
 ' And, when arraign'd, will laugh at your Ex-
 pence;
 ' Transform himself into a Tree, or Rock;
 ' Be now a Bird, and now a bristly Boar.
 ' If bad Oeconomy from *Folly* springs;
 ' *Wisdom's* the Source of good Oeconomy.
 ' Then is *Perillius'* Head less sane than yours,
 ' Who takes a Bond, You never can discharge.
 ' Ho! to my Lecture haste, whatever Wretch

' Is

- ‘ Is pale with wild Ambition, or the Love
- ‘ Of Wealth : Compose your Robes, and silent hear.
- ‘ Let such, as gloomy Superstition haunts,
- ‘ And those, that glow with Riot, sensual Joys,
- ‘ Or other baneful Malady of Mind,
- ‘ In order come ; and listen, while I prove,
- ‘ That each of these must rank with Lunatics.
- ‘ The Miser justly claims the largest Share
- ‘ Of *Hellebore* : I know not, if good Sense
- ‘ Will not allot him all ¹⁷ *Anticyra*.
- ‘ *Staberius* order’d his Executors
- ‘ To grave upon his Tomb-stone what he left ’em.
- ‘ Which if they should neglect, they were to feast
- ‘ The Citizens, as *Arrius* should direct ;
- ‘ To give an hundred Pair of Gladiators,
- ‘ And as much Corn, as *Afric*’s Harvests yield.
- ‘ If this be right or wrong, says the Testator,
- ‘ Is not your Care. I will it : That’s enough.
- ‘ *Staberius*, as I guess, might argue thus’—

DAMASIPPUS.

Argue?—Could he have Cause t’ enjoin his Heirs
To carve, upon his Tomb, the Sums he left ’em ?

198 SATIRES of HORACE,

STERTINIUS.

Long as he liv'd, he reckon'd POVERTY
The greatest Vice; and nothing so much fear'd,
As to have died in lower Circumstance.
His Conscience would have check'd him, as more
wicked

By how much less he left—For ¹⁸ every Grace,
Or Human or Divine; Courage and Honour,
Beauty and Fame, fair *Wealth!* are giv'n by Thee,
And he, who piles up Gold, will strait become
Renown'd, brave, just and wise; and ev'n a King;
Or whatsoe'er he please—By *this* he thought
To merit the Applause of future Times,
As Riches are the strongest Test of Wisdom,

But how unlike to him was ¹⁹ *Aristippus*?
For as he travell'd o'er the *Libyan* Plains,
He bid his Slaves, retarded by the Gold,
To throw it all away. Which of these two
Should be rank'd first among the Class of Mad-
men?

DAMASIPPUS.

Examples but perplex, not solve the Question,

STER-

STERTINIUS.

Suppose we now a Man to purchase Lutes,
And them, so purchas'd, in a Store-house keep,
Unskill'd to play, and tasteless of each Muse ;
Or to provide himself with Paring-knives
And Lasts, though he had never made a Shoe ;
Or Sails and Tackling for a Ship ; unvers'd
In Sea Affairs, to Commerce never bred ;
Would not the Crowd with Justice say, that he
Was in a State of Lunacy, or Dotage ?
But is *his* Head more sound, who Sums immense
Of Gold and Silver hides ; and ever dreads,
As if 'twere Sacrilege, to spend a Doit ?
What if the Owner, with his out-stretch'd Staff,
Watches his Stores of Corn both Day and Night ;
Nor dares, though hungry, touch a single Grain ;
His meager Body feeds with bitter Herbs ;
And, though his Vaults a thousand Casks contain
Of *Chian*, or of old *Falernian* Wine,
Drinks nought but what is four as Vinegar ;
Tho' in his eightieth Year, should sleep on Flocks,
While Moths and Worms his Quilts and Down
devour,
Which, rotting in his Chests, are hoarded up.

200 SATIRES of HORACE.

If such a Man is thought insane by few,
The Reason is, because the same Disease
Infects so great a Part of Human-kind.

Dotard ! ungrateful to the bounteous Gods,
Who dost defraud thyself for fear of Want,
That thy wild Son, or manumitted Slave,
May squander all thy Wealth on vagrant Lust.
How little would, each Day, thy Treasures sink,
Should'st thou sweet Oyl upon thy Lettuce pour,
Go neatly drest, and feed on wholesome Fare ?
How few are frugal Nature's just Demands ?
Why then forswear thyself, pilfer and steal,
To heap up useless Wealth ? Is not this Madness ?
Should'st thou with Stones pursue the gaping
Crowd,
And ev'n the Slaves which thy own Pelf has
bought,
The Boys and Girls would hoot thee through the
Street.

And is not he of Mind insane, ²⁷ who strangles
His portion'd Wife, or kills by baneful Drugs
His jointur'd Mother—True ; the Fact, indeed,
Was not at *Argos* done ; nor, with thy Sword,
Did'st thou, like mad *Orestes*, stab the Dame,

What !

What ! dost thou think, his Brain was only touch'd
After the Murder ? No ; th' infernal Hags
 Haunted his Soul, *before* his vengeful Hand
 Plung'd in his Mother's Breast the pointed Steel.
 For, from the Time that he was deem'd insane,
 Nothing he wrought, that could be justly tax'd.
 He did not with his Sword *Electra* strike,
 Nor *Pylades* ; ²¹ but only call'd *her*, *Fury*,
 And branded *him*, ²² as splendid Choler prompted.

Opimius, in the midst of Plenty poor,
 And brooding o'er his Heaps of Gold and Silver,
 On Festivals would drink prick'd *Veian* Wine
 In Earthen Vases ; and, on common Days,
 Such as was flat and vapid : Heretofore
 So deep a Lethargy had seiz'd his Senses,
 That his glad Heir was rifling all his Chests.
 When, to his Aid, his faithful Doctor flew,
 Who diligently watch'd the happy *Crisis*,
 And by this Stratagem awak'd the Wretch ;
 ' Close to his Bed (he cry'd) a Table place,
 ' And Bags of Money jingling on it throw ;
 ' Then various Hands employ to count it o'er.
 He halloo'd in his Ears, while this was doing,
 ' Awake ! arise ! or your rapacious Heir

Will

202 SATIRES of HORACE.

- ' Will plunder all.' ' What! while I live?' said he.
 ' Then rouse yourself, and to my Words attend;
 ' Your Appetite will quite be pall'd, unless
 ' Buoy'd up with wholesome Broths; your Veins
 are empty.
 ' Here! here! be quick! pour down this Soup of
 Rice.'
 ' What is the Cost?'—' A Trifle.' ' What?'—' But
 Eightpence.'
 ' Ah! what avails it that I Thieves escape,
 ' If I by Doctors' Fees and Slops must die?'

DAMASIPPUS.

Who then is sane?

STERTINIUS.

The Man, who is no Fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

The Miser, what?

STERTINIUS.

A Madman and a Fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

But is the Man unstain'd with Avarice
 To be accounted sane?

STER-

STERTINIUS.

By no means so,

DAMASIPPUS.

Your Reasons, *Stoic*?

STERTINIUS.

Thus in order take them,

‘ This Patient’s Appetite,’ says ²³ *Craterus*,
 ‘ Is not amiss.’ But should you thence infer,
 That he is well, and from his Bed may rise,
 The Doctor thus would check you ; ‘ It is true,

‘ A bad Digestion is not his Complaint ;
 ‘ But he’s afflicted with the Gout, or Stone.’

You are not perjurd, nor a Slave to Gold.

’Tis well ; Then pay your *Lares* with a Pig.

But if, ambitious, your Estate you waste

In rash Pursuits ; hie to *Anticyra* !

For is he wiser, who consumes his Wealth

On Scoundrels, than the Man who will not use it ?

Servius Oppidius, who was rich, and own’d

Two ancient Farms, that near *Canusum* lay,

Tradition says, on his two Sons bestow’d ’em,

And, calling to his Bed, address’d them thus :

‘ When I have seen thee, *Aulus*, in thy Vest

‘ Thy

204 SATIRES of HORACE.

‘ Thy Ivory Balls and Marbles careless bear,
 ‘ And to thy Play-mates give, or twirl away ;
 ‘ And thee, *Tiberius*, count thy Toys with Care ;
 ‘ Then anxious hide them in some secret Place ;
 ‘ I seem’d to read your Characters and Fates,
 ‘ And that a various Frenzy would infect you ;
 ‘ That one of you would prove a *Nomentanus* ;
 ‘ The other, like *Cicuta*, scrape and save.
 ‘ Wherefore I, by our Household Gods, adjure ye,
 ‘ That thou, my *Aulus*, wilt preserve entire
 ‘ What I shall leave ; nor thou, *Tiberius*, seek
 ‘ T’ increase that little, which I think enough ;
 ‘ But keep within the Bounds by Nature set.
 ‘ And, lest Ambition should your Fancies cheat,
 ‘ Let each of you engage himself by Oath,
 ‘ Not to aspire at Honours in the State.
 ‘ Whoever breaks it, let him be accurs’d,
 ‘ Debarr’d from all the Rights of Citizens.’
 What ! would’st thou, Madman ! waste thy Wealth,
 to bribe

The Crowd by Largeſſes of Beans and ²⁴ Vetches,
 To have thy Statue in the *Forum* plac’d,
 And be in Pomp along the *Circus* borne ;
 Stript of paternal Goods, paternal Lands,

Think’st

‘ Think’st thou to share ²⁵ *Agrippa*’s Praise? The Fox

‘ Affected thus the lordly ²⁶ Lion’s Gait.’—

²⁷ O Son of *Atreus*, why dost thou deny
Ajax a Grave?

AGAMEMNON.

Because I am a King.

STERTINIUS.

I, a Plebeian born, will ask no more.

AGAMEMNON.

What I ordain is just: If any Man
Judge otherwise, he is allow’d by Me
To speak his Thoughts with Freedom, unprov’d.

STERTINIUS.

²⁸ GREATEST of Kings! may your triumphant Fleet
Return from conquer’d *Troy* with prosperous Gales!
May I then Questions ask, and make Replies?

AGAMEMNON.

Proceed.

STERTINIUS.

Why does the Hero *Ajax* rot,
Whose Arm renown’d so often sav’d the *Greeks*,
Second to none in Valour but *Achilles*?
Say, is the Man, by whom so many Youths
Of *Troy* unbury’d lie, himself deny’d

The

206 SATIRES of HORACE.

The Rites of Sepulture, ²⁹ to glut the Eyes
Of joyful *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Foe?

AGAMEMNON.

He, frantic, ³⁰ slew a thousand Sheep; and cry'd,
' *There*, both the Sons of *Atreus* fell; and, *here*,
' Their vaunted Orator *Ulysses* lies.'

STERTINIUS.

But when at *Aulis* *Agamemnon* led
His blooming *Iphigenia* to the Altar,
Like some devoted Heifer to be slain,
And scatter'd on her Head the salted Meal;
Wretch that he was! did *he* enjoy his Senses?

AGAMEMNON.

Why not?

STERTINIUS.

And what were then the Deeds of *Ajax*,
That so much merited the Name of *Frenzy*?
True, with his Sword he slaughter'd many Sheep,
³¹ But to his Wife, or Son, no Outrage offer'd.
He pour'd forth horrid Oaths against th' *Atridae*,
But neither injur'd *Teucer*, or *Ulysses*.

AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON.

Our lingering Fleet from *Aulis* to release,
I wisely chose to sooth the Gods with Blood.

STERTINIUS.

What, Madman, with thy own?

AGAMEMNON,

Yes, with my own;
And yet not mad.

STERTINIUS.

³² The Man, by Passion sway'd,
Who blends the Forms distinct of Right and
Wrong,
Deserves a Place among the *frantic* Tribe:
And if he err through Folly, or through Passion,
'Tis all alike: Th' Effect is still the same.

Was *Ajax* mad, when harmless Sheep he slew?
And art thou sound of Mind, who durst commit
Unnatural Crimes, ³³ for vain and empty Names?
Is that Heart pure, which wild Ambition swells?

³⁴ Should any one delight to bear a Lamb,
Where'er he travels, with him in his Litter;
And deck her out, as if she were his Daughter,
With gay Attire; give her a Train of Slaves,
And a rich Portion too, and thus address her:

My

My Dear ! my Child ! my Puppet ! and my
Darling !

And a fit Husband for his Girl provide ;

³⁵ The Prætor would adjudge him lunatic,

Place in sure Hands his Fortune and his Goods,

And to his Heirs assign him as a Ward.

But now suppose a Man should sacrifice,
For a dumb Lamb, his lovely blooming Daughter ;
Will you pretend, that *he* is less insane ?

I know you dare not. When such Folly, therefore,
Is join'd with Vice, it is the Height of Madness :

³⁶ Each wicked Man is Lunatic convict.

Bellona, who delights in Fields of Blood,
Thundering from her wild Car, infects *his* Head
With frantic Rage, whom splendid *Glory* charms !—

Attend, while *Nomentanus* I indict :
Reason demonstrates every Spendthrift mad.
Soon as his Father died, and he possess'd

A thousand Talents, he proclaim'd around,
That Taylors and Perfumers, Huntsmen, Cooks,
All the vile Tenants of the *Tuscan* Street,
Fishmongers, Poulterers, Panders, and Buffoons
Should the next Morning at his Palace wait.

What then ? — They all obey : The Pander first

Accosts the Heir ; ‘ Whatever I possess,
 ‘ Or any of my Brethren, is your own ;
 ‘ To-day, To-morrow send ; or when you please.’
 Mark, how the Youth reply’d, benevolent ;
 ‘ Huntsman, you watch in the *Lucanian* Snow
 ‘ Booted, that I may feast upon a Boar ;
 ‘ You, Sailor, bear Fatigues, and sweep the Seas
 ‘ In Winter, to supply my Board with Fish ;
 ‘ While I, at Ease, regale myself at home ;
 ‘ Unworthy to enjoy such copious Wealth,
 ‘ Were I not glad to share it with my Friends :
 ‘ Take then this Tribute of a grateful Heart.
 ‘ Here are for each of you five hundred Pounds.
 ‘ But for the Man, who gives me daintier Fare,
 ‘ And, when I call, will send his blooming Bride,
 (He nods Consent) ‘ three times that Sum be his !’

³⁷ *Æsopus*’ Son dissolv’d in Vinegar

A precious Pearl, which from her Ear, *Metella*
 Had bounteously bestow’d ; and, drinking, cry’d,
 ‘ I swallow at a Draught eight thousand Pounds.’
 Could he have giv’n a stronger Proof of Madness,
 Supposing he had thrown it in the Sea ?

The Sons of *Quintius Arrius*, Twins in Folly
 And every Vice, no less than Twins by Nature ;

210 SATIRES of HORACE.

On costly Nightingales were wont to dine.
Shall we with Chalk, or Charcoal, mark their Names;
Esteem them wise, or think their Brain was touch'd?

Were we to see a Man, with reverend Beard,
Delight to build Clay Houses, and to drive
A little Cart with Mice; at Ev'n or Odd
To play; and ride upon a Hobby-Horse;
We should condemn him as a Fool, or mad.
But now if Reason will evince, that Love
Is still more Boyish than these trifling Sports;
And that the Child, who blubbers for his Toy,
Is not so silly, as the Man who weeps,
Because his perjur'd Harlot has elop'd;
Would you, I say, convinc'd, then lay aside
Your foppish Dress, the Sign of your Disease,
Your nice Cravat, your little Cloak, and Ruff,
And act like *Polemo*, who, when of old,
He, in a drunken Fit, had chanc'd to stray
Into the School of sage *Xenocrates*,
And heard his wholesome Lore on Temperance;
Stole from his Head, abash'd, his flowery Wreath,
And turn'd a Convert to Philosophy.

Offer an Apple to a peevish Boy;
He will refuse. 'My Darling take it.' 'No!'

Yet

Yet dies to have it, when it is deny'd.
How differs from this Boy th' excluded Lover,
Whose Picture on our Stage so lively shines?
Where with himself ³⁹ he argues, if he shall,
Or shall not to his Mistress' House return;
Though conscious he will surely go, unask'd;
And still he lingers near her hated Door.

• Shall I not go, ev'n now, when I am call'd?

• Or shall I end at once this Weight of Woes?

• She thrust me out; invites: Shall I return?

• No! I'd not go, were she herself to come.

But thus the wiser Slave his Master chides:

• Love, which the Bounds of Reason and Advice

• Disclaims, not Reason nor Advice can rule,

• Nor any Curb restrain: Here, Peace and War

• Alternately succeed: And he, who strives

• These changeful things to fix, which on Caprice

• Alone depend, still veering like the Winds,

• No better will prevail, than should he strive

• To run by Reason, Mood, and Figure, mad.

When, ⁴⁰ from an Apple picking out the Kernels,
And pressing them between your Thumb and
Fingers,

212 SATIRES of HORACE.

You chance to strike the Cieling of the Room,
And leap with Joy ; are you then sane of Mind ?

Or when an old Man stammers out half Words,
To please his Puppet's Ear, is he more wise
Than wanton Boys, who Castles build with Clay ?

To all this add the Rage of wild Desire,
The Murders that attend this frantic Flame.
When *Marius* late his Mistress *Hellas* slew,
And, stung with just Remorse, leap'd headlong
down

A Precipice ; will you allow him mad ?
Or, to the same Thing giving different Names,
(As is the Mode) charge him with Vice alone ?

An ancient Slave about the Cross-ways ran,
At Break of Day, fasting, with clean-wash'd Hands,
And thus devoutly to the *Lares* pray'd :

' Ye Powers benign, to Me this Favour grant ;
' (Easy to you) that I may never die !'

The Master might have vouch'd him sound of Limb,
When he was sold ; but had he said, of Mind,
An Action would have lain against the Vender.

Now all this Crowd is, by *Chrysippus*' School,
In the large Family of Madmen rank'd.

41 The Mother of a Boy, who, for five Months,
 Has with a Quartan Ague been confin'd,
 Thus stipulates with Heaven for his Relief;
 ' Great Jove !' from whom both Health and Sick-
 ness flow,
 ' Have Pity on my Child ! and, in return,
 ' On the first Fasting-day thy Priests ordain,
 ' After his Health shall be restor'd by thee,
 ' Ere Morning dawns, he in the *Tyber's* Stream
 ' Shall naked stand !' Now, should propitious
 Chance,
 Or the Physician's Skill, restore her Child,
 The frantic 42 Dame will plunge him in the Waves,
 The Fever bring again, and kill her Darling.

DAMASIPPUS.

What Frenzy turns her Head ?

STERTINIUS.

43 The Dread of Heaven.

DAMASIPPUS to HORACE.

To me these Arms the *eighth* wife Man, *Stertinius*,
 Has giv'n, to combat my upbraiding Foes ;
 And now, whoever taxes me as mad

214 SATIRES of HORACE.

Will find the Charge retorted on himself;
And be admonish'd to inspect the Pouch,
Behind his Back, which holds his Faults unknown.

HORACE.

Stoic! so may you henceforth trade with Profit,
And every Loss retrieve, as you inform me,
(Since Frenzies are, it seems, of various kinds)
What is the Species that disturbs my Brain;
For to myself I seem of sober Mind.

DAMASIPPUS.

What! did ⁴⁴ *Agavé* think that she was mad,
When on her *Thyrsus* she in Triumph bore
Her *Pentheus'* Head, whom she had torn in pieces?

HORACE.

Then be it so!—I yield to powerful Truth;
And own, that I am both a Fool and mad.
Yet say, in what my Frenzy does consist?

DAMASIPPUS.

Hear then the Charge. Though scarcely two Foot
high,
You strut; and give yourself gigantic Airs;
And yet you laugh, when ⁴⁵ *Turbo* on the Stage,

(A

(A mighty Spirit in a dwarfish Form)

On Tip-toe stalks, and stern Defiance lours.

And are you less ridiculous than he ?

46 Dare you deny, that You affect to trace,
Though in low Life so vastly his Inferior,
The Customs, Ways, and Manners of *Mæcenas*?—

47 When from her Tadpole Brood the Mother-
Frog

By Chance had stray'd, a Heifer in the Mead

Crush'd with his Foot the tender Family.

One, who escap'd, thus to his Dam relates

Their Fate ; ‘ A monstrous Beast has slain my
Brethren.’

‘ What ! large as I am now ?’ replies the Dam ;
And swells herself. ‘ Abundantly more large.’]

‘ What ! bigger still ?’ still puffing out with
Wind.

‘ Nay, you may burst yourself ; but ne’er can
match it.’

See your own Picture, *Horace*, to the Life !

A dd now to this your Itch of scribbling Verse,
Which is but heaping Fuel on the Fire.

216 SATIRES of HORACE.

If ever Bard was wise, you may be wise.

49 Not to insist upon your frantic Rage.—

HORACE.

Forbear.

DAMASIPPUS.

50 And your Attire, more costly far

Than your Estate allows.—

HORACE.

Good *Damasippus*,

Stick to your own Affairs.

DAMASIPPUS.

— Your wild Amours.

HORACE.

Hush, Babbler, hush! And thou, more frantic,

cease

Against my lesser Follies to declaim.

D.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The Moral of this Satire is excellent: And, as it is one of the longest, it is also one of the best in *Horace*.

Dacier is of Opinion, that there is not a more lively and animated Dialogue even in *Plato*.

It appears, says *Sanadon*, from the 185th Verse,

Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,

that it was written in the Year of *Rome* 720; *Horace* being then thirty-one or thirty-two Years old.

————— *ab ipsis*

Saturnalibus.]

The *Saturnalia* were some of the chief Feasts among the *Romans*. They began the sixteenth Day of *December*, and lasted three Days. Those, who reckon seven Days, join with 'em the *Sigillaria*, or *Feast of Statues*, which immediately followed.

Rome, at that Time, was a Scene of Lewdness and Debauchery; and the Streets echoed with the Songs of Drunkards. *Horace*, who was a Lover of Quiet, generally chose to retire into the Country, where he passed the Winter.

'Such turbulent Excesses were certainly disagreeable to a philosophic Mind. The Soul of *Pliny* was,' (in like manner) 'formed for studious Privacy; and his Pursuits of Knowledge being frequently interrupted in his more magnificent Apartments of *Laurentinum*, he raised an additional Building at the End of his Gallery, as an Asylum to his Studies, and Sanctuary to his Speculations, where he was never disturbed by the Mirth of his Servants during these licentious Feasts.'

Earl of CORKE.

Horace was now at his *Sabine Villa*; but he often spent the Winter at *Tarentum*. See Epistle VII. Book I. He gives the Reason of this Preference in Ode VI. Book II.

Ver ubi longum, tepidusque prabet

Jupiter brumas.

The Spring is long, the Winter mild.

Culpantur frustra calami.]

Thus the Loiterers in *Persius* (Satire III.) apologize for themselves;

Tunc

218 SATIRES of HORACE.

Tunc querimur crassus calamo quod pendeat humor, &c.

He takes the Parchment ; lays it down again ;
And with unwilling Fingers tries the Pen :
Some peevish Quarrel strait he strives to pick,
His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick :
Infuse more Water. Now 'tis grown so thin,
It sinks ; nor can the Character be seen. DRYDEN.

In another Place *Persius*, speaking of a flat and insipid Style,
which has cost the Author no Pains nor Study, says,

Nec pluteum cadit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.

' The Author of such flimzy Stuff neither beat the Cushion,
' nor bit his Nails.'

But *Quintilian* justly observes, that such Contortions make a
Scholar appear ridiculous in Company.

3 *Menander.*] A Comic Poet of *Athens*, born in the 109th
Olympiad. *Plutarch* prefers him to *Aristophanes* both for Judg-
ment and Style. *Terence's* Plays were chiefly borrowed from
this Author. He wrote 108 Comedies, which are all lost, except
some Fragments.

4 *Plato.*] The Chief of the *Academic* Sect, born at *Athens*
in the 87th *Olympiad*. He was the Scholar of *Socrates*.

5 *Archilochus.*] A Greek *Iambic* Poet, born at *Paros*, in the
third *Olympiad*. His *Invectives* against *Lycambes* (who, after
having promised him his Daughter in Marriage, gave her to
another) were so keen and severe, that they made him hang
himself.

6 *Eupolis.*] One of the Writers of the Old Comedy. See
Book I. Sat. IV.

7 ————— *improba Siren*

Desidia.] *The Sirens* were young Women, who dwelt in three small

Islands near *Caprea*, opposite to the City of *Surrentum*, on the
Campanian Shore. The Ancients tell us, that these *Sirens*
were Monsters, who devoured Travellers. But, in truth, they

were

were *Courtezans*, who allured Men by their Beauty and the Charms of their Voice.

Horace justly stiles *Sloth* a *Siren*; she is apt to benumb all our Faculties, and it requires great Resolution to shun, or strong Efforts to spring from, her Arms.

⁸ *Quidquid vita meliore parasti,
Ponendum æquo animo.*]

The *Slothful* may be rather said to eat and drink, than to live.

Seneca, passing by the Country House of *Servilius Vacia*, who had retired thither to indulge himself in Idleness, pleasantly cried out; *Vacia hic situs est*. ‘Here *Vacia* lies in-
‘terred.’

⁹ *Junius*, or *Licinius Damasippus*, a Senator, and *Stoic* Philosopher. Before he attached himself to that Sect, he had ruined his Fortune by dealing in Statues, and all Sorts of Antiques.

¹⁰ ——— *Donent tonsore.*]

The *Stoic* Philosophers wore long Beards, and set a great Value on them. On this Account *Lucian* says, ‘That if the Wisdom
‘of the Philosophers is to be measured by the Length of their
‘Beards, a Goat is wiser than any of ’em.’

¹¹ *Sisyphus*.] He means the old *Sisyphus*, the Son of *Æolus*, who founded *Corinth*. A Cauldron, used by *Sisyphus*, must have been at least thirteen hundred Years old.

¹² *Callidus huic signo, &c.*]

The Word *callidus* here is pleasant; he was so cunning, that he ruined himself. DACIER.

I doubt, this may be applied to many a modern *Connoisseur*.

¹³ ——— *Operto capite.*]

Those, who devoted themselves to Death, covered their Heads, to signify that, from that Moment, they renounced all Thoughts of Life, by thus depriving themselves of the Light of Heaven, as far as it was in their Power. Properly speaking, it was a religious Act. For they covered their Heads, to signify to the
Infernal

220 SATIRES of HORACE.

Infernal Gods, that they would not behold any thing, which might disturb the Sacrifice they had resolved to make of themselves.

DACIER.

This Custom seems to explain the Intention of *Caesar* in covering his Head with his Robe, when he beheld *Brutus* among the Conspirators. From that Moment he devoted himself as a Victim to the Infernal Gods, to secure the Peace and Happiness of the *Roman* People. Thus understood, it gives great Lustre and Dignity to the Conclusion of his Life. D.

¹⁴ *Pudor, inquit, te malus urget.*]

Men are too often allured from the Paths of Virtue by a false Shame.

Simplicius, therefore, in his Commentary on *Epictetus*, cries out;

‘How extravagant a thing it is to continue mad, for fear of being thought so by those, who are really mad themselves!’

¹⁵ — *Insanum Chryssippi porticus, & grex Autumat.*] See Book I. Satire III.

¹⁶ *Mater, te appello.*]

Dacier supposes that he calls *Ilioné* his Mother, because she was much older, and he was educated under her Care.

In the Original it is, by way of Exaggeration, *two hundred thousand*; and several Copies read *Fufius*, instead of *Fufius*.

This *Catiénus* represented the Ghost of *Polydore*, the Brother of *Ilioné*.

¹⁷ There were two *Anticyras*; one in *Phocis*, near the Gulph of *Corinth*; the other was near Mount *Oëta*, in *Thessaly*. The best Hellebore grew in the last; but it was more skilfully prepared in the former. On which Account the Physicians sent their Patients to the *Anticyra* of *Phocis*.

¹⁸ — *Omnis enim res,*

Virtus, fama, &c.]

Stertinius here exhibits the Sentiments of *Staberius*, who thought Wealth the chief Good; and he ascribes the same Properties to that, which the *Stoics* ascribed to Virtue.

DACIER.

It would be thought strange to see any Scholar apply these Lines, as if they contained the real Sentiments of *Horace*. And yet we every Day see or hear Passages of Holy Writ no less tortured, and confidently applied, without any Regard to the Context.

¹⁹ ————— *Quid simile isti*

Græcus Aristippus ?]

Aristippus was a Disciple of *Socrates*, and Founder of the *Cyrenaic* Sect. He frequented the Courts of Princes, and loved to fare deliciously. He lived about the 96th *Olympiad*. He had a happy Talent at Repartee.

²⁰ *Horace* probably refers here to some Anecdotes well known in those Times, though the Particulars are not come down to us. But the Person, who poisoned his Mother, seems to have been *Scæva*, who was mentioned in the first Satire of this Book, ver. 53.

————— *Scæva vivacem crede nepoti*
Matrem, &c.

²¹ ——— *Tantum maledicit utrique, &c.*]

It is evident that *Horace* here follows a different Tradition from *Euripides*. Otherwise he could not have said, that *Orestes*, after having killed his Mother, did nothing blameable, since he then attempted to kill *Helen*, and for a long time held his Dagger at the Throat of *Hermione*. Nor does he give provoking Language to *Pylades* in the Tragedy. It is probable, that the History of *Orestes* was acted on the *Roman* Stage, as here represented.

²² ——— *Iussit quod splendida bilis.*]

The *splendid Bile* is the *yellow Gall*; which is more shining than the *black*, and inclines Men to Madness; whereas the *black Gall* is apt to produce Melancholy. DACIER.

I rather think, that the Words are to be understood *metaphorically*, and intimate the *pompous Style*, with which the Tragic Bard adorns the Passion of *Orestes*.

²³ *Craterus* was an eminent Physician in the Time of *Augustus*. *Cicero* mentions him in his Letters to *Atticus*. *Com-*
mavet

222 SATIRES of HORACE.

movet me Attica, etsi assentior Cratæro: And, in another Letter, *De Atticâ doleo; credo tamen Cratæro*.

²⁴ *In cicero.*] This Grain, from the Culture of which *Cicero* derived his Surname, was in all Ages of the Republic in great Request with the meaner People; being one of the usual Largeesses bestowed upon them by the rich, and sold every-where in the Theatres and Streets ready parched or boiled for present Use. Thus *Horace*, in *Art. Poet.* 249.

Nec si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucus emptor.

MIDDLETON.

²⁵ *Agrippa* was the most eminent Man of that Time. He was one of the chief Favourites of *Augustus*, who gave him first his Niece in Marriage; and, after her Death, his Daughter *Julia*. He died in the Year of *Rome* 742, *Horace* being fifty-five Years old. *Augustus* himself pronounced his funeral Oration; and, though he had a Family Vault in the Field of *Mars*, he ordered his Urn to be deposited in his own.

²⁶ ————— *Leonem.*]

Agrippa is here justly compared to a Lion. *Horace* has done Justice to his Valour and great Exploits in Book I. Ode VI. See Vol. I. p. 24.

²⁷ We have here a new Scene. *Stertinius*, after having shown, by these apt Stories of *Opimius* and *Servius Oppidius*, the Folly of *Avarice* and *Extravagance*, returns to others, whom he had proposed to bring upon the Stage. As he had insinuated that *Ambition* is a Species of Madnels not inferior to those already censured, he addresses himself here to *Agamemnon*, who was styled the King of Kings; and thus attacks *Ambition* in its Head-Quarters. For if it is a Folly in so great a Prince, what shall we think of it, when indulged by a private Person? *Horace* passes from one Article to another, without giving us Notice of it; and so this Scene seems to be abruptly introduced. And yet it is naturally connected with what precedes. It is only the Turn, and the Vivacity of the Action, which makes it appear detached.

Stertinius had proposed to show, that the *Ambitious* are no less mad than the *Misers*. To prove this Point, he briskly, and

at

at once, attacks *Agamemnon*; and demonstrates by this Example, that *Ambition* transports Men to such a Height of Madness, as to sacrifice their very Children to sooth their Vanity.

Stertinus still speaks, and reviews the various kinds of Madmen, one after another, as he had proposed in his Summons, *Vos ordine adite.* DACIER.

Notwithstanding this Apology is very ingenious, and has some Foundation in Truth; yet it were to be wished, that the Connection had been more clear and explicit.

28 *Maxime Regum, &c.*]

The *Greeks*, and all the People of the *East*, began their Addresses to Princes by Wishes for their Health and Benedictions. This Passage is an Imitation of those Lines in the *Iliad*, where *Chryses* demands his Daughter of *Agamemnon*,

Τῶν μὲν θεῶν, &c.

So may th' immortal Gods your Cause befriend;
So may you *Priam's* lofty Bulwarks burn,
And rich in gather'd Spoils to *Greece* return!

TICKELL.

29 *Gaudeat ut populus Priami, &c.*]

This is also an Imitation of a Passage in the first *Iliad*, in the Speech of *Nestor*;

Alas for *Greece*! he cries, and what with Joy
Shall *Priam* hear, and every Son of *Troy*!

TICKELL.

30 *Mille ovium, &c.*]

After the Arms of *Achilles* had been adjudged to *Ulysses*, so deep a Melancholy seized *Ajax*, as turned his Head. One Night, in a Fit of it, he fell upon a Flock of Sheep, and thought he was killing *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, and the other *Grecian* Generals: And he drove Oxen into his Tent as so many Prisoners; among whom he took *Ulysses* to be one.

This occasioned the following Line in *Juvenal's* fourteenth Satire;

Hic, bove percusso, mugire Agamemnona credit.

When with his mighty Arm he struck an Ox,
He fancy'd *Agamemnon* low'd—

21 ——— absti-

224 SATIRES of HORACE.

³¹ ————— *abstinuit vim*

Uxore & nato, &c.]

He neither hurt his Wife *Tecmessa*, nor his Son *Euryfices*. On the contrary he addresses himself to them with a great deal of Mildness, and in a composed manner; as may be seen in the *Ajax* of *Sophocles*. He orders his Boy, then very young, to be brought in, and thus accosts him;

May'st thou, my Son, be happier than thy Sire!

In all Things else resemble him——

Virgil has imitated this Passage in his 12th *Æneid*, where *Aeneas* thus accosts *Iulus*;

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;

Fortunam ex aliis.

Virtue, my Son, and Labour learn from Me;

Success from others——

³² *Qui species alias veri, &c.]*

Sanadon thus reads, and points this Passage;

Qui species alias veri scelerisque, tumultu

Permistas capiet, commotus habebitur——

By *alias* he understands *different*, or *opposite*; and by *tumultu*, the *Disorder of the Passions*. 'He who, blinded by his Passions, confounds the distinct Ideas of Virtue and Vice, Good and Evil, should be deemed a Madman.'

This, says *Dacier*, is a Divine Sentiment.

Stertinius does not give *Agamemnon* an Opportunity to explain the Reasons of his Conduct, because he already knew what they were. He might have urged, 'That the Goddess *Diana* had commanded *Iphigenia* to be sacrificed; that otherwise the *Grecian Fleet* must continue Wind-bound, and could not fail for *Troy*; that private Claims should submit to public; and therefore, that he ought to lose the Father in the King.' But the Philosopher thought all these Reasons weak and inconclusive. He knew the King construed that which was only the Effect of his own Vanity and Ambition, as proceeding from a Zeal for Religion and the Love of his Subjects; and that, if he had been dispassionate, he would have understood, that God cannot delight in the Blood of Mankind: And therefore, instead of taking the Oracle in the literal Sense

of

of the Words, he would, by the common Principles of Reason, have apprehended, that the Meaning of it was, to divert him from a Voyage and Enterprize, which, in its Consequences, would prove fatal both to himself and to his Family.

Stertinius forms a truer Judgment of *Agamemnon's* Motive than those, who, like *Lucretius*, ascribe it to Superstition only. It was *Ambition*, which lurked in his Heart, and concealed itself under the Pretext of Religion. He was *deceptus cupidine falso*, as *Horace* speaks in his first Satire. None but a *Stoic* could have traced the Labyrinths of his Heart, and removed that specious Veil, which covered his Ambition.

DACIER.

33 ——— *scelus ob titulos admittis inanes.*]

Such as, *The King of Kings*, *The Light of the Grecians*, *The Conqueror of Barbarians*.

34 *Si quis lecticâ nitidam gestare amet agnam, &c.*]

Horace happily makes use of this agreeable Similé, which was necessary to temper *Stertinius's* Lecture, the Subject of which is harsh and severe: And herein his Address is admirable.

The Images made use of by the Poet bear a great Resemblance to those of the Prophet *Nathan* in his Parable to *David*, 2 Sam. Chap. XII. *But the poor Man had nothing save one little Ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished: And it grew up together with him and with his Children; it did eat of his own Bread, and drank of his own Cup, and lay in his Bosom, and was unto him as a Daughter.*

35 ——— *interdicto huic omne adimat jus*

Prator, et ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.]

The Emperor *Caligula* built a stately House for his Horse, furnished it with Goods, appointed Slaves to attend him, &c. and named him Consul. See his Life by *Suetonius*, Chap. LV. According to the rational Doctrine of *Stertinius*, he ought to have been treated as a Lunatic, deprived of Power, confined, &c.

36 ——— *Qui sceleratus,*

Et furiosus erit.]

This Sentiment is no less excellent than that which *Dacier* declares to be Divine.

226 SATIRES of HORACE.

³⁷ *Æsopus* was a celebrated Player, luxurious, and excessively extravagant.

³⁸ *Polemo* succeeded *Xenocrates* in his School, in the Year 313 before the Birth of our Saviour, and was the third after *Plato*. *Plato*, *Pseusippus*, *Xenocrates*, *Polemo*.

³⁹ See *Terence's Eunuch*, at the Beginning.

⁴⁰ This was looked upon as an Omen of Success in Love. Even we Christians have many such Whims. See the *Connoisseur*, Vol. II. N^o 56.

Excerpens semina, 'Taking out the Seeds, or Kernels.' Mr. Francis translates it thus;

When from the Roof the darted *Pippins* bound.

He was probably led into this Mistake by the Word *Pepins* (*Kernels*) in *Dacier's* Translation.

⁴¹ The following Charm, still practised by the good People of *Devonshire* for the Cure of the *Sciatica* (which they call the *Bone-shave*) and thought almost infallible, will show, that we are not less superstitious than the old *Romans*.

'The Patient must lie on his Back, on the Bank of a River or Brook, with a strait Staff by his Side, between him and the Water, and must have the following Words repeated over him;

' Bone-shave right;

' Bone-shave strait;

' As the Water runs by the Stave,

' Good for Bone-shave.

' *In the Name, &c.*'

⁴² ——— *Mater delira necabit, &c.*]

Juvenal, in his sixth Satire, treats the Superstition of the Sex sans façon;

That Sex is still obnoxious to the Priest.

Through ye they beat, and plunge into the Stream,

If so the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.

DRYDEN.

⁴³ ——— timore

43 ————— *timore Deorum.*]

The Ancients defined *Superstition* by the Dread of the Gods. So thoroughly were they convinced, that the true Worship of God must consist in the Love, and not in the Fear of him.

DACIER.

44 *Agavé*, after she had torn her Son *Pentheus* in Pieces for despising the Rites of *Bacchus*, was so far from being conscious that she had committed a Crime; or done any thing wrong, that she carried his Head on the Point of her Spear, as if it had been the Head of a wild Boar, whom she had slain.

Euripides has finely treated this Subject in his *Bacchantes*.

45 *Turbo* was a celebrated Gladiator, of small Size and Stature.

46 *An quodcumque facit Mæcenas, &c.*]

We fondly imitate those whom we admire. This Reproach would therefore naturally confirm the Love and Affection of his Patron *Mæcenas* for him.

47 *Absentis rana pullis, &c.*]

This Fable is not in the present Collection which passes under the Name of *Æsop*. But we find it in *Phadrus*, who wrote soon after *Horace*. The Circumstances are there somewhat varied. He says, 'that a Frog beheld a Bull in a Meadow; and, envying his Bulk, puffed out her Body, in order to imitate him,' &c. But *Horace's* Manner of telling it is more lively.

48 *Adde poemata nunc, &c.*]

The *Stoics* condemned Poetry absolutely. But there is something droll in this Passage. *Damasippus*, who here censures Poets with so much Severity, forgets that at the Beginning of this very Satire, he reproached *Horace* for not entertaining the Public with Verse, and exhorted him to write again as usual.

This Contradiction gives us a lively Image of the Temper of Mankind, who now condemn what they applauded the Moment before; who judge only by Caprice, and have as many different Rules of Judging, as there are different Degrees of Heat and Fire in their Imaginations.

DACIER.

223 SATIRES of HORACE.

49 *Non dico horrendam rabiem.*]

Horace was passionate, and easily provoked: *Irasci celer*, as he himself owns. See Epistle XX. Book I. The *Stoics* professed Patience.

5° ————— *Cultum*

Majorem censu.]

He loved to go elegantly dress'd, and was fond of gay Cloaths, This Taste he had contract'd from the manner of his Education. What that was, he gives an Account in Book I. Sat. VI.

————— *Vestem servosque sequentes*

In magno ut popula si quis vidisset, avitâ

Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.

Ver. 78. & seq.

But the *Stoics*, like our *Quakers*, affected a Simplicity in their Habit, and wore nothing but what was absolutely necessary.

This Satire would, perhaps, have appeared more lively and animated, if the Dialogue had pass'd between *Stertinius* and *Horace*, instead of *Stertinius* and *Damasippus*; but then he would have deprived himself of his defensive Arms, and could not have retorted, That the Philosopher was guilty of greater Faults than those with which he charged the Poet. By which it is evident, that there was a good deal of Art and Address in his Conduct.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE IV.

*A Dialogue between HORACE and CATIUS,
on the Art of Cookery.*

HORACE.

SAY, *Catius*, whence and whither?

CATIUS.

No Delay,

My Friend, I beg; no Time have I to stay:

Eager to treasure in my pensive Mind

Some Maxims new; and, trust me, you will find

That not *Pythagoras*, or *Socrates*,

Or *Plato's* self, e'er gave such Rules as these.

HORACE.

I crave your Pardon. 'Twas indeed a Crime

To break your Chain of Thought at such a Time,

But you, who, both by Nature and by Art,

Can all the Rules of Memory impart,

Will soon unite the broken Links again.

CATIUS.

All I had heard I labour'd to retain.

230 SATIRES of HORACE.

Fine are the Precepts, and as finely told.

HORACE.

Your Author's Name, I pray you, first unfold.
A Foreigner or Native?

CATIUS.

I conceal

His Name; his Precepts freely I'll reveal.

¹ Long Eggs prefer to round; with richer Juice
They always swell, and Cocks their Yolks produce.

² More sweet the Cale that grows in sandy Fields
Than what our City Soil, well-water'd, yields.

Should an unlook'd-for Guest drop in at Night,
Thus learn to sooth his craving Appetite:
In Wine and Water dip your Fowl alive;
For thence the Flesh will Tenderness derive.

³ The Meadow-Mushroom you may safely prize;
But often in the others Poison lies.

The Man who eats, ⁴ when Dinner-time is o'er,
Ripe Mulb'ries, gather'd from the Tree, before
Too fiercely rage the scorching solar Rays,
Will pass, secure of Health, the Summer Days.

Let not *Aufidius*' Morning-draught be thine!
With Honey sweeten'd, harsh *Falernian* Wine

He

He quaff'd ; but to thy empty Veins alone
Let Liquors smooth, like lenient Mead, be known.

Pound Cockle-shells, when Costiveness prevails,
And with Dwarf-forrel mix and Juice of Snails ;
Then fasting drink it in white *Coan* Wine :
So your heal'd Bowels will no more repine.

5 With growing Moons the loos'ning Shell-fish
swell :

The nobler Kinds not in all Oceans dwell.
The sweetest Oysters we at *Circe* take,
But far the largest in the *Lucrine* Lake.
Cray-fish *Misenum's* Promontory love,
While Cockles soft *Tarentum's* Coast approve.

What boots it that the choicest Fish you buy,
Unless with Critic Taste you well descry
Which needs most Sauce, which least, and thus
excite,
By various Means, the languid Appetite.

The Boar (if you're displeas'd with flabby Food)
Who crunches Acorns in the *Umbrian* Wood,
On your wide Dish may spread his ample Size ;
6 Those which in Marshes feed we never prize.

Kids, which in Vineyards browse, forbear to eat.
7 The Wings of pregnant Hares are dainty Meat.

None before Me could by their Taste engage
To know of Fish and Fowl the Kind and Age.

To mold the brittle Paste is paltry Fame,
And far too trivial all our Care to claim.
As if, though richest Wines your Cellars store,
Yet on your Fish you stinking Oyl should pour.

Expose your *Massic* when the Skies are clear;
If dreggy, 'twill be purg'd by nightly Air,
And lose that Odor which the Spirits wastes;
But through fine Linnen strain'd it vapid tastes.

He, who, his gross *Falernian* to refine,
Pours on the slimy Lees *Surrentine* Wine,
Should with the Liquor mix a Pigeon's Eggs;
The falling Yolk precipitates the Dregs.

Shrimps, Cockles to the Taste new Relish lend:
& Lettuce, 'tis true, I dare not recommend;
So cold, it damps the loaded Appetite:
But your stanch Topers their dull Taste excite
With Ham or Chitterling, and some require
A Sausage, reeking from a Tavern Fire.

Two Sorts of Sauce deserve your utmost Care;
With Oyl alone the simplest we prepare:
Both Wine and ⁹ Caviare too the other boasts,
(Caviare, the Produce of *Byzantium's* Coasts)

And

And shredded Herbs and Saffron ; let it boil,
And, when it cools, infuse *Venefrian* Oyl.

With Form and Beauty *Tibur's* Fruits are grac'd,
But thine, *Picenum*, have a richer Taste.

Pots to preserve *Venusia's* Grape provide ;
But in the Smoke the *Alban* may be dry'd.
The *Roman* Cooks this Grape before each Guest
With Apples, Salt and Pepper, at a Feast
To place on sep'rate Plates by Me were taught :
Caviare and Pickles into Use I brought.

Monstrous the Fault to crowd ^{to} the vagrant
Fish
(So dearly purchas'd) in a scanty Dish !

The simplest Fare a Zest from Neatness gains :
It turns one's Stomach when your Boy distains
The Glas with greasy Fingers ; or when Dust
And Mold your ancient Goblet's Brim incrust.
How small of Mats and Rubbers is the Price !
But, O ! of such Neglect how great the Vice !
Who with a greasy Broom an inlaid Floor
Would sweep, or spread a purple Carpet o'er
An unwash'd Couch ? The less such Trifles claim
Of Care and Cost, the more will be your Blame.

Those

234 SATIRES of HORACE.

Those Cates which, save among the Great, are
rare,
With much more Credit you might justly spare.

HORACE.

" By all the Gods and Friendship I engage
Your Promise, *Catius*, to this learned Sage
To lead me strait, wherever he may live ;
Though justly you translate, it sure must give
Much more Delight th' Original to hear
From his own Mouth, and mark his Voice and
Air.

This Circumstance, though high in my Esteem,
To you, because enjoy'd, may trifling seem.
I, by the Love of sacred Science led,
Would quaff her Waters at the Fountain-head.

J. D.

NOTES.

The Commentators are of Opinion, that the Design of *Horace*, in this Satire, is to ridicule both *Catius* and his culinary Precepts. Whether justly or not, is submitted to the Reader's Judgment. Perhaps, he did not condemn the Rules themselves, at least in the main ; and intended only to rally that Air of Importance with which the Sage delivers them.

It is pleasant to observe, how widely different the Taste of the *French* is from that of the *Romans*, as will partly appear from

from the following Remarks taken from *Dacier*. In some of these Points the *English* Reader will probably subscribe to the Doctrine of *Catius*.

¹ *Longa quibus facies ovis.*]

The round Eggs are the best, and contain the Male Embryo.

DACIER.

² *Caule suburbano.*]

Palladio and our Gardiners think the Cale, or Colewort, which flourishes in Gardens near the City, where the Ground is dunged, and often watered, preferable to that which grows on dry Land, in spite of *Catius* and *Pliny*.

DACIER.

³ — *Pratensibus optima fungis
Natura est; aliis male creditur.*]

It is true that some Mushrooms are very pernicious; and whole Families have lost their Lives by eating of them; but those of this poisonous kind grow as often in Meadows as in Woods.

DACIER.

⁴ — *nigris prandia moris
Finiet.*]

It is more wholesome to eat Fruit before Dinner, and with an empty Stomach.

DACIER.

⁵ *Lubrica nascentes implent conchylia luna.*]

It is a Mistake, though vouched by Antiquity, to say that Shell-fish increase with the Moon.

⁶ — *laurens malus est, ulvis et arundine pinguis.*]

The Boar, like our common Swine, delights in Water, and to wallow in the Mire. Therefore, the Flesh of those so bred must be better than that of others who are fed with Mast and Acorns on dry Ground.

DACIER.

Our Critic, it seems, would have preferred the Pork of the Distillers to that of the Country.

⁷ *Fœcundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.*]

The Wings of Hares are also served up as a dainty Dish at the Feast of *Rufus Nasidienus*. See Satire VIII. of this Book. But *Dacier* says, 'No-body ever thought the Wings preferable to the Back.' He seems to have forgot the Proverb, *De gustibus non est disputandum*.

— ⁸ *lactuca*

236 SATIRES of HORACE.

⁸ *laetuca innatat acri*
[*Post vinum stomacho.*]

Lettuce, being naturally cold, is proper after a Debauch. It disperses the Fumes of the Wine, and tempers the Heat of the Stomach occasioned by it. DACIER.

⁹ *Muria.*] *Caviare*, or *Caviac*, is the Roe, or Eggs of the Sturgeon, taken out, salted, and dried in the Sun, or by the Fire. To be good, it should be of a reddish-brown Colour, and very dry. 'Tis eat with Oyl and Lemon; sometimes with Vinegar. Some eat it alone with Bread; and others only as a Sauce, or Pickle, like Anchovies. CHAMBERS.

¹⁰ *Angustog; vagos pisces urgere catino.*] Mr. Francis justly observes, that he probably meant here to play upon the Words *vagos* and *angusto*; q. d. 'It is a wicked thing to imprison the *vagrant* Fishes in a *narrow* Dish.' This is what we call a *Conceit*. We find an Instance of the like kind in Epistle XVIII. Book I.

Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures.
Open Ears can never be retentive.

¹¹ *Docte Cati, &c.*] This last Speech is ironical. *Horace*, finding by his Air and Manner, that *Catius* himself was the Author of these profound Maxims, rallies him very agreeably.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE V.

ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

This Satire is ironical, and levelled at the Craft and Subtlety of those who flatter rich old Men, in order to gain a Place in their Wills, and to inherit their Estates. But the Antidote, (viz. Irony and Raillery) is not strong enough to expell the Malignity of the Poison; and such Satires (as it has been rightly observed) teach the very Vices they pretend to correct.

ULYSSES.

BESIDES those Things you have already told,
Tiresias! grant me still this farther Boon :
 Say, how I may retrieve my ruin'd State
 At *Ithaca*? You smile.

TIRESIAS.

And well I may,
 To hear this Question ask'd by one so fam'd
 For Artifice. What! are you not content
 Once more in Peace to reach your native Isle,
 And see your Household Gods?

ULYSSES.

238 SATIRES of HORACE.

ULYSSES.

You, by that Art
Which never fails, well know I must return
Naked and bare. The Suitors of my Wife
My Stores have lavish'd, and devour'd my Flocks.
Virtue and Character, without Estate,
Are trodden under Foot, more vile than Weeds.

TIRESIAS.

Since then you own yourself, without Disguise,
The Foe profess'd of Poverty; from Me
Accept these Rules, your Fortune to repair.

If Woodcocks you receive, or any Bird
More rare, let it take Wing, and fly away
To the Great House, which glitters from afar,
Whose Lord is old: And if you early cull
From your well-cultur'd Ground delicious Fruit,
Let the rich Man before your *Lares* taste it.
He is the God, whom you must first adore.
Nay, though he stands convict of Perjury,
Or be defil'd with his own Brother's Blood,
Oft as he calls, obsequiously attend,
And ever, with Obeisance, give him Place.

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

What! must I stoop to sooth a wicked Slave?
I, who at *Troy* contended with the Great!
I scorn the Thought.

TIRESIAS.

Then live a Beggar still.

ULYSSES.

Is this the Case? I then, who greater Ills
Have borne with Mind erect, will suffer Want.
But tell me, Sage profound, without Delay,
Some honourable Means to purchase Wealth.

TIRESIAS.

I have already told, and must repeat
My salutary Rules: Lay Stratagems
To steal into the Wills of rich old Men.
If, haply, one or two escape the Hook,
Though nibbling at the Bait; yet, undismay'd,
Still persevere; you will at last succeed.

If, at the Bar, a Cause is to be try'd,
Or great or small; be careful to enquire,
If Plaintiff or Defendant be most rich,
And unincumber'd with a Wife or Child.

Then

240 SATIRES of HORACE.

Then strait espouse his Cause with all your Might.
No matter should he prove a branded Knave,
And his Antagonist a Man of Worth :

'Tis Crime enough to have a teeming Wife.

Addressing then the Client you elect,
' *Publius* or *Syrus* !' say, (for nicer Ears
Are sooth'd with soft Address and specious Names)

' Your various Virtues have engag'd my Heart.

' I know the Quirks and Subtleties of Law ;

' And am well skill'd to harraßs, or defend.

' These Eyes I'll lose, ere you shall suffer Wrong.'

' I'll plead your Cause, and doubt not the Success.

' Nor Injury, nor Taunts, shall be your Lot.

' Go home in Peace : Indulge your Genius there.

' The Toil be mine : I'll be your second Self.'

Then, unremitting, prosecute the Cause,

' If th' infant Statues the red Dog-star splits,

Or puffing *Furius*, with his out-stretch'd Paunch,

' Spits on the wintry *Alps* his hoary Snow.'

One, pleas'd, will jog his Neighbour, and observe

' How diligent this Man ! how vehement !

' He thinks no Toil too great, to serve his Friend !'

This draws more Fish : Your Ponds will never
fail.

When

When you behold a wealthy Dotard's Heir,
Of puny Constitution, nicely bred;
By every gracious Art, creep gently in,
And gain, by slow Degrees, his Father's Love,
That you may stand the second in his Will:
And, if kind Death should snatch away the Boy,
Yourself succeed to his Inheritance.

This happy Die will often win the Stake.
For, should you bait for childless Men alone,
Suspicion may awake, and scan your End.

If any one intreats you to peruse
His Will, decline it; yet, with glancing Eye,
Of the first Page observe the second Line,
To see if You are nam'd Executor
Alone, or others in the Trust are join'd:
For oft a subtle Scrivener will elude
The cawing Crow, who wide extends his Mouth,
And sly *Coranus* shall *Nasica* dupe.

ULYSSES.

Art thou with true prophetic Rage inspir'd,
Or dost thou mock me with *Ænigmas* dark?

Vol. II.

R

TIRESIAS.

242 SATIRES of HORACE.

TIRESIAS.

Whatever, sage *Ulysses*, I foretell,
In future Times 3 shall come to pass—or not;
For great *Apollo* to my mental Eye
Unfolds the Book of Fate!

ULYSSES.

Then, Prophet, say,
(If it be lawful) what that Fable means?

TIRESIAS.

When a young Prince, from great *Aeneas* sprung,
The *Parthians'* Dread, shall rule the conquer'd
World,

The Prophecy I sing will be fulfill'd!
* *Nasica*, who abhors to pay his Debts,
To old *Coranus* shall his Daughter yield,
In Bloom of Youth; but shall be justly bilk'd.
The crafty Dotard begs him to peruse
His Will. He first declines it; then complies;
And, big with Hope, in Silence runs it o'er.
But O! how great his Grief, when there he finds
No Legacy, but Anguish and Despair!

Observe

Observe this farther Rule : If his Freedman
Or favourite House-keeper the Dotard sways,
By Bribes and generous Vails their Friendship gain.
Applaud their Diligence ; and, in Return,
They will applaud your Worth, when out of Sight,
This Scheme is good : But yet 'tis better far
To storm the Citadel, than take the Out-works.
If he, with frantic Rage, should Verses write,
Extoll them to the Skies, though ne'er so bad.
Is he a Wencher ? Then, with chearful Air,
Give to his Arms your own *Penelope*.

ULYSSES.

Penelope ! And can'st thou think that she,
The wise, the chaste, who has so long withstood
Th' Assaults of all her Suitors, will at last
Surrender ?

TIRESIAS.

Aye : ⁵ Those thrifty Youths, more fond
Of Feasts and Revelries, than of the Fair,
Know not the Way to gain a Woman's Love :
Therefore *Penelope* is chaste and wise.
⁶ But let her share with you in Royal Gifts,

R 2

And,

244 SATIRES of HORACE.

And (if *Tiresias* knows the human Heart)
No longer will she prove demure and coy.

In each Address with Caution ever act;
Neither remiss, nor too importunate.

The grave and sullen hate a babbling Tongue.

But be not always silent. You must play

The Part of *Davus* in the Comedy.

Stand near your Patron, with your Head-reclin'd,

In awful Posture, ready to receive

And execute the Orders he shall give.

Does the Wind roughly blow? admonish him

From each cold Blast to guard his precious Head.

Be sure to push and elbow all around,

When in a Throng, to get him safely out.

If talkative, attend to all his Tales;

And, if vain-glorious, surfeit him with Praise.

With puffy Words the growing Bladder swell,

Till, with uplifted Hands, he cry, *Forbear!*

But when, by his wish'd Death, you are releas'd
From tedious Servitude, and all your Cares,

And broad-awake shall hear this welcome Clause;

Item, I leave one-fourth of my Estate,

And

• And all my Goods and Chattels, to *Ulysses* :
Then sigh ; and in soft Words lament your Lot ;
• When shall I meet again with such a Friend ?
If possible, bedew the Corpse with Tears ;
And let a mournful Aspect hide your Joy.

If to your Care the Funeral Rites should fall,
Spare no Expencc : Let all the Neighbours praise
The Pomp and Splendor of the solemn Show :
And to his Memory erect a Tomb
Magnificent, with meet Inscription grac'd.

If one of your Coheirs be old, infirm ;
And should his Lungs heave with asthmatic
Coughs,

Let him, if so inclin'd, at his own Price,
Purchase your Share of the Testator's Lands.

• But I am call'd by ruthless *Proserpine*,
Who bears me hence. Live happy, and farewell !

NOTES.

• *Homer*, in the *Odyssey*, Book XI. represents *Ulysses* as descending into Hell from the Country of the *Cimmerians*, near the Island of *Circé*, to consult *Tiresias* (a celebrated Soothsayer of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*) about his future Fortune ; and gives us there the Speech of *Ulysses*, and the Prophet's Answer.

246 SATIRES of HORACE.

This Satire is a Continuation of that Epifode, and to be connected with the 148th Verfe of that Book.

Dacier is of Opinion, that the Scene lies in the fame Place; 'as appears,' fays he, 'from the Words *quoque*, and *præter narrata*, at the Beginning.'

Sanadon, on the other hand, fupposes the Scene to lie in *Ithaca*; and that *Ulyffes*, on his Arrival there, confulted the Ghost of *Tireffias* a fecond Time. But this is an arbitrary Conjecture, not warranted by any thing in this Satire.

It is faid, that '*Ulyffes* must have been in *Ithaca*, to know the Condition of his Houfe and Family.'

But this Suppofition is not at all neceffary, fince the Prophet had, in his former Speech, acquainted him with thofe Circumftances.

————— *O nulli quicquam mentite, vides, ut
Nudus inopsque domum redeam, te vate: neque illic
Aut apotheca procis intacta est, aut pecus*—————

This Connection will appear more clearly by inferting the Lines from *Homer*:

- ' Weary of Light, *Ulyffes* here explores
- ' A prosperous Voyage to his native Shores;
- ' But know,—by Me th' unerring Fates difclofe
- ' New Trains of Dangers, and new Scenes of Woes—
- ' Beneath the Waves
- ' I fee thy Friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid Graves!
- ' The direful Wreck *Ulyffes* fcarce furvives!
- ' *Ulyffes* at his Country fcarce arrives,
- ' Strangers his Guides! —Nor there thy Labours end;
- ' New Foes arife, domeftic Ills attend!
- ' There foul Adulterers to thy Queen refort,
- ' And lordly Gluttons riot in thy Court.'

BROOME.

It appears by the 62d Verfe;

Tempore, quo juvenis, &c.

that this Satire could not be written before the Year of Rome 734, at which time *Augustus* recovered the Roman Eagles from *Phraates* King of *Parthia*. *Augustus* was then in his forty-third Year.

2 ——— *seu rubra canicula fudet*
Infantes statuas; seu, pingui tentus omasso,
Furius hybernas canā nive conspuet Alpes.]

Junius and *Bentley* observe, that *infantes statuas* here mean new-made Statues, most probably of Wood, which are very apt to split with excessive Heat. Both Heat and Cold will sometimes have the same Effect on Statues of Stone.

Dacier says, that the Phrase *infant Statues* is ridiculous. True: And, if it had not been so, it would not have answered *Horace's* Purpose, which was to ridicule it. The Editor in *usum Delphini* exclaims, *Dura sanè dictio!*

Bentley, on the other hand, says it is *Horace's* own Phrase, and an elegant one. So widely do these learned Critics differ!

The Poet, whose Line is here parodied, was *Marcus Furius Bibaculus*, contemporary with *Cicero*. He described in Verse the Wars with *Gaul*. Speaking of the Winter, he says,

Jupiter hybernas canā nive conspuet Alpes.
Jove on the wintry *Alps* spits hoary Snow.

Horace humorously puts the asthmatic Poet in the Place of his *Jupiter*,

3 ——— *quicquid dicam, aut erit—aut non.]*

The Critics puzzle themselves about the Meaning of these Words. But *Bentley* thinks it is very clear, that *Horace*, who was an *Epicurian*, intended by putting these Words into the Mouth of *Tiresias*, and making him utter them with so much Pomp, to ridicule the Art of Divination, or Prophecy.

4 ——— *forti nubet proceræ Coranæ*

Filia Nasica.] We know no more of the History here related than we have from *Horace*. Nevertheless, it will not be difficult to divine it, by examining closely the Poet's Words and Meaning. This then I take to be the Story. *Coranus* was an old Man, very covetous and profligate, who had lent Money to *Nasica*. *Nasica*, who dreaded nothing so much as the paying of his Debts, resolved to serve *Coranus* in his Debaucheries, and to give him his Daughter; in Expectation, that by sacrificing thus her Honour, he should gain his good Graces, and that when the old Man died, he would not only pay the Debt

248 SATIRES of HORACE.

he owed him, but also make him his Heir. *Coranus* availed himself of the Complaisance of this infamous Father. He caressed the Daughter; and, after this shameful Commerce, instead of acknowledging the Favour the Father had done him, he played him this Trick. He made his Will, and gave it him to read. *Nasica* thought he should have found in it the Recompence he expected. But *Coranus* had left him nothing, but Tears and Despair. *Nubere* does not always signify a Marriage, but often a criminal Commerce, in *Catullus* and others.

DACTER.

Sanadon allows the foregoing Conjecture to be very probable.

A Story of the same kind lately happened at *London*. Two old Misers, each of them worth a *Plumb*, had a Female Relation worth fourscore thousand Pounds, who was turned of sixty, and unmarried. She happened to fall in Love with a Barber's Apprentice, who was worth nothing, and gave him great Encouragement. Upon this, the two Brothers contrived this Scheme to break off the Match. They both of them waited upon her; and the elder thus addressed her — 'Cousin *Lucretia*, we are credibly informed, that you intend to marry *Tom Razor*. We are amazed that you can think of degrading yourself by such a Match. You may act, to be sure, as you please: But mark the Consequence. My Brother and I are both old; we have no Thoughts of marrying, and intend to make you our Heir. But if you take this rash Step, we will not leave you a Shilling.' This Speech had the desired Effect. She discarded the Barber, not long after died, and left her whole Fortune between the Brothers.

5 *Venit enim magnum donandi parca juvenus.*]

I know not how *Horace* can be cleared from the Charge of making *Tiresias* contradict himself in this Passage; for he tells *Ulysses* in *Homer*, that the Suitors of *Penelope* solicit her by Presents; but he says here, that they do not succeed, because they are not generous enough to take that Method. Nor does the Poet seem here to have a proper Regard to Decency and Decorum.

Tiresias, a venerable Prophet, who is called up from the *Elysian Fields*, would persuade *Ulysses* to be Pimp to his own Wife. *Ulysses*, who is proposed by *Homer* as a Model of Virtue, listens to his Instructions, without any Sign of Indignation

nation or Displeasure : And whether he will or will not comply with them, is at last left doubtful.

But, according to *Dacier*, we must believe all this to be *de-vent*. 'Nothing,' says he, 'can be more ingenious than the Turn *Horace* has given to this Satire ; nor more happy than his Choice of the Actors he introduces.' *On ne sauroit rien imaginer de plus ingénieux que le tour qu'il donne à cette Satire ; ni de plus heureux, que le choix des Acteurs qu'il introduit.* And, in another Place, he assures us, that 'the Conduct of *Ulysses* is natural, and worthy of his Character.'

6 ——— *qua si semel uno*

De fene gustarit, &c.]

The Translator has here omitted a few Lines, where the Sentiments are too coarse and too dissonant from the Politeness of our Age, to please. In which he has followed the Maxim laid down by *Horace* himself, in his Epistle to the *Pisos* ;

————— *Et que*
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. Ver. 150.

Those Things, which will not shine, he leaves untouch'd.

But that the Reader may judge for himself, we will present him with a close Translation of the Lines which are omitted.

'Let but an old Dotard once dally with your *Penelope*,
'and permit her to share his rich Presents with you ; and you
'will afterwards find it as difficult to detach her from his
'Embraces, as it is to tear a hungry Hound from a fat
'Hide.'

Then follows this Tale.

'What I am about to relate,' says *Tiresias*, 'happened in
'*Thebes*, when I was far advanced in Life. A wicked Crone
'directed by her Will, that her Corpse should be thus car-
'ried out to the Funeral Pile. It was to be smeared with Oyl,
'and borne by her Heir on his naked Shoulders. I suppose,'
adds he, 'she contrived this Method to slip from him, when
'dead, which she found it was impossible to do, while
'living.'

Sanadon tells us, that this Satire is written in that witty and delicate Taste, which *Lucian* afterwards followed with so much Success ;

Dans

250 SATIRES of HORACE.

Dans ce gout fin & spirituel que Lucien a suivi depuis avec tant de succes.

If Mr. Pope had not omitted or softened many crude Things in *Homer*, his Translation would not have been so generally applauded.

7 ————— sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina.]

This Fiction is founded on a *physical* Truth. *Proserpine* here represents the Night: And when the Night retires, and gives place to Day, she carries the Shades with her,

Virgil alludes to this in the fifth Book of his *Æneid*, where the Soul of *Anchises* breaks off the Discourse with *Æneas* in these Words;

————— *Torquet medios nox humida cursus ;*
Et me savus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis. Ver. 738.

The dewy Night has finish'd half her Course;
And *Phæbus*' panting Coursers on me breathe.

For the *Romans*, like us, reckoned the Day from Midnight.

DACIER.

We have adopted from the Heathens the Notion that Ghosts vanish with the Shades of Night.

Shakespeare has made a fine Use of it in his *Hamlet*: The Lines are so beautiful, that they deserve to be inserted.

BERNARDO, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

BERNARDO.

* It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

HORATIO.

And then it started like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day; and, at his Warning,

* The Ghost of *Hamlet's* Father.

Whether

Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine : And of the Truth herein
The present Object made Probation.

MARCELLUS.

It faded on the Crowing of the Cock ! —

To conclude the Notes on this Satire, notwithstanding the laboured Apologies of *Dacier* and others for *Horace's* Conduct in it, it is evident, that he has sacrificed *Decorum* and *Character*, to indulge himself in low Humour and Irony.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE VI.

By Mr. FAWKES.

*He compares the Cares and Troubles of a Town
Life with the Ease and Pleasure of a Country
one.*

OFT has this been my Wish's utmost Bound,
 To cultivate ¹ a little Tract of Ground,
 Where a neat Dwelling in a Garden stood,
 A living Fountain, and a waving Wood.
 All this and more the gracious Gods have sent;
 Thanks for their Bounties, and I rest content;
 Nor aught beside, * O Son of *Maia*, crave,
 But ³ Leisure to enjoy the Gifts you gave.
 If I by Fraud ne'er made my Fortune more,
 Nor lessen'd by Extravagance my Store;
 If thus I ne'er preferr'd my foolish Prayer;
 ' O for that Nook of Land that lies so fair!
 ' That little Spot, to make my Meadow square. }
 ' O would propitious Fortune of her Pleasure
 ' Direct me to some hidden Hoard of Treasure!

' As once she blest'd the Peasant mean and poor,
 ' Who bought those Acres which he plow'd before,
 ' For *Hercules* benign turn'd up the golden Store. }

If then with what I have I'm satisfy'd,
 Grant me this Boon, kind *Mercury*, beside;
 Protect me as of old, be gracious yet,
 And fatten all my Stock, but that of Wit!
 When sick of Town I leave imperial *Rome*,
 And climb the breezy Heights of *Tusculum*,
 What can my Leisure Hours like Satire please?
 The chiding Numbers flow with careless Ease,
 For mad Ambition poisons not my Mind,
 Nor shrinks my Body at the gross South Wind,
 Nor do I Autumn's sickly Season dread,
 When *Proserpine* makes Profit of the Dead,

' O gentle Father of the Morning, hear,
 Or *Janus*, if that better please thine Ear;
 From thee the Labours of the busy Throng
 Commence, be thou the Prelude of my Song!
 First then for luckless Me thou hast decreed
 Some Bail to give; ' Urge, urge,' thou cry'st, ' thy
 Speed; }

' Let none prevent thee in the friendly Deed.'
 The Case requires it, I must needs obey,
 Whether the wintry Sun contracts the Day

In

254 SATIRES of HORACE.

In Circlet small, with Snow and Storm severe,
 Or raging *Boreas* desolates the Year.
 This Bail (my Bane) pronounc'd distinct and loud;
 I hasten back, and, bustling through the Crowd,
 Press on the tardy; till provok'd to Spleen
 One cries aloud, 'What does this Madman mean?'
 'While to *Mæcenæ*s thus you haste to pay
 'Your Court, you shove your Betters in the Way.'
 These Taunts, I own, my Breast with Transport
 fill:

But when I reach the high ' *Esquilian* Hill,
 I'm worry'd with an hundred People's Prayers,
 Begging my Interest for their own Affairs.
 ' *Rofcius*,' says one, 'desires in Court you'll meet
 'To-morrow in the Morning, just at eight.'
 Another bawls, 'The Secretaries pray,
 'On grand Affairs, your Presence here to-day.'
 'I humbly beg, good Sir, you'd be so kind
 'To get this Warrant by *Mæcenæ*s sign'd.'
 "I'll try to serve you;" though I tell the Man;
 Urgent he answers, 'If you will, you can.'

Eight rolling Years are nearly at an End,
 Since first *Mæcenæ*s deign'd to call me Friend;

Oft

Oft took me in his Chariot ; and in short
Would ask important Questions of this sort ;
‘ Pray, what’s the Hour ? Which in your Choice
takes Place.

‘ 8 The Swordsman *Syrus*, or the Blade of *Thrace* ?

‘ The Mornings now are piercing cold and chill,

‘ And on th’ unwary noxious Damps distill.’

Such weighty Secrets as the World may hear,

And safe are trusted in the leaky Ear.

Yet all the while with these high Honours crown’d,

Envy beheld my Happiness, and frown’d.

‘ 9 This Son of Fortune,’ would the spiteful say,

‘ Sat lately with *Mæcenas* at the Play,

‘ And met him in the Field of *Mars* to-day.’

Should some strange Rumour fly about the Street,

I’m stopp’d and ask’d by every one I meet :

‘ Pray, good Sir (for you live among the Great,

‘ And can inform us) are the *Dacians* beat ?’

“ I have not heard one Tittle, I protest.”

‘ Ah ! Sir, you grow so close, and love to jest.’

“ Sir, I know nothing, as I hope to live.”

‘ Well, Sir, but tell us, Will *Augustus* give

‘ The Farms he promis’d to his martial Bands

‘ In the *Sicilian* or *Italian* Lands ?’

And

256 SATIRES of HORACE.

And though I still protest, and vow, and swear,
I'm quite a Stranger to the whole Affair,
Amaz'd, they think me grown profoundly fly;
No Mortal ever was so close as I.

Consum'd in Trifles thus the golden Day
Not without ardent Wishes steals away;
10 When shall I see my peaceful Country Farm,
My Fancy when with ancient Authors charm?
Or, lull'd to Sleep, my easy Hours delude
In sweet Oblivion of Sollicitude?

O for those Beans which my own Fields provide!
Deem'd by *Pythagoras* to Man ally'd;

The savoury Pulse serv'd up in Platters nice,
And Herbs high-relish'd with the Bacon Slice!

O tranquil Nights in pleasing Converse spent,
Ambrosial Suppers that might Gods content!

When with my chosen Friends (delicious Treat!)

Before the Household Deities we eat;

The Slaves themselves regale on choicest Meat.

Free from 11 mad Laws we sit reclin'd at Ease,

And drink as much, or little, as we please.

Some quaff large Bumpers that expand the Soul,

And some grow mellow with a moderate Bowl.

12 We

¹² We never talk of this Man's House or Vill,
 Or whether ¹³ *Lepos* dances well or ill :
 But of those Duties which ourselves we owe,
 And which 'tis quite a Scandal not to know :
 As whether Wealth or Virtue can impart
 The truest Pleasure to the human Heart:
 What should direct us in our Choice of Friends,
 Their own pure Merit, or our private Ends :
¹⁴ What we may deem, if rightly understood,
 Man's sovereign Bliss, his chief, his only Good.

Mean-time my Friend, old *Cervius*, never fails
 To chear our Converse with his pithy Tales :
 Praise but *Arellius*, or his ill-got Store,
 His Fable thus begins : ¹⁵ In Days of yore
 A Country Mouse within his homely Cave
 A Treat to one of Note, a Courtier, gave ;
 A good plain Mouse our Host, who lov'd to spare
 Those Heaps of Forage he had glean'd with Care ;
 Yet on Occasion would his Soul unbend,
 And feast with Hospitality his Friend :
 He brought wild Oats and Vetches from his Hoard ;
 Dry'd Grapes and Scraps of Bacon grac'd the Board :
 In Hopes, no doubt, by such a various Treat,
 To tempt the dainty Traveller to eat.

258 SATIRES of HORACE.

Squat on fresh Chaff, the Master of the Feast
Left all the choicest Viands for his Guest,
Nor one nice Morsel for himself would spare,
But gnaw'd coarse Grain, or nibbled at a Tare.
At length their slender Dinner finish'd quite,
Thus to the Rustic spoke the Mouse polite :

- ' How can my Friend a wretched Being drag
- ' On the bleak Summit of this airy Crag ?
- ' Say, do you still prefer this barbarous Den
- ' To polish'd Cities, Savages to Men ?
- ' Come, come with Me, nor longer here abide,
- ' I'll be your Friend, your Comrade, and your Guide.
- ' ¹⁶ Since all must die that draw this vital Breath,
- ' Nor great nor small can shun the Shafts of Death ;
- ' 'Tis ours to sport in Pleasures while we may ;
- ' For ever mindful of Life's little Day.'

These weighty Reasons sway'd the Country Mouse,
And light of Heart he fally'd from his House,
Resolv'd to travel with this courtly Spark,
And gain the City when securely dark.

¹⁷ Now Midnight hover'd o'er this earthly Ball,
When our small Gentry reach'd a stately Hall,
Where brightly glowing, stain'd with *Tyrian* Dye,
On Ivory Couches richest Carpets lie ;

And in large Baskets, rang'd along the Floor,
The rich Collation of the Night before.
On purple Bed the Courtier plac'd his Guest,
And with choice Cates prolong'd the grateful Feast;
He carv'd, he serv'd, as much as Moufe could do,
And was his Waiter, and his Taster too.
Joy seiz'd the Rustic as at Ease he lay;
This happy Change had made him wondrous gay—
When lo! the Doors burst open in a Trice,
And at their Banquet terrify'd the Mice:
They start, they tremble, in a deadly Fright,
And round the Room precipitate their Flight;
The high-roof'd Room with hideous Cries resounds
Of baying Mastiffs, and loud-bellowing Hounds:
18 Then thus the Rustic in the Courtier's Ear;
' Adieu, kind Sir! I thank you for your Cheer:
' Safe in my Cell your State I envy not;
19 Tares be my Food, and Liberty my Lot!'

260 SATIRES of HORACE.

NOTES.

The Merit of this Satire may be partly collected by the various Translations and Imitations of it by different Hands.

There is a Translation of it by Sir *John Beaumont* (the elder Brother of *Francis Beaumont*, and an eminent Lawyer in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*) which perhaps has not been excelled by any modern Performance.

Cowley's Country Mouse will still please those who can relish Good-sense and Wit, though the Numbers may sometimes hobble.

The Imitation of this Satire by Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope* is lively and humorous; but there are some adventitious Circumstances in the latter Part of it, which might have been spared.

This Satire was written at the Beginning of Autumn in the Year 723, as appears by the fortieth and forty-fifth Verses.

¹ ——— *modus agri non ita magnus.*] An excellent Example of Moderation in a Courtier, who, possessing the Favour of the Emperor and his Prime Minister, was, in some sort, the Arbiter of his own Fortune. Others are always asking, and never think they have enough. He asks but little, and that little contents him. So true it is that Happiness consists in the Moderation and not in the Indulgence of our Desires. A small Fortune is sufficient to support and amuse us. Nothing but Avarice can make us wish for more. Perhaps there never was any Courtier who could have said so sincerely as *Horace*, *Nihil amplius oro.*
SANADON.

² *Maiâ nate.*] *Mercury* was the Distributor of Wealth and Fortune, as well as the Patron of Poets in general. He was also a rural Deity, and the same as *Sylvanus*.

³ ——— *ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.*] The Commentators have in general supposed that *Horace* here petitioned *Mercury* to make his Possessions perpetual. But it seems absurd to imagine that the Farm which had been given him (by *Mæcenas*) was not his own; *i. e.* was not settled upon him, at least for Life. The Sense, therefore, which is given it in the Translation, and which the Word *propria* will very well bear, seems much

much more natural : Since we know that *Horace's* Time was not his own ; he having a Place in the Register's or Secretary's Office, which necessarily required close Attendance. And a little farther, ver. 36. he himself takes Notice of this very Circumstance ;

*De re communi Scriba magnâ atq; nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.*

4 ————— amico

Heracle.] They believed that *Hercules* presided over accidental Gains, as *Mercury* did over those that were the Fruit of Labour and Industry.

5 ————— *Libitina quæstus.*] *Libitina*, or *Proserpine*, was the Goddess of Funerals.

6 *Matutine pater, &c.*] The nineteen first Lines, in the Original, are to be considered as the Introduction, or Preface ; and the Satire begins with this Invocation, addressed to *Matutinus*, or *Janus*.

7 ————— atras

Ventum est Esquilias.] For an Account of the *Esquilian* Hill, and *Mæcenas's* Gardens there, see the Notes on Sat. VIII. Book I.

* *Threx est Gallina Syro par ?*] There were then at *Rome* two new Gladiators, one from *Thrace*, and the other from *Syria*, whose Strength and Skill were nearly equal, and about whom the Multitude were divided.

9 ————— *Noster ludos spectaverit una.*] This Passage is thus translated by Dr. *Dunkin*;

Our Son of Fortune (*with a Pox*)
Sat with *Mæcenas* in the Box
Just by the Stage : You must remark
They play'd together in the Park.
Should any Rumour, *without Head*
Or Tail, about the Streets be spread,
Whoever meets me gravely nods,
And says, ' As you approach the Gods, &c.

262 SATIRES of HORACE.

But, as an excellent Critic observes, ' though *Horace* be easy, he is not familiar; or if he be, it is the Familiarity of Courts, which is never without its Dignity.'

¹⁰ *O rus quando ego te aspiciam, quandoq; licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ ?*]

These Lines have been thus parodied by a Gentleman in a Fit of the Gout :

O Gout, when shall I thee repell ? when try
The Sweets of soft Repose ? when easeful lie
Reclin'd upon a Grass or *Indian* Bed,
Peruse th' instructive Labours of the Dead,
And have it in my Choice to sleep or read ?

}

The last Line seems to have something in it of the Laziness of the Original.

¹¹ ——— *solutus*

Legibus insanis.] Nothing could be more extravagant than those Laws which Drunkards at first established, and which passed by Degrees from the Tavern to the best Tables in *Rome*. Some of our Neighbours have still Laws of Drinking no less ridiculous. Happy is it for *France* that they have not yet reached us.

Gratulor huic genti, quod abest a moribus illis.

SANADON.

¹² ——— *non de villis domibusve alienis.*] The Idle have scarce any Fund of Discourse but at the Expence of their Neighbours. The most innocent is at least useless; and we must think ourselves obliged to them when they only talk upon Trifles. But those who are desirous to cultivate their Mind know how to unbend it usefully, by Discourses always agreeable, because they are never barren.

SANADON.

¹³ *Lepos.*] *Lepos* was a Dancer much celebrated at that Time.

¹⁴ ——— *quæ sit natura boni summumq; quid ejus.*] The Disputes among the Philosophers, concerning the chief Good, were

were infinite. But *Socrates*, and some of his Scholars, were the only Persons who argued rationally on this Subject. For they were sensible that the Supreme Good must necessarily comprehend all others. They therefore made it consist in resembling God, and never dishonouring his Image by any Injustice or Impiety.

DACIER.

¹⁵ ———— *olim*

Rusticus urbanum murem, &c.] This Apologue is not at present in *Æsop*, but it was among those Fables which *Babrius* collected from him, and put into *Greek Verse*. It began thus ;

‘ One Day two Mice contracted a Friendship together.
‘ They led a very different kind of Life ; one of them was
‘ bred up in a Forest ; the other was fond of the City, and
‘ batten’d in the Houses of the Rich.’

¹⁶ ———— *terrestria quando, &c.*] The latter Part of this Speech seems to be a Parody on the latter Part of the Speech of *Sarpedon* to *Glaucus*, in *Iliad XII*.

‘ Since we cannot live for ever,’ says *Sarpedon*, ‘ but feeble
‘ Age and inexorable Death will overtake us at last, let us
‘ cheerfully sacrifice our Lives, to purchase immortal Glory.’

‘ Since our Life is but a Span,’ says the Mouse, ‘ and our
‘ Souls shall perish with our Bodies, let us make the most of
‘ the present Time, and indulge our Genius.’

Perhaps it would not be difficult to prove, that the Reasoning of the *Epicuræan* Mouse is, on this *Hypothesis*, more rational than that of the *Stoical* Hero.

The Reader, probably, will be pleas’d to see Sir *John Beaumont*’s Translation of this Speech, where the Original is closely traced with Spirit and Harmony.

To him at last the Citizen thus spake ;
My Friend, I muse what Pleasure thou canst take,
Or how thou canst endure to spend thy Time
In shady Groves, and up steep Hills to climb,
In savage Forests build no more thy Den ;
Go to the City, there to dwell with Men.
Begin this happy Journey ; trust to Me ;
I will thee guide ; thou shalt my Fellow be.

264 SATIRES of HORACE,

Since earthly things are ty'd to mortal Lives ;
And every great and little Creature strives
In vain, the certain Stroke of Death to fly,
Stay not till Moments past thy Joys deny :
Live in rich Plenty and perpetual Sport ;
Live ever mindful that thine Age is short.

27 ——— *jamque tenebat*
Nox medium cœli spatium, &c.]

——— The Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the Walls. POPE.

If we believe *Horace*, the two Friends chose to travel in the Dark. They might have been discovered by the Light of the Moon ; and they could see without it.

The Moon was up, and Men a-bed. *Ib.*

That *the Moon was up*, is a plain Case ; since the Poet had told us just before, it *tip'd the Walls with Silver* ; but it is not quite so clear, that *Men were a-bed* ; since we find, a few Lines afterwards, that the Chaplain and Servants *rush into the Hall*, and interrupt the Banquet of the Mice.

The Room had *Palladian Walls* ; the folding Doors are clapt-to ; and then,

The Cat comes bouncing on the Floor.

No doubt she dropt from the Cieling ; but for what Purpose, does not appear, since the fortunate Mice make their Escape, though *your damn'd Stucco has no Chink*. All is effected (as the Poet tells us) by *Providence*, or *miraculously*. Any Machine (how unnatural soever) which tends to ridicule a *particular Providence*, is sure to be applauded.

Pope has borrowed his *Moon* from *Cowley*, who tells us, that the Mice arrived in the City,

About the Hour that *Cynthia's* silver Light
Had touch'd the pale *Meridies* of the Night.

But the *Cat* seems to be his own.

¹⁸ — *Tum rusticus, &c.*] This Moral is excellent ; and it is not without Reason that the Emperor *M. Antoninus* recommends this Fable to our serious Meditation, in the eighth Book of his Moral Reflexions. *Τὸν μὲν, &c.* ‘ Think often,’ says he, ‘ of the Fable of the City and Country Mouse ; of the ‘ Terror of the latter, his Flight,’ &c. to teach us to condemn Riches, and the tumultuous Pleasures of the Town ; and to imitate the Prudence of the Field Mouse, who prefers his Beans and Vetches to all the good Cheer of the City Mouse.

¹⁹ — *Me sylva cavusque, &c.*]

Give me again my hollow Tree,
A Crust of Bread and Liberty.

POPE.

This, at first Glance, looks like an Imitation of the two following Lines in *Cowley*,

For the few Hours of Life allotted Me,
Give me, great God ! but Bread and Liberty.

But it must not be supposed, that Mr. *Pope* would imitate this forgotten Author ; since he asks, ‘ Who now reads ‘ *Cowley* ?’

The wishing for a *Crust of Bread* is not surely so natural for a Field Mouse, as the *Vetches* of *Horace*.

In *Cowley*, Bread and Liberty are his *own* Wish, and not applied to a *Mouse*.





* SATIRE VII.

A Dialogue between Horace and his Slave.

*That every Man is a Slave, who is under the Controul
of his Passions.*

I DAVUS.

I Long in Silence have your Orders heard ;
Wishing to speak my Thoughts ; but as your
Slave

That Freedom dare not take.

HORACE.

Say, who is there ?

Davus ? Is't you ?

DAVUS.

The same : True to my Lord ;
Though wise enough, ² yet not to that Degree,
As to be early snatch'd by envious Death,
This is the *Saturnalian* Feast.

HORACE.

HORACE.

'Tis true.

3 Speak freely then : So have our Sires ordain'd.

DAVUS.

Some steadily pursue the Course of Vice.
Others float to-and-fro, as Whim prevails ;
To Virtue now, and now to Vice inclin'd.
Three Rings would *Priscus* on his 4 left Hand wear
One Day ; the next was seen with none ; his Robe
Would often quit, and wear a mean Disguise ;
This Day would in a Palace dwell ; the next
In a poor Hutt, from whence a cleanly Slave
Would blush to issue ; now he with the Learn'd
Would live at *Athens* ; now with Whores at *Rome*.
His every Change the mere Effect of Whim.

The Gamester *Volanerius*, when the Gout
His knotted Joints had 5 justly crippled, hir'd
A Boy, to gather up, and throw the Dice ;
Yet still less wretched than the motley Man,
Whose Passions were at Variance ; since the last
Gave up the Reins to Vice without Remorse.

HORACE.

To whom this idle Stuff dost thou apply ?

DAVUS.

268 SATIRES of HORACE,

DAVUS.

To You.

HORACE.

To Me, vile Rascal! Make it out,

DAVUS.

Though highly you extoll the frugal Fare
 And simple Manners of our Ancestors;
 Yet if some God should take you at your Word,
 You would decline the Gift you had desir'd;
 Either because your Heart is insincere,
 Or that you have not Honesty enough
 To chuse the Part you know is right and good;
 Unable from the Mire to pluck your Foot.
 When in the Country, you applaud the Town;
 When in the Town, are charm'd with rural Joys;
 Inconstant you, when uninvited, praise
 Your wholesome Herbs, and bless your happy Stars,
 That you are not oblig'd to drink; as if
 You never sup'd abroad, but by Constraint.
 But should *Mæcenas* call you to a Feast
 At the Decline of Day, the whole House rings
 With your wild Rage, 'Bring me the Essence,
 Boy.

'Does no-one hear? The Slaves are, sure, asleep.'

Mulvius

Mulvius and other Drolls, who had been ask'd
To sup with you, retire with many a Curse,
Which I, your humble Slave, dare not repeat.
Perhaps to Me it will be said; ' You scent
' A favoury Dish with Nose erect; indulge
' Your Appetite; are slothful; and neglect
' Your Master's Business; are too fond of Play;
' You haunt the Tavern; and are often drunk.'

All this I own with Shame, and guilty plead.
But what if my Accuser should be found
Obnoxious to the same, or greater Faults,
(Though varnish'd and disguis'd with specious
Names),

Than those with which he loads unhappy *Davus*,
His Slave, whom for a paltry Sum he bought?
If this should be the Case, can *he*, with Justice,
Punish a Man less wicked than himself?

— Nay, cease to fright me with that frowning
Brow;

With-hold your Hand, and curb your swelling
Rage,

While simply I relate the wholesome Truths
Which from ' *Crispinus*' Porter I have glean'd.

Your Neighbour's Wife charms you; a Whore
your Slave.

Whose

270 SATIRES of HORACE.

Whose Crime deserves the greater Punishment?

Soon as *my* Flame is quench'd, I go content.

I have no Character to lose; nor fear

To be supplanted by a richer Rival.

But *You*, when throwing off the *Roman* Dress,

Your purple Robe and Rings, you meanly stoop,

To veil beneath a Cap your essenc'd Hair,

And muffle in a tatter'd Cloak your Face,

To seek some marry'd Dame, whose Room you
enter

With trembling Joints, perplex'd with Hope and
Fear;

Then are not you the Man, whose Garb you wear?

See now, the sordid Slave belies the Judge!

For what's the Difference, if you mount the Stage,

There to be cut and slash'd, and kill'd for Pay;

Or, driv'n by lordly Lust, expose your Limbs,

To bear the Penalties and torturing Pains,

An injur'd Husband may by Law inflict?

Though both are guilty, yet the Tempter, Man,

Calls for severest Vengeance on his Head.

To Him, provok'd, You bind yourself the Slave,

Forfeit your Fame, your Fortune, and your Life!

But what if you escape? Let us suppose

Her conscious Maid has pent you in a Chest,

Stifled;

Stifled ; with Neck and Heels together join'd.
 Now you'll be warn'd ; nor try the Waves again,
 Safe on the Shore : Experience makes us wise.
 Alas ! in spite of Warning, you proceed,
 And run the Course of Vice, till, caught at last,
 You grievously will rue your dear-bought Joys.
 Thou oft-returning Slave ! what savage Beast,
 That once has broke his Chain, again will take it ?

But if you should evade the Charge, and say,
 ' I am not an Adulterer : ' I reply,
 That ' *Davus* is no Thief, since, wisely, He
 ' Embezzles not your Goods, nor steals your
 Plate.'

But lay aside the Laws ; and Nature then
 Uncurb'd will soon rush forth with boundless
 Rage.

Can you be Lord to Me, yourself who serve
 So many various Things and various Lords ?
 Three or four Touches of the *Prætor's* Rod
 Can set me free : What Power can chase from you
 The conscious Worm, that ever gnaws within ?

Still add another weighty Circumstance ;
 If, as the Custom is among the *Romans*,
 There is a Master-Slave, who rules the rest,

And

272 SATIRES of HORACE.

And yet himself is subject to his Lord,
 What then are You to Me?—That Master-Slave;
 You govern me indeed, but are yourself
 The plyant Dupe of every Tyrant Lust;
 * A very Puppet, mov'd with Springs and Wires!

HORACE.

Who then is free?

DAVUS.

The Wife; for he maintains
 An Empire o'er himself; whom neither Want,
 Nor Chains, nor Death affright; brave to subdue
 Rebellious Lusts; and vain Ambition spurn:
 Whose Happiness depends but on his Mind;
 * Collected in himself; polish'd and round;
 Whom Fortune's Arrows ever strike in vain.

Examine well this Picture: See! if there
 You can discern one Feature of your own.

Your Wench demands ¹⁰ five Talents, and tor-
 ments you;

She turns you out, and on your Shoulders pours
 A full-charg'd Jordan's Freight; and mildly then
 Calls you again. Assert your Freedom now,
 And loose your Neck from this base Bondage. No.

Your

Your Lord, with Rage relentless, drives you on ;
And, " if you loiter, galls you with his Spur.

Or, when with Rapture you a Picture view,
By " *Paufias* drawn, are you less blameable
Than me ; who, staring in the Street, admire
A Sign, with Coal or Oker rudely sketch'd,
Where Gladiators give and parry Blows,
With Ham out-stretch'd, in fencing Posture drawn,
But *Davus* is a Dolt, a lazy Knave ;
And you a Man of Taste, a *Connoisseur*,
Who can distinguish old from modern Works.

If I am tempted by a smoking Pye,
No Name is hard enough for Me ; but You
The Force of all Temptation can resist,
And never will regale at stately Feasts ;
So great your Mind ! your Virtue so precise !—

If, haply, I transgress, and gormandize
My Punishment is Stripes : And what is yours ?
Your Luxury will cost more dear than mine.
The Price of frequent Feasts are Qualms and
Loathing.

The Dropsy and the Gout bring up the Rear ;
Nor can the tottering Legs support their Load.
Say, does the Boy, who steals at Dusk of Eve,

274 SATIRES of HORACE.

A Curry-comb, to buy a Bunch of Grapes,
Deserve the Lash? Then what does he deserve,
His Land who mortgages, and sells his Farm,
To pamper and indulge his Appetite?

Add, that you know not how t' improve your
Time;

Nor can employ a single Hour alone:
Unsatisfy'd, from Place to Place you rove;
Seeking, by Wine or Sleep, to banish Care:
In vain; for Care pursues, where-e'er you fly.

HORACE.

Give me a Stone! —

DAVUS.

At whom to throw it, Sir?

HORACE.

A Club, or Sword!

DAVUS.

Hark! hark! my Master raves;
Or is repeating Verse!

HORACE.

Fly, Rascal, fly!

Or I will send thee to my *Sabine* Farm,
And to eight whoreson Lubbers add a ninth!

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ *Davus*, according to *Strabo*, is the same as *Dacus*. The Romans took many Slaves from among the *Getes* and *Dacians*. Hence in their *Comic Writers* a Slave is commonly called *Geta*, or *Davus*.

² *Ut vitale putes.*]

The Ancients considered it as a Symptom of short Life, when a Person was very accomplished in Youth: And we still say, *He has too much Wit to be long-lived*. Thus *Cestius* in *Seneca*, speaking of *Alfius Flavius*, *Tam immaturè magnum ingenium non est vitale*. 'So great a Genius premature, will drop early.'

And *Shakespeare*,

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

And again,

Short Summer lightly has a forward Spring.

RICHARD III.

³ ——— *Libertate Decembri—utere—*]

Slaves, during the Feasts of *Saturn*, wore their Masters Habits, and were allowed to say what they pleased. For a farther Account of these Feasts, see the Notes on *Satire III.* of this Book.

⁴ ——— *lavâ Priscus inani.*]

Priscus was either a Senator, or a Knight. Rings, at first, were looked upon as a Mark of Effeminacy, and therefore worn on the Fingers of the left Hand, that they might be the less conspicuous. The Character of the Duke of *Wharton*, admirably drawn by Mr. *Pope*, seems to have had a great Resemblance to that of this noble Roman. See his Epistle to Lord *Cobham*, ver. 182. to 209.

⁵ ——— *Iusta chiragra.*]

Horace applies this Epithet to the Gout, to intimate, that it was the Reward of *Volanerius's* Debaucheries.

⁶ *Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo.*]

While I declare what I have learned from the Porter of *Crispinus*.

276 SATIRES of HORACE.

I suppose, that these Words refer to the solemn moral Precepts he is going to utter, which are worthy the Mouth of the wisest Philosopher; and that *Davus* would thus apologise for the Smattering of Philosophy he has acquired.

Sanadon understands them in a different Sense. He thinks *Davus* means that the Porter of *Crispinus* had told him *Horace* was guilty of those Vices with which he here upbraids him. But *Davus* himself was probably better acquainted with these than *Crispinus's* Porter.

However, it is submitted to the Reader's own Judgment, which of these is the true Construction.

7 ——— *Prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis* ———]

i. e. 'You quit the Robes of a Judge, to take the Habit of a
' Slave.'

Augustus had granted to *Horace* the Privilege of wearing the Robe called *Angusticlavium*, which was embroidered with small Studs of Purple, and the Ring belonging to the Order of Knights. By this he was incorporated with that Order, who sat as Judges in some particular Causes, both civil and criminal; and were distinguished by the Name of *Commissaries*. On this Account *Davus* calls him a Judge. DACIER.

Ib. As *Horace* was innocent of the Crime with which *Davus* here charges him, it is thought, that the Satire was levelled at some Person in High-life, whom he could not venture to attack in a more overt manner.

8 *Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile signum.*]

Horace borrowed this Simile from the *Stoics*, with whom it was familiar; and they took it from *Socrates*. An *Athenian*, in the first Book of *Plato's* Commonwealth, says, 'That the Passions have the same Effect on our Bodies as those Wires have on the Puppets: They move all our Limbs, and produce contrary Motions with thwarting Powers.'

The Emperor *Marcus Antoninus* also frequently makes use of this Simile. See the sixth and tenth Books of his *Meditations*; the latter, towards the Conclusion.

9 ——— *In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*]

Thus the common Editions; but *Bentley* points it in this manner,

——— *In*

— *In seipſo totus ; teres atque rotundus ;*

which is followed by the Translator.

The ſpherical Figure is the moſt perfect and durable, and the fitteſt to reſiſt all external Impreſſions.

On which Account *Plato* ſays in his *Timaus*, ‘ That God has made the World round, that it might be eternal, and that nothing ſhould be able to deſtroy it, but the Will of him who created it.

And thus *Marcus Antoninus* ſpeaks to himſelf ; ‘ Thou mayſt paſs thy Life without Trouble, if thou canſt reſemble the Sphere of *Empedocles*, which, having no Inequalities, but being perfectly round, revolves for ever on its own *Axis*, untired.’ *Meditations* XII. 3.

“ — *Quinque talenta.*] About five hundred Pounds.

Horace here alludes to the firſt Scene of the firſt Act of *Terence’s Eunuch*.

“ — *Et acres ſubjeſtat laſſo ſtimulos.*]

The Author of the *Centaur not fabulous* has happily made uſe of the ſame Image which *Horace* here employs ; ‘ The Men ‘ given to Pleaſure’ (whom he calls *Centaurs*, as being partly human, partly brutal) he tells us, ‘ are daily rid, and ſorely ‘ galled, by the domineering Insolence of their inflamed Miſtrefs. P. 276.

And, in another Place, he quotes a pithy *Arabian Proverb* ; ‘ Let him that would be ſafe avoid ſeven Things, namely, ‘ Waſps, Spiders, Hyænas, Crocodiles, Eſſs, Adders, and fine ‘ Women.’

“ *Vel cum Pauſiacâ torpes tabellâ.*]

Pauſias was an excellent Flower-Painter of *Sicyone*, contemporary with *Apelles*.

There is a Paſſage in *Cicero*, parallel with this in *Horace*. ‘ You ſtand fixed, and gazing at a Picture of *Echion*, or a ‘ Statue of *Polycletus*, as if you had loſt your Senſes. When ‘ I behold you ſtruck with Wonder, and hear you crying out ‘ in Rapture, “ Admirable ! Marvellous ! &c. I cannot help ‘ thinking, that you are the Slave of every Trifle.

278 SATIRES of HORACE.

‘ But are not these Things beautiful? you will say. Undoubtedly. But they are fitter to be the Toys of Children, than the Object of Man’s Dotage.’



The SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SERVANT.

SIR,—I’ve long waited in my Turn to have
A Word with you—but I’m your humble Slave.

POET.

What Knave is that? My Rascal!

SERVANT.

Sir, ’tis I,
No Knave nor Rascal, but your trusty *Guy*.

POET.

Well, as your Wages still are due, I’ll bear
Your rude Impertinence this Time of Year.

SERVANT.

Some Folks are drunk one Day, and some for ever,
And some, like *Wharton*, but twelve Years together.

Old

Old *Evremond*, renown'd for Wit and Dirt,
 Would change his Living oftner than his Shirt;
 Roar with the Rakes of State a Month; and come
 To starve another in his Hole at Home.
 So rov'd wild *Buckingham*, the public Jest,
 Now some Inn-holder's, now a Monarch's Guest;
 His Life and Politics of every Shape,
 This Hour a *Roman*, and the next an Ape.
 The Gout in every Limb from every Vice,
 Poor *Clodio* hir'd a Boy to throw the Dice.
 Some wench for ever; and their Sins on those
 By Custom fit as easy as their Cloaths.
 Some fly, like Pendulums, from Good to Evil,
 And in that Point are madder than the Devil:
 For they——

POET.

To what will these vile Maxims tend?
 And where, sweet Sir, will your Reflections end?

SERVANT.

In You.

POET.

In Me, you Knave? Make out your Charge.

SERVANT.

You praise low-living, but you live at large.

T 4

Perhap

280 SATIRES of HORACE.

Perhaps you scarce believe the Rules you teach,
 Or find it hard to practise what you preach.
 Scarce have you paid one idle Journey down,
 But, without Business, you're again in Town.
 If none invite you, Sir, abroad to roam,
 Then—Lord, what Pleasure 'tis to read at home!
 And sip your two Half-pints with great Delight
 Of Beer at Noon, and muddled Port at Night.
 From * *Encombe*, *John* comes thundering at the
 Door,
 With, 'Sir, my Master begs you to come o'er,
 'To pass these tedious Hours, these Winter Nights,
 'Not that he dreads Invasions, Rogues, or Sprights.'
 Strait for your two best Wigs aloud you call,
 This stiff in Buckle, that not curl'd at all.
 'And where, you Rascal, are the Spurs,' you cry;
 'And O! what Blockhead laid the Buskins by?'
 On your old batter'd Mare you'll needs be gone,
 (No Matter whether on four Legs or none)
 Splash, plunge, and stumble, as you scour the Heath,
 All swear at *Morden* 'tis on Life or Death:

* The Seat of JOHN PITT, Esq; in *Dorsetshire*.

Wildly through *Wareham* Streets you scamper on,
Raife all the Dogs and Voters in the Town ;
Then fly for fix long dirty Miles as bad,
That *Corfe* and *Kingston* Gentry think you mad.
And all this furious Riding is to prove
Your high Respect, it seems, and eager Love :
And yet that mighty Honour to obtain,
Banks, *Shaftefbury*, *Dodington* may fend in vain.
Before you go, we curse the Noife you make,
And blefs the Moment that you turn your Back.
As for myself, I own it to your Face,
I love good Eating, and I take my Glafs :
But fure 'tis ftrange, dear Sir, that this fhould be
In You Amusement, but a Fault in Me.
All this is bare refining on a Name,
To make a Difference where the Fault's the fame.
My Father fold me to your Service here,
For this fine Livery and four Pounds a Year.
A Livery you fhould wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove—but lay your Cudgel by.
You ferve your Paffions. Thus, without a Jeft,
Both are but Fellow-Servants at the beft.
Yourself, good Sir, are play'd by your Defires,
A mere tall Puppet dancing on the Wires.

POET.

POET.

Who, at this Rate of talking, can be free?

SERVANT.

The brave, wise, honest Man, and only He.
 All else are Slaves alike, the World around,
 Kings on the Throne, and Beggars on the Ground.
 He, Sir, is proof to Grandeur, Pride, or Pelf,
 And (greater still) is Master of himself:
 Not to-and-fro by Fears and Factions hurl'd,
 But loose to all the Interests of the World:
 And while that World turns round, entire and whole
 He keeps the sacred Tenor of his Soul;
 In every Turn of Fortune still the same,
 As Gold unchang'd, or brighter from the Flame:
 Collected in himself, with godlike Pride,
 He sees the Darts of Envy glance aside;
 And, fix'd like *Atlas*, while the Tempests blow,
 Smiles at the idle Storms that roar below.
 One such you know, a Layman, to your Shame,
 And yet the Honour of your Blood and Name.
 If you can such a Character maintain,
 You too are free, and I'm your Slave again.

But when in *Hemskirk's* Pictures you delight,
 More than myself, to see two Drunkards fight,

‘ Fool,

• Fool, Rogue, Sot, Blockhead,' or such Names,
are mine ;

Yours are, ' a Connoisseur,' or ' deep Divine.'

I'm chid for loving a luxurious Bit,

The sacred Prize of Learning, Worth, and Wit :

And yet some sell their Lands these Bits to buy ;

Then, pray, who suffers most from Luxury ?

I'm chid, 'tis true ; but then I pawn no Plate,

I seal no Bonds, I mortgage no Estate.

Besides, high Living, Sir, must wear you out

With Surfeits, Qualms, a Fever, or the Gout.

By some new Pleasures are you still engross'd,

And when you save an Hour, you think it lost.

To Sports, Plays, Races, from your Books you run,

And like all Company, except your own.

You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme :

Why ?—but to banish Thought, and murder Time.

And yet that Thought, which you discharge in vain,

Like a foul loaded Piece, recoils again.

POET.

Tom, fetch a Cane, a Whip, a Club, a Stone,—

SERVANT.

For what ?

POET.

A Sword, a Pistol, or a Gun :

I'll

284 SATIRES of HORACE.

I'll shoot the Dog.

SERVANT.

Lord ! who would be a Wit ?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming Fit.

POET.

Fly, fly, you Rascal, for your Spade and Fork ;
For once I'll set your lazy Bones to work.
Fly, or I'll send you back without a Groat
To the bleak Mountains where you first were caught.

N O T E.

The Author of this Imitation was educated at *Winchester* College. When he was near the Head of it, he gave up, as an Exercise after Vacation, a poetical Version of the ten Books of *Lucan*. He was Fellow of *New College, Oxford*, and afterwards Rector of *Pimperm* near *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*. He is well known to the learned World as the Translator of *Vida's* Art of Poetry, and of *Virgil's Æneid*. The former would have been more useful, had it been illustrated with Notes. Besides these he published a Volume of occasional Poems. This Imitation, and some others in this Collection, were published since his Decease. He was related to the *Pitts* of *Dorsetshire*, who have so eminently distinguished themselves in Parliament, and to *Dr. Lowth*.



* SATIRE



* SATIRE VIII.

HORACE and ¹ FUNDANIUS.*A Description of the Feast of RUFUS NASIDIENUS.*

HORACE.

HOW did you fare at wealthy *Rufus*' Feast?
 When yesterday I sought you for my Guest
 I heard you din'd with him.

FUNDANIUS.

I never past. A better Day

HORACE.

Indeed! What Dainties, pray,
 Allay'd your Hunger, and regal'd your Taste?

FUNDANIUS.

First, a *Lucanian* Boar the Table grac'd:
 Dissolv'd in Lees of Wine, Anchovies crown'd
 The Dish with Sauce; with Carrots, many a
 Pound,
 And Radishes and Lettuce garnish'd round.

And

286 SATIRES of HORACE.

And it was caught, if *Rufus*' Words were true,
When * Southern Gales with genial Softness blew.

This Course remov'd, a Boy, in trim Array,
With purple Napkin swept the Crumbs away;
Another took up all the Scraps that fell,
That nothing might offend our Sight or Smell.
Then, like th' *Athenian* Maid, with solemn Pace
Stalking at *Ceres*' Feast, his tawny Face
Hydaspes rear'd, and brought *Cæcubian* Wines,
Alcon 3 the *Chian*, prest from *Latian* Vines.

‘ If you, *Mæcenæ*s, rather chuse the Growth
Of *Alba* or *Falernus*, I have both,’
The Master cries.

HORACE.

4 O wretched Hoard ! but say,
Who shar'd, beside, the Dainties of the Day !

FUNDANIUS.

5 The upper Bed was with *Mæcenæ*s grac'd ;
Next were *Servilius* and *Vibidius* plac'd ;
I on the right-hand Bed, *Viscus* near Me,
6 *Varius* below, if true my Memory ;
The left to 7 *Nomentanus* was assign'd
And *Porcius* ; *Rufus* in the midst reclin'd.

I

Porcius,

Porcius, than whom there lives no greater Droll,
At one large Gulp the Custards swallow'd whole.
While *Nomentanus* due Encomiums past,
And pointed out each Dish of higher Taste.
For Wild-fowl, Lobsters, Sea-fish were our Fare,
But so disguis'd we knew not what they were.
With Praise delicious he my Plate supply'd,
(Such I ne'er eat) and with a Flounder fry'd :
Then said, ' These Honey-apples should remain
' Ungather'd, till the Moon is on the Wane ;
' For then, believe me, ruddier they appear.'
Where lies the Difference you from him may hear.

' O!' cries *Vibidius*, ' we shall surely die
' Without Revenge, unless we drink him dry :
' Bring larger Glasses.' Paleness now o'erspread
Poor *Rufus*' Face ; for nothing did he dread
Like a hard Drinker, who with Jokes misplac'd
Attacks his Friends ; or else he fear'd the Feast,
By these strong Liquors pall'd, would lose its Taste. }

Briskly the Glass goes round ; we drink away,
And soon the Flaggons drain ; for all obey,
Save *Rufus* and the Sycophants ; he sips
But little ; they, like him, just wet their Lips.

Now

288 SATIRES of HORACE.

Now came a Lamprey, in a Length of Dish,
Shrimps floating round. When thus our Host :
‘ This Fish,

- ‘ You see, is full of Spawn ; the Flesh is bad,
- ‘ That Season over. Thus the Soup is made.
- ‘ Soon as we see the steaming Liquor boil,
- ‘ Caviare we mix, and best *Venafran* Oyl,
- ‘ And, well matur’d by Age, *Italian* Wine ;
- ‘ But, after it is boil’d, we *Chian* join :
- ‘ Still farther to improve it some delight,
- ‘ By *Lesbian* Vinegar and Pepper white.
- ‘ Before my Time the *Romans* never knew
- ‘ The Rocket green, and El’campane to stew ;
- ‘ But to *Curtillus* I the Palm resign
- ‘ Of stewing Cray-fish in the Cockle Brine.’

The Canopy, high-towering o’er his Head,
While thus he spoke, fell down ; and instant spread
Such Clouds of Dust, as ne’er are seen to rise
When o’er *Campania*’s Plains the Whirlwind flies.

This Danger o’er, though greater Ills we fear’d
And stood aghast, our drooping Hearts were chear’d.
But from his Eyes th’ o’erflowing Tears distill’d
In copious Streams, as if his Son were kill’d :

And

And had not *Nomentanus* thus reliev'd
His agonizing Friend, he still had griev'd :

‘ O wayward Fortune, cruel Deity !
‘ Whate’er our Wisdom plans is spoil’d by thee.’
From Peals of Laughter *Varius* could but just •
Refrain, though in his Mouth the Cloth he thrust.
Servilius, gravely sneering, then began :

‘ So frail, so transient are the Hopes of Man !
‘ Who, in Return for all his anxious Pains,
‘ A Glory equal to his Labour gains ?
‘ Alas ! that you should lavish all your Care
‘ To treat your Friends with such delicious Fare ;
‘ To see your Boys in neat and gay Attire,
‘ Your Soup well boil’d, your Loaves unscorch’d by
 Fire,
‘ Since, spite of all this Toil, (as now the Case)
‘ A Canopy may fall, or some choice Vase
‘ Be broke by stumbling Slaves—As in the Field,
‘ So at a Feast, that Worth which lies conceal’d }
‘ In prosperous Days, in adverse is reveal’d.’ }

Rufus to this, ‘ Thanks, kind and generous Friend !
‘ O may the Gods to all your Prayers attend !’
Then for his 9 Sandals call’d. From Man to Man,
On every Bed the whizzing Whisper ran.

290 SATIRES of HORACE.

No comic Scene could give more Laughter Birth.

HORACE.

Did nothing more, I pray, provoke your Mirth?

FUNDANIUS.

Vibidius calls aloud, 'Is every Flask
'Of Liquor broke, that I in vain must ask
'So oft for Wine?' *Servilius*, pleas'd by Art
So to have dup'd our Host, performs his Part,
As second in the Farce. With sparkling Eyes
See! he returns. When strait *Servilius* cries,
'I doubt not now, but large Amends you've made
'For the sly Trick that slippery Fortune play'd.'
With Flower and Salt well powder'd, lo! a Crane
Cut up and grill'd, borne by a servile Train.
Livers of milk-white Geese, which fat had grown
By eating Figs; of Hares the Wings alone,
As much the sweetest; Blackbirds over-broil'd,
And many a Ring-Dove of its Rump despoil'd.
All curious Things, no doubt, had not our Friend
Explain'd their various Uses without End.

But in Revenge we nothing more would taste,
And all abruptly hurry'd from the Feast,

As

As if *Canidia's* Breath, than Snakes more foul,
Had tainted every Dish, and poison'd every Bowl.

NOTES.

The chief Merit of this Satire seems to be its giving so exact an Account of a *Roman* Entertainment, and the Manner of feasting 1800 Years ago.

¹ *Fundanius* was an excellent Writer of Comedy, and is celebrated as such by our Poet, in Satire X. Book I. This humorous Account of *Rufus's* Feast is therefore, with great Propriety, put into his Mouth.

² *Dacier* tells us, that the Boar was tainted. What Authority he has for this Assertion we know not. *Horace* says no such thing. *Rufus's* pretending that its being caught when the Wind was Southerly had made the Flesh more tender and delicate, afforded Matter enough for Ridicule, without this arbitrary Conjecture.

³ [*Chium maris expert.*] This may signify *Chian* Wine, which had not past the Seas, or which had not been diluted with Sea-Water. For the *Greeks* often mixed a little of this Water with their Wines, to refine and purify them. The Translator has taken it in the former Sense. It seems probable that *Rufus* endeavoured to impose on his Guests, by giving them strong *Italian* for the true *Chian* Wine.

⁴ *Divitias miseras!*] The Wines of *Falernus* and *Alba* were esteemed the best. *Horace* here calls them *wretched Wealth*, or *wretched Hoards*, because *Rufus* had not the Heart to produce them, unless they should be called for by his Guests.

⁵ The Beds on which the *Romans* reclined to eat were usually of the same Shape and Make, and held no more than three Persons. Over these they threw a Quilt, stuffed with Feathers. On this Pillows were laid, to support the Backs of the Guests.

292 SATIRES of HORACE.

Being settled on the Beds, they washed their Hands; and then were served with Garlands of Roses and other Flowers. The middle Bed was the most honourable; and the Middle of that the highest Place.

6 ——— *infra*

Varius.] *Infra aliquem cubare*, 'to lie below any one,' is the same as 'to lie in one's Bosom;' as St. John is said to have done in our Saviour's; whence some have thought that either the same Custom was observed in almost all Nations, or else that the Jews, having been lately conquered by Pompey, conformed themselves in this, as in many other Respects, to the Example of their Masters. KENNET's *Rom. Ant.* Part II. B. V. Ch. 9.

7 Porcius and Nomentanus were two Buffoons, who were invited by Rufus to entertain Macenas and the Company.

8 ——— *post hoc me docuit melimela*, &c.] The Sides of the Dish were probably garnished with these Apples, as was customary with the Romans. See *Seneca de providentiâ*.

9 *Et soleas poscit.*] The Solea was a Sort of Sandal without any Upper-leather, so that it covered only the Sole of the Foot, being fastened above with Straps and Buckles. They properly belonged to the Ladies, and were looked upon as effeminate in the other Sex. Cicero exposes Verres and Clodius for wearing them; and Scipio was censured on the same Account.

DUNSTER.

Rufus called for his Sandals, in order to go out and give Directions for more Victuals to be brought in.

The Ridicule in this Satire seems to be chiefly pointed at the Impertinence and false Delicacy of Rufus, and not at the Badness of his Provision.

It is of the Dramatic Kind, and may be considered as the Scene of a Comedy. There is one Particular very remarkable, which is this; though the Friends of Macenas are very free in their Raillery, he himself does not utter a Word. Herein Horace has observed what the French call *la Bien-seance*, Decency, or Decorum, (a Rule not always practised by the Ancients) with great Address. For though Rufus was in fact a Babbler and a Coxcomb, it would not have become Macenas to rally his Friend

at

at his own Table for an Entertainment which was intended to do him Honour.

Dacier and other Critics have taken a great deal of Pains (but, I think, without Success) to prove that every Dish was wretched, and ill-chosen.

We shall conclude these Remarks with exhibiting at one View the Situation of *Rufus's* Guests, and his Bill of Fare, collected from this Satire. The Order in which the Dishes are placed, being merely conjectural, we submit it to the Ladies, who may range them according to their own Taste.

SERVILIUS,	MÆCENAS,	VIBIDIUS,
VISCUS,		NOMENTANUS,
FUNDANIUS,		RUFUS,
VARIUS,		PORCIUS.

First Course.

A Boar, with Anchovy Sauce;
The Dish garnished with Lettuce, Radishes, and Carrots.

Second Course.

Plaife and Flounders;
A Lamprey, Wild Fowl;
Lobsters; with Shrimp Sauce;
Custards or Cheese-cakes.

Third Course.

(To repair the Loss sustained by the Falling of the Canopy)

A Crane;
Livers of Geese; Wings of Hares;
Blackbirds and Doves.





* THE MISER'S FEAST.

Being the SAME SATIRE Imitated.

By EDWARD GREENE BURNABY, Esq;

A Dialogue between one of the Guests and his Friend.

FRIEND.

'T WAS said, you shar'd, a jovial Guest,
The Laughter of our Neighbour's Feast;
Or I expected you at three,
To eat some Ham and Fowl with Me.

GUEST.

O! 'twas the finest Scene of Mirth,
And we the happiest Souls on Earth.

FRIEND.

But say, what Dishes deck'd the Board?
How many did the Wretch afford?
For Mirth alone could ne'er assuage
Your hungry Stomach's eager Rage,

GUEST.

GUEST.

First on the Table's lower Station

A Leg of Mutton, Venison-fashion :

‘ This,’ cries the Host, ‘ I dare commend ;

‘ The Present of a noble Friend ;

‘ Which, far the fattest of the Herd,

‘ His Lordship for myself preferr’d.’

And now, to cloath the Miser's Cheat,

Full Boats of sweet Sauce took their Seat ;

With smoaking Gravy's richest Tides,

Which choak'd the Table's narrow Sides.

At Top a well-stuff'd Soup was plac'd,

High-season'd to provoke the Taste ;

With every strongest Herb o'erspread,

But chiefly cramm'd and clogg'd with Bread :

This is in Plenty serv'd about,

To tire our loathing Palates out ;

That, cloy'd with this, we might be able

To eat no choicer Things at Table.

The Crumbs now swept with skilful Care

(The Napkins somewhat worse for Wear)

Slow as the Bride with many a Tear

Stalks by her once-lov'd Husband's Bier,

296 SATIRES of HORACE.

So flow a loaded Negro stept,
 (Such Slaves, you know, are cheaply kept)
 With Salver rear'd he sweet Wine bore,
 The Growth, 'twas said, of foreign Shore;
 (But I can scarce believe 'tis true,
 It any Place but *England* knew)
 ' Such Wines,' our Niggard cries, ' as these
 ' Did ne'er, I own, my Palate please;
 ' They may be good; but I've a Store,
 ' That must, I'm sure, regale you more.
 ' Taste; I am certain you'll befriend it;
 ' And, as the best, I dare commend it.
 ' *John*, fetch the Wine of which I speak—
 ' But on your Life no Bottle break.
 ' Go; on the right, you know, 'tis spread;
 ' The Corks, you'll find, are seal'd with red.'
 He spoke—the Butler carries out
 The Wine he went to hand about;
 For Fear, that, conscious of the Cheat,
 The Guests should smell the low Deceit;
 And his best Wine, howe'er they fought,
 The careful Servants never brought.

FRIEND.

FRIEND.

Now tell me, who beside was there,
So blest'd the curious Feast to share?

GUEST.

The worthy Giver of the Feast
In lordly Pomp at Top was plac'd;
And at the Bottom sat a Friend,
Prepar'd each Dish to recommend;
Beside there were a Number more;
I think we made just half a Score.
One Guest was seated close to Me
(An honest Captain of the Sea)
Who brought, the Niggard Wretch to spite,
Two Brothers to the jovial Sight.
Swelling in all the Pride of Fat,
Next, an huge Alderman there sat:
Scarcely four Syllables he spoke;
Others he left in Words to joke;
And, careless of whatever follow'd,
Each nearest Dish promiscuous swallow'd.
The Parasite, of curious Taste,
In Rank of *Connoisseur* was plac'd;

If

298 SATIRES of HORACE.

If any Dish unheeded lies,
 His Hand displays the smoaking Prize :
 For we, poor Critics of a Treat,
 All with unknowing Relish eat ;
 As such nice Sauce disguis'd each Dish,
 We scarce could tell the Fowl from Fish.
 And now his friendly Arm high-pil'd
 My Plate with half a Mackrell broil'd ;
 But broil'd in vain ; my Nose betrays
 The Fish had past its sweetest Days.
 Next, Gooseberries in Plenty flow'd ;
 My Plate scarce bears the various Load ;
 For these with liberal Arm he plac'd,
 To hide the Fish's real Taste.
 The Captain sees with eager Eyes
 This wond'rous Scene ; then whispering cries,
 ' Come, let us freely drink away,
 ' Or we are poison'd, if we stay :
 ' Quick let us drain the Niggard's Cellar ;
 ' Here, give some larger Glasses, Fellow.
 ' Can such small Cups the Thirst appease ?
 ' A Thimble holds as much as these.'
 He spoke ; the Landlord, pale with Dread,
 His Colour chang'd, and hung his Head,

As if some Thief had lately stole
His Gold ; his other better Soul—
For one of such a sober Thinking
Trembles to hear the Sound of Drinking,
The Captain fills, and recommends
The Bottle to his nearest Friends.
Then high we charge, and ‘ Your’s and Mine’
Went round the Board in Floods of Wine.
His Parasites, dependent Folk,
Dar’d scarcely half indulge the Joke ;
With lingering Mouth they sip the Cup,
And pause, unwilling, o’er the Sup.

High o’er the Shrimps, that round were spread,
An huge, long Turbot heaves his Head.
With all a Host’s o’er-ruling Pride,
Then to the Alderman he cry’d ;
‘ This you will find delicious Food ;
‘ I took great Care to have it good.
‘ My Servant ranfack’d every Stall,
‘ From *Westminster* to *Leadenhall*,
‘ Resolv’d the best alone should do,
‘ To feast such worthy Guests as you :
‘ The Butter for the Sauce design’d
‘ (To treat you richly was my Mind)

From

300 SATIRES of HORACE.

- From *Chelfea* came this Morning ; here
- Our Butter is but paltry Cheer.
- But the Shrimp-sauce I need not puff;
- All other Sauces are but Stuff—
- This gives a Flavour to the Dish ;
- Which else were but a tasteless Fish.
- My own directing Care express'd
- Which Way the Turbot should be dress'd ;
- And, without Vanity, I'm plac'd
- The foremost 'midst the Men of Taste.
- 'Tis bold, indeed, to recommend
- This Sauce to an experienc'd Friend :
- I know the Common-Council eats
- The Sauce of Lobsters at their Treats ;
- But that affords too rich Delight,
- And gluts the jaded Appetite.

Alas ! what sudden Turns of Fate
 Mar ev'n the good Man's happiest State !
 How, shuddering, must th' astonish'd Muse
 Tell the Disaster that ensues !
 Our Host, as, bending from his Chair,
 He whisper'd in his Butler's Ear,
 (Perhaps, for that's his general Cry,
 Some Lecture on Frugality)

Loud

Loud as the widely-echoing Sound
 When dreadful Earthquakes shake the Ground,
 Dropt from the Seat (it could no more —
 Time to the Dregs its Frame had wore)
 The Table-cloth, to cheat his Fall,
 He grasps ; down rush Dish, Plates, and all.
 The wondering Guests, with pensive Care
 Pale, on the prostrate Landlord stare :
 Poor *Gripus* sigh'd, and droop'd his Head ;
 He rather would have seen us dead :
 And would have wept for all the Night,
 Had not the Friend reliev'd his Plight :
 ' O Fortune ! what a cruel Jade,
 ' Thou Mistress of the knavish Trade !
 ' Away—no more these empty Jokes ;
 ' Go with thy Wit to other Folks ;
 ' Nor thus with Men of Virtue sport,—
 ' Dear Sir—I hope you feel no Hurt.'
 The Tar (in Truth, I thought he'd burst)
 Full in his Mouth the Napkin thrust :
 Half-pleas'd, half-angry at the Jest,
 The Alderman his Laugh suppress'd :
 ' All Men,' he cry'd, ' my Friend, are born
 ' For Fortune's Spite, and Fortune's Scorn.
 ' What

302 SATIRES of HORACE.

- What though your boundless Merit claim
- The Triumph of eternal Fame?
- Intruding Woes your Glories blot,
- Such is frail Life's precarious Lot!
- While the rich Dishes to prepare,
- You all a Landlord's Troubles share;
- Each Sauce with strongest Seasonings grac'd
- To suit the Guests discerning Taste;
- The Servants with Decorum due
- Clean for the Day, with Livery new;
- Yet see what Ills your Rage provoke;
- The Chair (perhaps the Legs were broke
- By careless Fellows) hapless Doom!
- Spreads with its ruin'd Frame the Room:
- One Dish your Cook in roasting spoils,
- Another, heedless, overboils;
- And when your Kindness from the Stable
- Calls your Postillion to the Table,
- The Varlet, stumbling, breaks a Plate,
- And all Things speak the Frown of Fate.
- —Yet, Courage! Fortune rules us all;
- Each has his Rise, and each his Fall:
- Though *Prussia's* King, with dauntless Might,
- Rouses his Squadrons to the Fight;

- ‘ When Fortune’s adverse Tempest lowers,
- ‘ ’Tis then she calls forth all his Powers ;
- ‘ Then gives that Blaze of Worth to shine,
- ‘ Which else were but a hidden Mine :
- ‘ And thus a Landlord’s various Fame
- ‘ (Your Stations, Friend, are much the same)
- ‘ Is as the Good or Ill he bears,
- ‘ Nor buoy’d by Hopes, nor sunk by Fears.’

He spoke ; our grateful Host replies,
(The Tears just streaming from his Eyes)

- ‘ O may kind Heaven’s indulgent Love
- ‘ The Tenor of your Vows approve !
- ‘ Long may you live, too-generous Guest,
- ‘ Of Men the happiest, as the best !’

He ended ; and with mournful Call,
(Limping and faltering from his Fall)

His Cane demanding, turns about ;

- ‘ Excuse me, Friends ;’—then hobbles out :
- While with loud Laughter each Beholder
- Joggs his next Neighbour by the Shoulder.
- In short, not *Shuter’s* Jokes could more
- Have set the Table in a Roar.

FRIEND.

304 SATIRES of HORACE.

FRIEND.

Now tell me, how you pass'd away
The rest of your delightful Day?

GUEST.

'Tis strange,' the Sailor cries, 'I think,
' You make us stay so long for Drink;
' Pr'ythee, how often must I call?
' —What, have your Bottles had a Fall?'
With Peals of Laughter, as he spoke,
His Friends improv'd on every Joke:
While you, who late, most worthy Host,
Lamented, as your All were lost;
Chear'd-up, return with Smiles of Art,
Those poor Disguisers of the Heart—
For now aloft uprear'd in Air,
A mighty Hash the Servants bear;
Full many a Leg of Fowl set forth—
('Wings,' cries our Host, 'are little worth.')Round with the strongest Sauce 'twas grac'd
Of Mushrooms, to disguise the Taste;
The Fowls far stronger—which were spoil'd,
For former Dinners roast and boil'd.
In a full Dish another brings
Of a tough Hare the shatter'd Wings:

' These

‘ These are esteem’d delicious Meat ;
‘ The Backs we Critics never eat.’
Then brought they, roasted o’er and o’er,
Of mangled Larks a plenteous Store :
In short, or Fowls, or Meats, or Fish,
We all were sick of every Dish :
Besides, with endless Strain, our Host
Still plagues us with, ‘ How dear the Cost !
‘ I’m sure, I might extoll my Food :
‘ I hope, you find your Dinner good :
‘ You see your Treat’—(and full enough
He’d giv’n us of his precious Stuff)
‘ *John*, take the Cloth, and, swift as Thought,
‘ Be Wine, and Pipes, and Glasses brought.’
Now nods and whispers every Guest,
Tir’d-out by such a wretched Feast ;
One takes his Watch ; ‘ As I’m alive,
‘ Sir, I’ve engag’d myself at five,
‘ To meet a Set of Friends at Tea ;
‘ And now ’tis almost six by Me.’
‘ So late ?’ exclaims his Neighbour-Friend ;
‘ I too a Party must attend
‘ Of Ladies to *Vauxhall* to-night.’
Then rose we all in vengeful Spite,

306 SATIRES *of* HORACE,

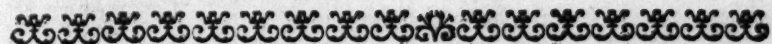
And from the Table, to a Man,
Half-poison'd by the Dainties ran;
Leaving his Parasites to sip
The scarce-wet Glass with sparing Lip.

Thus in an angry League we part,
Just famish'd, with as ready Heart,
(Leaving the Niggard in the Lurch)
As modish Ladies from a Church.

The END *of the* SECOND BOOK,



THE



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

Translated by JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

Inscribed to the Reverend
GLOCESTER RIDLEY, LL.B.



GENERAL INDEX

A

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

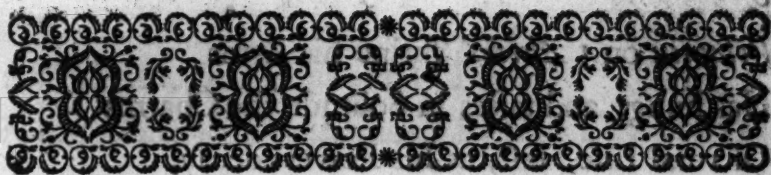
Translated by John D. Dimsdale

IN TWO VOLUMES

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1851



The FIRST BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES of HORACE.

* EPISTLE I.

To MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas having often kindly upbraided Horace with his Indolence in not sending him Lyric Verses, the Poet writes this Epistle by way of Apology: In which he tells him, that those Amusements which were the Diversion of his Youth, have now, in his maturer Age, lost all their Charms, and given Place to more important Studies; and that he has no Relish for any-thing but Moral Philosophy, which alone can regulate our Manners, and guide us to Happiness.

BELOV'D Mæcenas, whom my earliest Muse
Chose for her Subject, and my last shall chuse;
No longer youthful Studies can engage
Your Friend, like some old Champion from the
Stage
Timely dismiss'd, his Genius damp'd by Age.

310 EPISTLES of HORACE,

Veianius on *Alcides'* Shrine his Arms
 Has hung, and tastes in Solitude the Charms
 Of rural Life, lest, as his Powers decay,
 Vanquish'd or spent for Pity he should pray.
 A ² secret Voice oft cries, ' The batter'd Horse
 ' Release in Time, lest flagging in the Course
 ' With broken Wind he pant.' Now then adieu
 To Verse and Trifles; what is Fit and True
 Shall be my only Care; my only Thought
 To hoard up moral Rules, which may be brought
 To Use hereafter. But if you enquire
 What Sect I'm of, whose School I most admire,
 To no Man's Faith, to no Opinion sworn,
 Where'er the Tempest hurries me, I'm borne:
 Now through the Sea of Politics I steer,
 An active Statesman, ³ rigidly severe,
 And strictly virtuous: ⁴ Now by Stealth return
 To *Aristippus'* Tent, and cautious learn
 The subject World to govern, not obey.
 Long as to toilsome Rustics is the Day,
 Long as the Year to restless Wards, so flow,
 To Me the dull and lazy Moments flow,
 That check my great Design; which in each Stage
 And State of Life concerns us; in Old Age

And

And Youth, in Riches and in Poverty.
Mean while with these rude Elements I try
To form my Mind and each Defect supply.
Would you to clear your dimmer Sight forbear,
Because to rival ⁵ *Lynceus* you despair?
Or hopeless ⁶ *Glycon's* Vigour to attain,
In Feet or Hands permit the Gout to reign?
To go thus far is something. Is your Breast
By Dread of Want or Thirst of Wealth possess'd?
Soft Words may be apply'd, whose Balm can ease
Your Pain, or partly conquer your Disease.
Say, does Ambition fire? Some grave Discourse
⁷ Thrice read, will calm and stop the Fever's Force.
Though Envy, ⁸ Passion, ⁹ Sloth, the Love of ¹⁰
Wine,
Or Lust inspire, your Ear if you resign
To wholesome Words, you still may be reclaim'd.
The wildest Beasts by Discipline are tam'd.
Vice to avoid is Virtue; and to fly
Folly, a Step to Wisdom. You apply
Your Mind's and Body's utmost Strength, Disgrace
And Poverty to baffle, which you place
Among the worst of Ills. In Search of Gain,
Through Sands, Rocks, all the Dangers of the Main,
X 4 Fearless

312 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Fearless to ¹¹ farthest *India* you repair.
 And can you think it less deserves your Care,
 Your false Opinions to remove; and wait
 Instruction's Call at Wisdom's sacred Gate?
 What Champion that could win th' *Olympic* Crown
 Would idly wrestle in a Country-Town?
 To Gold yields Silver, and to Virtue Gold,
 If Reason's Hand th' impartial Balance hold.
 ' ¹² Seek Money first; let Virtue next be fought:
 This is the Lesson in the *Forum* taught,
 And practis'd by the Son and aged Sire.
 ' ¹³ Should your Estate of what the Laws require
 But just fall short, tho' grac'd with Wisdom, Sense,
 A blameless Life, and manly Eloquence,
 You're a *Plebeian* still. Yet Children sing
 Amid their Sports, ' Do Right, and be a King.'
 Be this thy Wall of Brass, No Guilt to know,
 Nor let one Crime sit blushing on thy Brow!
 Which do you think most worthy of your Praise,
 The ¹⁴ *Roscian* Law of these degenerate Days,
 Or this trite Song, our great Forefathers' Theme,
 Which crowns the virtuous with a Diadem?
 Are you more pleas'd with his Advice, who says,
 ' A large Estate, my Son, with Justice raise,

' If

- ‘ If possible; if not, at any Rate
- ‘ Be sure, my Son, to raise a large Estate;
- ‘ Till towering o’er the Vulgar, in the Pit
- ‘ Among the Knights or Senators you sit.’

Or his, who bids you look superior down
On Fortune’s Malice, and defy her Frown?

But if the People ask, Why, since I chuse
In the same Walls to sojourn, ¹⁵ I refuse

In Judgment to agree, nor disapprove
Or like whatever they dislike or love;

¹⁶ Mine is the Answer that wise *Reynard* gave
To the sick Lion: ‘ To your Royal Cave

‘ I see the Print of Feet, but from it, none:

‘ Hence, Love of Life your Presence bids me shun.’

A Beast you are of many Heads; the View

Of each far different; which shall I pursue?

Or whither follow? Some the Taxes hire,

¹⁷ Others with Gifts the greedy Widow fire;

For childless Misers some in Ambush lie,

While others thrive by griping Usury.

Thus are they all engag’d a different Way,

And vary in their Notions every Day.

‘ No Joys,’ the rich Man cries, ‘ I e’er partake

‘ Like those which *Baia* yields.’ The *Lucrine Lake*

Strait

314 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Strait feels his Building-fury. But ¹⁸ his Mind
Soon veers about, capricious as the Wind.

‘ Pack up your Tools,’ he says, ‘ To-morrow meet
‘ At fair ¹⁹ *Teanum* ; there shall be my Seat.’

Or does his Chamber hold the genial Bed ?

‘ How blest the single Life, that once I led !’

If single still, ‘ How happy they, who prove

‘ The matchless Pleasures of connubial Love !’

What Bands this changeful *Proteus* can secure ?

But sure, you cry, more steady are the Poor.

No. They their Lodgings or their Barbers change ;

From Bed to Bed, from Bath to Bath they range ;

And as fantastic Humours daily show

In their ²⁰ hir’d Skiffs, as those rich Lords, who
row

In their own Yatches. Me if you meet with ²¹ Hair

Ill cut, you scarce from Laughter can forbear :

My Vest ill-suited to my Coat, and Cloak

Hanging uneven to the Ground, provoke

Your Smiles. But if I, varying in my Thought,

Seek what I shunn’d, and shun what late I sought ;

If through th’ unequal Tenor of my Life

My Passions jar, and are so much at Strife,

That now I build, now level to the Ground,
And change by Turns each Square into a Round,
This you esteem a Madness felt by all,
Nor for a Guardian or Physician call.

Thus you, who in your Bard can scarcely brook
An ill-pair'd Nail, his real Faults o'erlook ;
Though for Controul and Counsel he depends
On you, the best of Patrons and of Friends.

To sum up all : The wise Man is above
This empty World, and second but to *Jove* ;
Blest with ²² Wealth, ²³ Beauty, ²⁴ Honour, ²⁵
Liberty,
And vigorous Health, ²⁶ when from the Phthysic
free.

NOTES.

The Epistolary Way of writing in Verse is a Species of Poetry by itself, and has not so much as been hinted at in any Art of Poetry that has fallen into my Hands ; neither has it in any Age or Nation been so much cultivated as the other Kinds of Poësy. In speaking of Epistolary Poetry I would be understood to mean only such Writings in this Way as have been in Use amongst the Ancients, and have been copied from them by some Moderns. These may be reduced into two Classes : In the one I range Love-Letters, Letters of Friendship, and Letters upon mournful Occasions ! In the other I place such Epistles in Verse as may properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral ; to which may be added Letters of Mirth and Humour.

316 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Humour. *Ovid* for the first, and *Horace* for the latter, are the best Originals we have left. SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. N° 618.

Julius Scaliger gives the following just Character of this Epistle. *Prima Epistola quovis melle dulcior est. Sententiæ apposita, dictio casta, rotunda, suavis: quapropter arbitror postremam omnium factam, primam positam ob luculentam raritatem.* 'The first Epistle is sweeter than the most excellent Honey. The Sentiments are suitable to the Subject: The Language is chaste, manly, flowing. On which Account, I am apt to think that it was wrote the last, but placed the first on Account of its Excellence.'

1 ————— armis

Herculis ad postem fixis.] It was a Custom for all Persons, when they laid down any Art or Employment, to consecrate the Instruments of their Profession to the Deity, who presided over it: In Conformity to which, the Gladiators, when discharged, hung up their Arms to *Hercules*, who had a Temple near every Amphitheatre.

2 ————— purgatam qui personet aurem.] *Persius* has imitated this Passage in his fifth Satire.

————— purgatas inseris aures
Frugæ Cleanthæ —————

3 *Virtutis veræ custos rigidusque satellites.*] He here alludes to the Doctrine of *Zeno*, the Founder of the *Stoic* Sect, who was originally a Merchant, and very rich. On a Voyage from *Tyre*, where he had been trading in Purple, he was shipwrecked near the *Piræum*. During his Stay at *Athens*, he met in a Bookseller's Shop with the second Book of *Xenophon's* Memoirs, and asked the Bookseller where such Persons as the Author mentioned were to be found. He replied, pointing to *Crates* the *Cynic*, who was passing by, Follow him: Which *Zeno* did, and became his Disciple. But his Disposition was too modest to approve of the *Cynic* Indecency; and, forsaking *Crates*, he applied himself to the *Academics*, whom he attended for ten Years, and then formed a School of his own. His Morals were irreproachable; and he was presented by the *Athenians* with a golden Crown, because his Life was a public Example of Virtue,

Virtue, by its Conformity with his Words and Doctrines. He lived ninety-eight Years. DIOG. LAERT. in ZENO.

4 *Nunc in Aristippi furtim praecepta relabor.*] From the Sect of the Stoics, who required their Wise Man to lead an active Life, Horace passed to that of *Aristippus*, the Founder of the Cyrenaic Sect, whose whole Philosophy consisted in living for themselves, taking Care of nothing, using every thing, and seeking Pleasure wherever it was to be found. His Character may be seen in Epistle XVII. of this Book. See also Book II. Sat. III. DACIER.

5 ——— *Lynceus.*] *Lynceus* had so piercing a Sight, that, if we believe the Poets, he could see what was done in Heaven and Hell. The Ground of the Fable was, that he understood the secret Powers of Nature.

6 ——— *invicti membra Glyconis.*] *Glycon* was a Philosopher, who, by having accustomed himself to wrestle continually with the Masters of that Art, had acquired an invincible Strength, and a Habit of Body truly athletic, as we are informed by *Diogenes Laertius*. DACIER.

Others think that the Poet here means a celebrated Statue carved by *Glycon*, the Name of that Statuary having been discovered on the Bust of the *Farnesian Hercules*.

7 *Ter pura lecto.*] He ridicules the Superstition of the Stoics, who held the Number three to be sacred and mysterious.

8 ——— *iracundus.*] When *Homer*, in the fourth Book of the *Iliad*, says, that ‘ a wise Man is sometimes provoked to Anger,’ he speaks like a Poet, and not like a Philosopher. But the Words are put into the Mouth of *Achilles*, a proper Advocate for Rage.

——— *Χολος, ος τ’ εφινκε πολυφρονα περ χαλεπιναι.*

DACIER.

9 ——— *iners.*] *Idle, who loves to sleep and do nothing.* This was in some Measure the Fault of *Horace*; and he found it difficult to correct it.

10 ——— *vino.*

318 EPISTLES of HORACE.

²⁰ ——— *vinofus.*] It was alfo one of *Horace's* Faults to be too fond of Wine, as he himfelf confeffes. There is no Evil but what Drunkennefs may be the Source of, not to mention that by Degrees it undermines our Reafon. On which Account *Solomon* fays, *Look not thou upon the Wine when it is red, when it giveth its Colour in the Cup, when it moveth itfelf aright. At laft it biteth like a Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder.*

PROV. XXIII. 31, 32.

²¹ *Impiger extremos curris, mercator, ad Indos.*] There was only a Part of the *East-Indies* that was known to the *Romans*, and few of their Merchants had been beyond the *Ganges*.

²² *O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum eft.*] If *Wifdom* fays on one Side, *Virtue is more precious than Gold*, *Folly* fays on the other, *Gold is more precious than Virtue*. *Wifdom* ftands frequently by herfelf, but *Folly* has a Crowd of Attendants, who echo her Words with Applaufe.

²³ *Si quadringentis fex feptem millia defunt, Plebs eris.*] The *Cenfus*, or *Eftate*, neceffary to a Senator, was double to that of a Knight; the one amounting to the Value of 400 *Sesterces*, that is 3,229 *l.* of our Money; the other to that of 800 *Sesterces*, or 6,458 *l.* And if ever they reduced their Fortunes below that Standard, they forfeited their Rank, and were ftruck out of the Roll of their Order by the *Cenfors*.

MIDDLETON's Life of CICERO, Vol. I. Sect. I.

²⁴ *Rofcia—lex.*] For an Account of the *Rofcian* Law fee the Notes on Book V. Ode IV.

²⁵ ——— *fic judiciis fruar iisdem.*] The Philofopher does not form the fame Judgment as the People. They efteem Honours and Riches; he acknowledges no other Honours and Riches but *Wifdom*, *Justice*, and *Piety*. When the People extoll the Happinefs of Kings, the Philofopher, as *Socrates* fays, thinks he hears them praise the Happinefs of a Shepherd, who fleeces his Flock; with this Difference however, that the Shepherd governs tame Cattle, but Princes have a fierce and dangerous Animal to manage. When the People admire

mire the Wealth of a Man, who possesses twenty thousand Acres, the Philosopher, who is accustomed to see the whole World at one View, thinks they are talking of a Grain of Sand. When the People adore one who displays a Pedigree of ten Generations, the Philosopher esteems it a pitiful Vanity, because he extends his View to that innumerable Series of Ancestors who preceded him, that first begun to make the Family known. In a Word, every thing that the People admire in general, and without making any Reflection upon it, the Philosopher divides, and considers each Part separately; and this Detail cannot but give him a Contempt for every thing that does not spring from Virtue. DACIER.

¹⁶ *Olim quod vulpes agroto cauta leoni*

Respondit.] Monsieur Muret has well observed, that Horace borrowed this Application from Lucilius, who said in his tenth Satire, speaking of the Roman People and Government,

*Deductâ tunc voce leo, Cur tu ipsa venire
Non vis huc ?*

*Quid sibi vult ? quare fit ut introversus & ad te
Spectent atq; ferent vestigia se omnia prorsus ?*

¹⁷ *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras.*] Horace, in Book II. Satire V. has displayed the various Stratagems which were practised to procure Legacies from Widows and Old Men.

¹⁸ — *Cui si vitiosa libido*

Fecerit auspiciûm.] Virgil, who was as good a Philosopher as a Poet, has admirably explained the two Principles of our Actions, viz. Self-love and Inconstancy, in the following Lines of the ninth Æneid, where Nisus says,

———— *Diine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuiq; Deus fit dira cupido ?*

———— Or do the Gods inspire
This Warmth; or make we Gods of our Desire ?

DRYDEN.

¹⁹ — *Teunum.*]

320 EPISTLES of HORACE.

¹⁹ ——— *Teanum.*] A little Village of *Campania*, not far from *Baia*, famous for its hot Baths.

²⁰ ————— *conducto navigio aequè*

Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.]

This is thus translated by *Dacier*: *Dans la barque qu'il loue pour s'aller promener, il baille et s'ennuie tout comme le riche qui se promene dans une gondole qui est à lui.* 'The poor Man in the Boat which he hires to take the Air, gapes, and is as soon disgusted as the rich Man who sails in his splendid Barge.' This seems the true Sense of the Words before us. They are thus translated by *Mr. Francis*:

And, since the rich in their own Barges ride,
He hires a Boat, and pukes in mimic Pride.

Mr. Pope seems to have taken it in the same Sense in his Imitation;

They hire a Sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the Climate like a Lord.

But *Dacier* observes, that 'the Word *nauseat* properly represents the Disgusts of the Soul, when a Man does every thing in his Power to gratify his Passions, and yet is not able to please himself; but carries with him, wherever he goes, his Chagrin, his Distaste, and Inconstancy. For, as *Horace* has said in Book II. Ode XVI.

' *Scandit aratas vitiosa naves*
' *Cura.*'

²¹ ——— *inaquali tonsore.*] The first *Romans* wore their Hair very long, as has been before observed. They began to have their Hair cut in the Year of *Rome* 454, and then wore it very short; but they took great Care to have it elegantly trimmed. *Ovid* says, in his *Art of Love*,

Nec male deformet rigidos tonsura capillos:
Sit coma, sit docta barba resecta manu.

²² ——— *divers.*] The Philosopher is the only rich Man, because he possesses that which is the only Source of Wealth, and stands in need of nothing.

²³ ——— *pulcher.*]

²³ — *pulcher.*] He is the only *handsome* Man, because he enjoys the true Beauty, that of the Soul. Thus Cato: *Recte etiam sapiens pulcher appellabitur: animi enim lineamenta sunt pulchriora quam corporis.*

²⁴ — *honoratus.*] The only true *Honours* are those which spring from Virtue, because of these he can never be deprived. See Book III. Ode II. and Book IV. Ode IX.

²⁵ — *liber.*] The Philosopher is the only free Man, because he alone is Master of his Passions.

²⁶ — *nisi cum pituita molesta est.*] Unless when the *Phlegm* is troublesome. Horace here ridicules an absurd Opinion of the *Stoics*, who confidently asserted, that the acutest Pains and most severe Diseases could not affect the Happiness of their Wise Man.





* EPISTLE II.
To LOLLIVS.

By I. P. SHARD, Esq;

Horace having read over in the Country the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, while Lollius was employed in pleading at Rome, takes Occasion from thence to point out in this Epistle the moral Instruction to be drawn from that noble Author; and shows the pernicious Effects of Civil Discord, Envy, Avarice, Lust and Anger.

WHILST with Applause, at Rome, you,
Lollius, plead,

Homer again I at ^a Præneste read;

Whose moral Song instructs us how to live,
Better than all the Rules the Stoics give.

When, free from Business, you an Hour can spare,
These Lines will tell you what my Reasons are.

The Lust of *Paris*, as the Poet shows,
Arm'd against *Troy* a Host of *Grecian* Foes.

In that long War we learn what Mischief springs
From the mad Rage of Nations, and their Kings.

^a The

2 The Seeds of War *Antenor* would destroy;
Paris compulsive Bliss can ne'er enjoy,
 And ere he *Helen* quit, will ruin *Troy*.

Nestor, with cool Advice, would fain assuage
Achilles' and *Atrides'* fatal Rage :

Atrides burns with Love ; both burn with Ire :

3 The Subjects for their Princes Guilt expire.

Alike Sedition, Anger, Lust, Deceit

Reign in the *Trojan* Walls, and *Grecian* Fleet.

The Fruits that Virtue yields, to Wisdom join'd,
 We in th' Example of *Ulysses* find :

4 When his wife Counsels *Ilium* had subdu'd,

He various Men, and various Cities view'd ;

Midst countless Perils fought his native Shore,

But always rose above them Conqueror !

The tuneful 5 *Sirens* sung, but sung in vain ;

He clos'd his Ears against the 6 pleasing Strain :

Had he, when *Circe* brew'd the tempting Draught,

7 Without an Antidote the Poison quaff'd,

He, with his Friends, transform'd into a Brute,

Ingloriously had serv'd the Prostitute.

As were the Suitors of *Penelopé*,

Born but to eat and drink, just such are we ;

324 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Like the young Nobles of ⁸ *Alcinous'* Train,
Luxurious, gay, effeminate and vain,
Who glory'd in their sleeping half the Day,
And sung and danc'd, ⁹ to banish Cares away.

Affairs early rise, your Life to take ;
And to preserve it, will not you awake ?
When blest with Health, if Exercise you shun,
Swell'd by the Dropsy, you'll be forc'd to run.
¹⁰ Call for your Book and Lamp before 'tis light,
And study both to know and do what's right :
Envy or Lust will else torment your Breast,
And you will seek your Couch in vain for Rest.
Strange ! what but hurts the Eye we haste to cure,
Yet what corrodes the Mind, whole Years endure.
¹¹ Begin, and half is done ; make no Delay ;
Who a good Life defers from Day to Day,
Waits, like the Bumpkin on the River's Side,
'Till the Stream passes, which will ever glide.

To seek for Riches, and a fruitful Wife,
Are the two grand Sollicitudes of Life :
Forests we fell and plow, t' increase our Store ;
Let him that has enough not thirst for more.

¹² Nor House, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Gold can ease
Either the Body's or the Mind's Disease.

¹³ Both

¹³ Both must at once with perfect Health be blest,
Rightly to use those Riches, when poss'est ;
Riches no more the anxious Mind delight,
Than glaring Pictures the disorder'd Sight ;
The ¹⁴ Gouty Fomentations cannot bear ;
Music wants Charms for an imposthum'd Ear.
He tastes no Joy whose Bosom Vice defiles ;
¹⁵ An unclean Vessel the best Liquor spoils.
¹⁶ Let Pleasure all her Charms display in vain ;
Nor purchase transient Joy with lasting Pain.
¹⁷ The Miser always wants ; ¹⁸ your Views confine :
¹⁹ The Envious at another's Welfare pine :
²⁰ The brazen Bull, *Procrustes*' Bed of Steel,
Ne'er gave such Torture as the Envious feel.
Anger to desperate Actions spurs us on ;
Curb it, or you'll repent the Deed, when done ;
Whilst ²¹ Hate and Vengeance animate the Blow ;
And make you rush with Fury on your Foe.
Rage is short Madness ; bind it fast in Chains ;
It serves a Slave, or else a Tyrant reigns.
The docile Colt, form'd by the Jockey's Hand,
Is taught at length to know his Lord's Command ;
The Whelp, that bay'd the Deer-skin in the Hall,
Now in the Woods obeys the Huntsman's Call.

326 EPISTLES of HORACE.

To good Advice give Ear: 'Tis now the Time,
Now, while ²² your youthful Mind is free from
Crime.

When new the Cask, it should be tinctur'd well;
Once season'd, it will long retain its Smell.

Whatever Speed you run in Virtue's Race,
I neither will retard nor mend my Pace.

NOTES.

Marcus Lollius, who was Consul in 733, had two Sons, one of whom afterwards attained the Consulship, and was Father of the Empress *Lollia Paulina*. It was to the elder of these two Brothers that *Horace* addressed this Epistle. We find here excellent Instructions for improving ourselves by reading the Epic Poets, particularly *Homer*.

¹ ——— *Præneste*.] A City of *Italy*, on a high Hill, eighteen Miles from *Rome*. It is a very cool Situation, on which Account *Horace* often passed there the hottest Part of the Summer.

² *Antenor censet belli præcidere causam*.] This Passage is taken from the seventh Book of the *Iliad*:

Ἀργεῖνν Ἑλενὴν καὶ κτήμαθ' αὐτῇ
Δωμεν Ἀτρεΐδῃσιν ἀγειν

Let *Sparta's* Treasures be this Hour restor'd,
And *Argive* *Helen* own her ancient Lord.

To which *Paris* replies;

γυναικα μὲν ἐκ' ἀποδώσω.

Their Treasures I'll restore, but not the Dame. POPE.

³ *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*.] This is a Truth which cannot too often be inculcated on the Minds of young Princes

Princes by those who have the Care of their Education. Their Virtues and Vices are of the utmost Consequence to the Happiness or Misery of their People. How much Blood was spilt on Account of the Quarrel between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*? How much through the Ambition of *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Augustus*, and *Antony*? How many Millions of Lives have been sacrificed in every Age by unjust Wars? Judge by this if these Conquerors deserve the Name of Heroes. Can true Greatness be purchased by Injustice and Robbery? SANADON.

This Remark does Honour to the Author, and would have become a *Cato*.

These Heroes were in Fact the Plagues and Scourges of Mankind. *Lucan*, in the tenth Book of his *Pharsalia*, makes *Cæsar* descend into the Vault at *Alexandria*, where the Ashes of *Alexander* were laid; and from thence takes Occasion to make the following spirited Reflection on his Character:

*Illic Pellai proles vesana Philippi
Felix prædo jacet, terrarum vindice fato
Raptus.*

Philip's mad Son, the prosperous Robber, bound
In Fate's eternal Chains, here sleeps profound;
Whom Death forbid his Rapines to pursue,
And in the World's Revenge the Monster slew.

HUGHES.

The Reader may find there many more excellent Lines to the same Purpose. No wonder that *Nero* put a Man to Death, who thought and wrote with so much Freedom. D.

4 *Qui domitor Troja, &c.*] *Horace* has here translated the first Lines of the *Odyssey*:

Ἀνδρᾶ μοι ἐννεπε Μῆσα πολυτροπον, οἱ μάλ' ἀπολλὰ, &c.

The Man, for Wisdom's various Arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in Woes, O Muse! resound.

Who, when his Arms had wrought the destin'd Fall
Of sacred *Troy*, and raz'd her Heaven-built Wall,
Wandering from Clime to Clime, observant stray'd,
Their Manners noted, and their States survey'd:

On stormy Seas unnumber'd Toils he bore,

Safe with his Friends to gain his natal Shore. POPE.

328 EPISTLES of HORACE.

⁵ *Sirenium voces.*] For an Account of the Sirens, see *Homer's Odyssey*, Book XII. ver. 38.

⁶ — *Circa pocula.*] *Circe* was a celebrated Enchantress, who dwelt in *Italy* on a Promontory called by her Name. She entertained *Ulysses*, when his Fleet was cast away upon her Coasts, and transformed his Companions into different Sorts of Beasts.

⁷ — *Stultus cupidusque.*] That is to say, *ut stultus et cupidus.* *Ulysses*, before he drank of the Beverage which *Circe* offered him, made Use of the Antidote he had received from *Mercury*, viz. the Herb *Moly*, which made him proof against Enchantment. It is however proper to observe, that the Greek Poet is here corrected by the Latin one. *Ulysses*, though he took with him the *Moly*, yet fell a Captive to the Charms of *Circe*. This is one of those Passages, of which *Plutarch* says that *Homer* might have given us something better,

SANADON.

⁸ — *Alcinoique*

In cute curandâ, &c.] *Alcinoi juvenitus*; i. e. 'the Youth of *Alcinoüs*,' his Courtiers. He was King of the Island *Phaacia*, now called *Corfu*. The Life of these young Men was given up to Idleness and Effeminacy. *Alcinoüs* gives this Account of his Court in the eighth Book of the *Odyssey*,

Αἰεὶ δ' ἡμῖν δαῖς τε φίλη, καθαῖς τε, χοροὶ τε,
ἑμματα τ' ἐξημοῖα, λoετρὰ τε, θερμὰ, καὶ εὐναι.

To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole Delight,
The Feast, or Bath, by Day, and Love by Night.

POPE.

⁹ — *cessatum ducere curam.*] This, as *Bentley* observes, is obscure, and no good Sense can be made of it. He therefore reads *cessantem ducere somnum*, which is also adopted by *Sanadon*.

¹⁰ — *et nunc*

Posces ante diem librum cum lumine.] Thus *Wisdom* speaks of herself in the eighth Chapter of *Proverbs*, *I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.* And in the sixth Chapter

Chapter of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, the Author says, *Whoſe ſeeketh her early ſhall have no great Travel; for he ſhall find her ſitting at his Doors.*

¹¹ *Dimidium facti qui cœpit, habet.*] *Hefiod* was the firſt who uſed this Proverb, *Ἀρχὴ δὲ τ' ἡμισυ πάντος*, 'The Beginning is half the Whole.' But *Plato* has improved upon this Thought; for he ſays, that 'the Beginning is the greateſt Part of the whole Work;' meaning thereby the moſt difficult: *Ἀρχὴ πάντος ἐργῆς μέγιστος.*

¹² *Non domus, &c.*] *Horace* ſeems here to have had in View the following Lines of *Lucretius*,

*Nec calidæ citius decedunt corpore febres,
Textilibus ſi in picturis, oſtroque rubenti
ſactaris, quàm ſi plebeiâ in veſte cubandus eſt.*

Lib. II. ver. 34, &c.

Ne'er will the raging Fever's Fire abate
With golden Canopies and Beds of State,
But the poor Patient will as ſoon be found
On the hard Mattreſs, or the Mother-Ground.

DRYDEN.

Varro has likewiſe expreſſed the ſame Thought in the following Lines;

*Non fit theſauris, non auro, pectus ſolutum;
Non demunt animi curas ac relligiones
Perſarum montes, non atria diviti' Craſſi.*

¹³ ——— *valeat poſſeſſor oportet.*] 'He muſt enjoy both Health of Body and Mind;' *mens ſana in corpore ſano*; for *valeat* comprehends both.

¹⁴ ——— *fomenta podagram.*] *Bentley* juſtly reads here *podagram*.

¹⁵ *Sincerum eſt niſi vas, &c.*] *Horace* has taken this fine Thought from the ſixth Book of *Lucretius*,

Nam cum videt hic ad victum quid flagitat uſus, &c.

For

330 EPISTLES of HORACE.

For * he perceiving that Men had already found out, and prepared almost every thing that is necessary for the Support, the Comfort and Safety of Life; that they enjoy Riches, Honours, and Credit; and that their Children seem to complete their Happiness; and yet, notwithstanding all this, that there is not a single Person, but what is fretful and uneasy at home; from hence, I say, he concluded that the Fault lies in the Cask, which taints every thing that is poured into it.

*Intellexit ibi vitium vas efficere ipsum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpier intus,
Quæ conlata foris & commoda cumque venirent.*

¹⁶ — *Sperne voluptates; nocet emptæ dolore voluptas.*] Horace has here translated this Line of the Poet Phœnicides,

Φευγ' ἡδονὴν φερύσαν ὑπερον βλάβην.

* Fly from Pleasure, which is always followed by Pain.'

¹⁷ *Semper avarus eget.*] Publius Syrus has just the same Thought, *Avaro tam deest quod habet, quem quod non habet.* 'The Miser wants as much what he has as what he has not.' The Arabians have explained this Thought by a very ingenious Fable, to show that the Miser and his Gold never dwell together. 'While the Miser is upon Earth his Treasure is buried in his Grave; and when he is in his Grave his Treasure issues forth, and returns upon Earth.'

¹⁸ — *certum voto pete finem.*] Thus Lucretius, *Statue finem cupidinis*; 'Set Bounds to your Desires.' And these Bounds ought to be *quod satis est*; 'that which is enough,' or a Competence.

¹⁹ *Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.*] Plato says that Envy is the Daughter of Emulation, because it never subsists but among Equals.

* EPICURUS.

²⁰ — *Sicut*

²⁰ ——— *Siculi* ——— *tyranni*.] No Country was so famous for being oppressed with Tyrants as *Sicily*. This gave Occasion to the Poet's Expression, who, without Doubt, alludes in this Place to the Bull of *Phalaris*, the Tyrant of *Agri-gentum*.

²¹ ——— *dolor ac mens*.] This stands for *dolor mentis*, 'the Grief or Pain arising from Passion or Resentment.'

²² ——— *Nunc adhibe puro*

Pectore verba, puer.] *Horace* here writes to a Boy, *puer*; that is to say, one not quite seventeen Years old. He says that his Heart was yet clear from the first Impressions of Vice, *puro pectore*; as he had called him *sanus* some Lines before. Lastly, he compares him to a Vessel quite new, in which no Liquor had yet been poured. These Expressions can in no Sense be applied to *Lollius* the Father, who was far from being a Boy, even when our Poet wrote his first Pieces. We must therefore necessarily apply them to *Lollius* the Son, who attended *Augustus* to the War in *Spain* at the Age of sixteen, as we shall see in Epistle XVIII. It is therefore natural to fix the Date of this Epistle in the Year 725, or 726, one or two Years before he left *Rome* to make his first Campaign.

SANADON.



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330 EPISTLES of HORACE.

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SANADON.



* The



* The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By a FRIEND in IRELAND.

To a Tutor at *Trinity* College, DUBLIN.

WHILE you, my Friend, are ever doom'd
to Town,

(A Province worse than thankless to the Gown)
Your constant Toil while stubborn Youth requires,
To prune its Wings, and check its early Fires,
To mark its Bent, its future Course to plan,
And point the dangerous Passage up to Man;
Kind Fortune gives to Me the flowery Mead,
The silent Hour, and Thought-creating Shade:
She gives the former Sages to review,
And, kinder still, she gives to love them too.

Here (to avoid the suffocating Heat,
When panting Cattle to the Woods retreat)
I quit the Fields, the Morning Ramble leave,
And take my *Homer* to a neighb'ring Cave;

That mighty Bard who still the Laurel wears,
Unchang'd, unblasted by two thousand Years;
Whose every Page, with heavenly Wisdom fraught,
Can show the wisest he may still be taught;
In which more true Instruction clearly shines,
Than Years can glean from all the School-Divines.
Is there a Passion, Virtue, Vice, or Whim,
But what we find exemplify'd in him?
Experienc'd Age, in old *Antenor's* Form,
Shuns a rash War, and would divert the Storm.
In youthful *Paris*, mark how fatal prove
The headstrong Errors of misguided Love!
Entranc'd by Pleasure, and absorb'd by Joy,
' Let *Helen* smile,' he cries, ' and perish *Troy* !'

When Kings contend, obedient to the Call
Of frantic Honour, see their Subjects fall;
See Youth and Age in mix'd Confusion slain;
While *Xanthus'* Flood runs purple to the Main.
Fill'd with the Woes of War, our Thoughts pursue
Its various Rage through every Point of View;
We trace its Progress from its early Birth,
And mark its Ravage o'er the wasted Earth;
From Times remotest to our own advance,
Then curse th' ambitious Perfidy of *France*.

Now

334 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Now turn your Eyes, and quit the dubious Fight
For Prudence, Patience, and a milder Sight:
Behold *Laertes*' Son! how, truly great,
He stands superior to the Frowns of Fate!
How, wrapt in virtuous Fortitude, he braves
Alluring *Sirens*, *Circe*, Winds and Waves:
Charm'd with a Soul thus resolute, we glow;
And almost wish for Ills, to bear them so.

See next the Nurslings of *Alcinous*' Court,
Born but to laugh, to eat, to drink, and sport!
Like airy Flies, which, gathering in a Swarm,
Devour those Sweets, they never help'd to form:
Then say, does nothing in the Picture strike?—
The general Satire suits us all alike;
As useless, sensual, indolent as they,
We trifle Time insensibly away.

Strange! with what Fear, what trembling Haste
we fly,
To set a Limb, or heal an injur'd Eye,
And yet the Passions wound the nobler Part,
Taint the dull Soul, and petrify the Heart:
Though numerous Evils waste the sickly Mind,
No Care's apply'd, no Remedy design'd.

The

The few Resolves, which may perhaps be wrought
In some kind lucid Interval of Thought,
Sink the next Moment unperceiv'd away,
Lost in the various Bustling of the Day.

The World commands ; the World we all attend ;
And trust Futurity the rest to mend.

O dangerous Error ! can our manly Prime
For ever last ? and are we Lords of Time ?

Can we command his Motion to be slack,
Or on the Dial turn the Shadow back ?

Compute this Period ; see what Length of Days,
What Ages bear such negligent Delays !

A just Allowance for our Childhood give ;

Allow for Dotage, when we scarcely live ;

For Sleep allow, for Sickness, and for Pain ;

Then count our Days, and say how few remain !

How soon this melancholy Truth appears,

The longest Date is scarcely twenty Years !

And yet this Man, this Creature of a Day,

This Bubble, rising just to burst away,

Vast as the wide-spread Ocean in Desires,

Still discontented, more and more requires ;

Possess'd of one, his ever-labouring Breast

Is rack'd as strongly by some new Request.

How

336 EPISTLES of HORACE.

How soft the Picture ! what an easy Fate !
 Would Heaven indulge us with a small Estate.
 We scarce have gain'd it, when a farther View
 Allures the Eye, and charms us to pursue ;
 Or larger Heaps, or public Trust we claim,
 Or Phantom-pleasures from the Voice of Fame :
 Grant these possess'd, and even add to these
 Wealth, Freedom, Quiet, any thing you please ;
 A Wife we covet yet, insatiate still,
 And force kind Heaven to curse against its Will.

Shall then ev'n cumbrous Fortune, O my Friend !
 Add Pound to Pound, nor ever learn to end ?
 Shall Heaps on Heaps demand some new Supply,
 As over-drinking only makes us dry ?
 Ask *Philip's* Son, if Fate would grant his Boon,
 What could he crave ? He sighs, and shows the
 Moon.

We own, indeed, that Prudence may produce
 From Gold, well-manag'd, an extensive Use ;
 We own, that large Convenience it affords,
 The best of Servants, though the worst of Lords.
 Some haughty Fair-one does thy Soul adore ?
 Dispatch this Advocate, and sigh no more.

The

The first of Beauties, when that boldly bids,
 Submits, and worn-out *H*——*n* succeeds.
 Hast thou a Genius, which neglected lies?
 Gold makes the World that slighted Genius prize.
 It gives thee all the wisest may desire,
 Food, Cloaths, the Town, or Leisure to retire :
 And, greater still, it gives the generous Mind,
 To Worth in Want the Pleasure to be kind.

This we allow, but 'tis as justly true,
 The Taste, the Relish must be first in you.
 Nor think, that Riches infinite can please
 The tortur'd Slave, who Fears and Hopes obeys :
 To him the Gems which either *India* brings,
 As useless prove, as dull and idle things ;
 As in *Change-Alley* Tales of Love appear,
 Or *Handel's* Music to a *Lapland* Ear.

Would'st thou taste Fortune then ? with studious
 Care

Watch o'er each Passion, and thy Mind prepare.
 For Gold, where Passions uncorrected rule,
 Confirms the Villain, or augments the Fool.
 In tainted Casks though richest Wines you pour,
 They lose their Richness, and are chang'd to sour.

338 EPISTLES of HORACE.

See the pale Miser, who intensely pries
On untouch'd Bags with ever-wakeful Eyes,
Nor dares to use the Wealth his Labour won,
Create the very Want he means to shun.

From boisterous Rage preserve your Temper free,
Convinc'd 'tis Madness in a less Degree.

But chief from Envy, as the sharpest Ill,
Which Art can find, or Man be doom'd to feel.
Strange Torment ! say, by what unguarded Ways
Steals in this watchful Enemy to Ease ?

Does mutual Hate the mutual Passion move ?
Or springs it rather from a selfish Love ?
From Hate we thus conclude it cannot rise ;
Reduce the Envy'd, and our Envy dies.
Then sure of Frenzies 'tis the last, the worst,
Through mean Self-love to make ourselves accurst.

For Me, or near or distant be my End,
I stand resolv'd industriously to mend ;
Resolv'd, with all the Efforts in my Power,
To snatch at Time, and husband every Hour.
Pleas'd with the Thought, on *Sure's* mæandring Flood
I muse ; or wander to the devious Wood ;
Nor mean for Loiterers in the Race to stay,
Nor envy those who bravely lead the Way.



* E P I S T L E III.

To JULIUS FLORUS.

Augustus having sent his Son-in-Law, Claudius Tiberius Nero, with a powerful Army to replace Tigranes on the Throne of Armenia, Horace here enquires how Julius Florus and the other Wits in the Train of Claudius employed their Time; advises him to subdue those Passions which are the Source of all Evil, and in particular to be reconciled to his Friend Munatius Plancus.

TELL me, my Florus, on what foreign Coast
 Claudius to Battle leads his warlike Host?
 Say, are you now in Thracian Realms detain'd,
 On Hebrus' Banks, by icy Fetters chain'd,
 Between the Sea-wash'd Castles do you fail,
 Or breathe on Asia's Hills a purer Gale?
 What studious Cares engage your learned Band?
 But chief inform me, what distinguish'd Hand
 Transmits to latest Times Augustus' Fame,
 In Peace and War alike a deathless Name!

340 EPISTLES of HORACE.

What now employs our 3 *Titius*? He whose Verse
Soon with just Praise the Public will rehearse:
Who, scorning Lakes and Streams, has, free from
Dread,

Dar'd to drink deep at *Pindar's* Fountain-head.

How fares the Poet? does he still retain

The Memory of Me? the *Theban* Strain

Has he adapted to the *Latian* Lyre?

Or does he rage and foam with Tragic Fire?

What does my 4 *Celsus*? warn'd so oft to raise

A Fortune of his own, nor touch the Lays,

Which to the latest Times the sacred Nine

Transmit, preserv'd by *Phæbus* *Palatine*;

Lest, when their Feathers every Bird resumes,

We scorn the Jay divested of his Plumes.

What's your own Study? o'er what fragrant Flowers

Now hover you? not slender are your Powers,

Nor unadorn'd your Mind. Whether a Cause

You eloquently plead, or civil Laws

Clearly expound, or sport in polish'd Lays,

The conquering Ivy all your Toil repays.

Try but to shun each Source of Care, you'll rise

To sacred Wisdom's Heights; be this the Prize

Pursu'd

Pursu'd by all ; be these the glorious Ends
Of all that are their own, their Country's Friends.

Tell me in your Reply, and tell me true,
Do you with such Regard ³ *Munatius* view
As he deserves ? or, patch'd by bungling Hands,
Have you not burst fair Friendship's brittle Bands ?
But should slight Knowledge of the World inspire
This fatal Enmity, or youthful Fire,
Live like two Brothers, and live where you will,
At your Return a pamper'd Steer I'll kill.

NOTES.

This Epistle was written in the Year of *Rome* 733, or 734, *Horace* being then forty-six or forty-seven Years old.

¹ *Claudius Tiberius Nero* was the Son of *Tiberius Nero* and *Livia*. He was four Years old when *Augustus* married his Mother, and was now about twenty-two. He married him to *Livia*, his Daughter by his Wife *Scribonia*, and adopted him Successor to the Empire.

² ——— *vicinas ——— turres.*] The *Hellepont* divides, by a narrow Strait, *Sestos* in *Europe* from *Abydos* in *Asia*, now called the *Dardanelles*, and rendered famous by the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander*.

³ This is the same *Titius Septimius*, to whom *Horace* addressed Ode VI. Book II. He had already recommended him to the Favour of *Claudius* in Epistle IX. of this Book. He wrote Lyric Verses, and some Tragedies ; but none of his Works are now extant.

342 EPISTLES of HORACE.

⁴ This is that *Celsus Albinovanus*, Secretary to *Tiberius Nero*, whom *Horace* in Epistle VIII. obliquely charges with Moroseness; as he does directly here with Plagiarism. He is supposed to be that *Pedo Albinovanus*, who is mentioned by *Ovid*. All his remaining Works are a consolatory Elegy addressed to the Empress *Livia*, on the Death of *Drusus Nero* her Son, and an Elegy on the Death of *Mænas*. The former may be considered as an excellent Common-place of every thing that can be said on the Subject. *M. le Clerc* published an Edition of these two Pieces at *Amsterdam* in 1703 (to which he added the *Etna* of *Cornelius Severus*, an *Augustan* Writer) under the borrowed Name of *Theodorus Gorallus*.

⁵ This *Munatius* was the Son of *L. Munatius Plancus*, to whom *Horace* addressed Ode VII. Book I.



The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. NEVILE, Fellow of JESUS College,
CAMBRIDGE.

YOU, whom all Places in their Turns delight,
Say, whither do you next direct your Flight?
To Town? to Country? or do you repair
To flutter at *Brightelmstone* with the Fair?

Will nothing from the Prefs this Season steal,
To give the Nibblers of these Times a Meal?

Can

Can *Mason* Days of *Gothic* Darkneſs grace,
 And not to Railings rouse the ſnarling Race?
Mason, who creeps not with low Sons of Rhyme,
 But on *Pindaric* Pinions ſoars ſublime!
 Sleeps he? or does he meditate again
 To rival *Athens* in the Tragic Strain?
 Or, kindling with a Ray of purer Fire,
 To holieſt Raptures wake the *British* Lyre?

Does *Celfus* ſtill a War with Reaſon wage,
 And ſpread *French* Tinfel o'er his pilfer'd Page?
 How ſhall we titter at this fluttering Jay,
 When his bright Plumes fall one by one away;
 When cruel Critics cull each glittering Line,
 And give it back to *Boileau* and *Racine*!
 Or ſay, what Sweets invite your roving Muſe?
 You want not Genius, but the Will to uſe;
 Sure in whate'er you do to win Applauſe:
 Whether you lend a Poſiſh to the Laws;
 To Culprit Clowns explain what's juſt and fit,
 Or charm the Circle with a Flow of Wit.
 Go! the cold Lenitives of Care reſign;
 Go! while you may, wear Wiſdom's Wreath di-
 vine:

344. EPISTLES of HORACE.

For this all toil, who shine, or e'er have shone,
Friends to Mankind's true Interests, or their own.
Sprinkle an Anecdote or two of State:
Has Union heal'd the Bickerings of the Great?
Or does Court-policy drop Balsam o'er
The Wound, that closes, but to gape the more.
Howe'er that be, some Comfort we must feel,
While wakes One Patriot for the public Weal.



* EPISTLE



* E P I S T L E IV.

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He extolls his good Qualities, and from the Consideration of the Uncertainty of Life, advises him to make the most of the present Time.

TIBULLUS, candid Critic of my Lays,
 Say, how at *Pedum* pass your vacant Days?
 Are you in Works engag'd, that will outvie
 The *Tuscan* Bard's, or do you lonely fly
 To the sequester'd Silence of a Wood,
 Musing on what becomes the *Wise* and Good?
 A Soul informs your Clay. Indulgent Heaven
 To You has Beauty, Wealth, and Prudence given:
 What can a Mother wish her Son but *Sense*,
 And, to express it, manly Eloquence;
 To live esteem'd by all, with Credit, Health,
 Neatness of Fare, and Competence of Wealth?
 Perplex'd by Hopes and Fears, by Care and Strife,
 Think every Day the Period of your Life.

Time

346 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Time unexpected will be Gain. You'll find
Me, when with Smiles you would relax your Mind,
Well-cas'd with Fat, with Skin most sleek and fine,
One of the Herd of *Epicurus*' Swine.

NOTES.

This Epistle was written some time after Ode XXXIII. of Book I. and not long before the Death of *Tibullus*, i. e. about the Year of Rome 720. See the Notes on that Ode.

¹ *Cassî Parmensis.*] See Satire X. Book I.

² ——— *sapiente bonoque.*] *Horace* always joins the wife and the good Man; because there is really no other Wisdom than that which makes a Man virtuous, and produces Fruits worthy of her. Thus in Epistle XVI:

Neve putes alium sapiente bonoque beatum.

‘Wisdom cannot subsist without Goodness.’ DACIER.

³ *Non tu corpus, &c.*] The Sense of *Horace* here runs thus;
‘You are endued with Wisdom: The Gods have given you
‘Beauty, Riches, and a Heart to enjoy them. What can a
‘fond Nurse (or Mother) desire more of them for her
‘darling Boy than these things, viz. that he should be wise,
‘endued with Eloquence, have a good Name, a confirmed
‘State of Health, an elegant Table, and a competent Fortune
‘to support it?’

Creech has traced it very closely;

What could a Nurse for her dear Child wish more
Than, &c. —————

And to enjoy Credit, and Fame, and Health,
And cleanly Diet with sufficient Wealth?

Claudius Boivin indeed reads here, *non deficiente Camenâ*, instead of *crumenâ*, ‘With the Muse at Command.’ But it does

NOT

not appear, that this Reading is warranted by any MS. or ancient Copy; and the common Reading (*crumena*) has a closer Connexion with the preceding Words, *mundus victus*, q. d. 'a neat and elegant Table, with a Purse to support it.' The Muse has no Business here, nor can it be thought that our philosophical Poet would reckon Wit among the Ingredients of Happiness; and much less that a Mother would address the Gods (*voveat*) to make her Child a Poet.

Dacier thus comments on these Words; 'Without having the Mortification to hear your last Crown, as *Perfius* says, fighting at the Bottom of your Purse:

Nequicquam fundo suspirat nummus in imo.

In your lank Purse it lonely sighs in vain.

4 ——— *sapere et fari quæ sentiat.*] *Perfius* has justly observed, that Knowledge is nothing to him, who is not known by others to possess it:

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

To the Scholar himself it is nothing, with respect either to Honour or Advantage; for the World cannot reward those Qualities which are concealed from it. With respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no Help to Ignorance or Error. *Horace* therefore properly unites in an accomplished Character just Sentiments with the Power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated Learning, is next to consider how he shall most widely diffuse, and most agreeably impart it.

ADVENTURER, N^o V.



The

The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

To JOHN PITT, Esq;

DEAR Sir, to all my Trifles you attend,
 But drop the Critic to indulge the Friend;
 And with most Christian Patience lose your Time,
 To hear me preach, or pester you with Rhyme.

Here with my Books or Friends I spend the Day,
 But how at *Kingslon* pass your Hours away?
 Say, shall we see some Plan with ravish'd Eyes,
 Some future Pile in Miniature arise?

(A Model to excell, in every Part,
 Judicious *Jones*, or great *Palladio's* Art)
 Or some new Bill, that, when the House is met,
 Shall claim their Thanks, and pay the Nation's
 Debt?

Or do you study, in the silent Wood,
 The sacred Duties of the Wife and Good?
 Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the Whole
 With a strong Body, and as firm a Soul.

The Praise is yours to finish every Part,
With all th' Embellishments of Taste and Art.
Some see in canker'd Heaps their Riches roll'd ;
Your Bounty gives new Splendor to your Gold.

Could your dead Father hope a greater Bliss,
Or your surviving Parent more than this ?
Than such a Son ; a Lover of the Laws,
And ever true to Honour's glorious Cause ;
Who scorns all Parties, though by Parties fought,
Who greatly thinks, and nobly speaks his Thought,
With all the chaste Severity of Sense,
Truth, Judgment, Wit, and manly Eloquence.
So in his Youth great *Cato* was rever'd,
By *Pompey* courted, and by *Cæsar* fear'd ;
Both he disdain'd alike with godlike Pride ;
For *Rome* and Liberty he liv'd—and died !

The future Time is never in our Power ;
Then 'tis clear Gain to snatch the present Hour.
Break from your serious Thoughts, and laugh
away

In *Pimper*n Walls one idle easy Day.
You'll find your rhyming Kinsman well in Case,
For ever fix'd to this delicious Place ;

Though

350 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Though not like *L*— with Corpulence o'er-
grown ;
For he has *twenty* Cures—and I but *one*.



*To a Gentleman, whose Father had left the Bulk of
his Estate to a younger Son.*

In Allusion to the Same EPISTLE.

By Mr. SAY.

DEAR Friend, whom favouring Providence
allows
A fruitful Soil, that round a pleasant Seat
Lies various ; Pasture, Arable, or Wood ;
A Plain with rising Hills inclos'd : What now
Shall the divining Muse suppose t' engage
Your thoughtful Hours ? Or in some Grove retir'd
You walk unseen ; (in Contemplation high
Rais'd up above the World) and see beneath,
Compassionate, the Cares and fond Designs
Of restless Mortals, always in Pursuit
Of what they always have ; still heaping up
Stores

Stores to be us'd, yet never use their Stores.
O blind of Heart! the Bliss ye seek, behold
Already in your Hands!—Or else with Eyes
Fix'd on some grave Discourse, you now perhaps
Consult with ancient Sages, how to guide
Your Life by Wisdom's Rules, enquiring still
What most beseems the Good t' enquire.—Blest
Man!

To whom your wealthy Sire has left enough,
Though with a partial Hand; and God reveal'd
The Secret known to few, to very few,
That 'Half a great Estate' (as the wrong'd *Bard
To a greedy Brother sung) 'is more than All.'
Happy! who well have learn'd the precious Art
To value right his Gifts, and freely use
What God has freely sent; nor will be bought
With rich Temptations to enslave your Hours,
And quit the Ease Heaven's Kindness has indulg'd.

What can a careful Mother more request
For her lov'd Son, than to be wise and good;
Able to speak his Sense; that vigorous Health,
And public Fame and Favour may attend

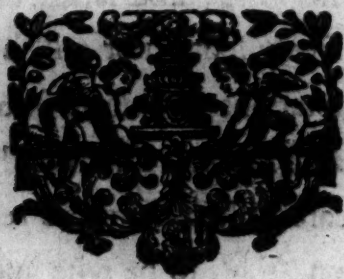
* HESIOD.

352 EPISTLES of HORACE.

A well-spent Life ; and a neat Table, spread
With wholesome Food convenient ? Though not
rich,

Yet never poor. All beyond this is mere
Incumbrance, and the Wish of Fools, who toil
As if they were to raise a Stock to-day,
On which to live for Ages ! Wisely you
Enjoy the present Blessing, and depend
On Heaven for what shall be. This Hour, you
think,

May prove your last ; and hence to-morrow's Sun,
As unexpected, will more grateful rise.



* EPISTLE



* E P I S T L E V.

To TORQUATUS.

*The Poet invites his Friend to Supper, and gives him
his Bill of Fare and Company.*

IF you can loll on antique Beds, and eat
Herbs for your Supper, on an earthen Plate;
To-night, * *Torquatus*, I'll expect you here.

My Wine was cask'd in *Taurus*' second Year:
Minturna's marshy Valley yields the Vine;
Bring yours, if better; if not, drink of mine.

Already shines my Sideboard, * smokes my Fire:
From Hopes, and Fears, and Thirst of Gain retire,
And *Moschus*' Cause. ‡ To-morrow's glorious Morn
Indulges Rest; for then was *Cæsar* born;
So may we safely, 'till the rising Light,
In social Converse wear the shorten'd Night.

Say, why are Riches giv'n, but to enjoy?
Who starves himself to glut some favourite Boy
Is little less than mad. Flowers will I spread,
And deeply drink, and no Reproaches dread.

354 EPISTLES of HORACE.

What Wonders Wine effects? By that, reveal'd
 Are Secrets; ⁴ Cowards hurry'd to the Field;
 To the dejected, Courage it imparts,
 Fires with fresh Hopes the bold, and teaches Arts.
 Bumpers inspire with Eloquence divine,
 And ev'n the needy drown their Wants in Wine.
 I, for my part, will strict Attention lend,
 Lest a stain'd Bed, or dirty Cloth offend;
 And every Plate and Dish shall, like a Glass,
 Reflect your Face — 'Mongst Friends let nothing
 pass
 The Door. That well-match'd Tempers may be
 join'd,
 You here will *Brutus* and ⁵ *Septimius* find;
Sabinus too, if by no better Feast
 And a kind Girl detain'd, shall be my Guest:
 And Room will still be left for other Friends;
 But in the Dog-days' Heat a Crowd offends.
 Your Number fix; and, letting Business wait,
 Slip from your Client through the Garden Gate.

NOTES.

NOTES.

¹ ——— *Torquate.*] It is not certain that this is the same *Torquatus* to whom *Horace* addressed Ode VII. Book IV. *Sanadon* believes it was his Grandson.

² *Jamdudum splendet focus.*] It appears by the Sequel (see ver. 11. *Æstivam*, &c.) that this Epistle was written in the Summer; from whence we may conclude that *Horace* could not here speak of his Parlour or Kitchen Fire. *Splendet focus* signifies no more than *splendet domus*; 'My House, or Parlour, is perfectly neat and clean.' But if the Reader rather chuses to understand it literally, it must be applied to the Fires with which the Baths were heated; for he, who gave the Supper, generally provided Baths also. Thus in Ode XIX. Book III. he asks *Telephus*,

———— *Quis aquam temperet ignibus?*
Quo præbente domum? ———

³ ——— *Gras nato Cesare festus.*] It is probable that he speaks here of the Birth-day of *Julius Caesar*; and thus *Porphyrio* understands it; *Divi Caesaris natalem significat*. It is certain that the Day of his Birth was celebrated with much Pomp, Magnificence, and even religious Worship. So that we have here not only the Year and the Month, but the precise Day when this Epistle was written, viz. July 10, A. U. C. 728.

DACIER.

Sanadon applies these Words to *C. Caesar*, the Son of *Agrippa* and *Julia*. But as he was born in September 734, this Construction cannot be reconciled with the 11th Verse.

⁴ ——— *in prælia trudit inermem.*] This is the same Sentiment which *Horace* has well expressed in Ode XXI. Book I.

———— *addis cornua pauperi,*
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neq; militum arma.

Sanadon, after two old Copies, reads *inertem*.

⁵ ——— *Septimiumque.*] This is that *Titius Septimius*, the Poet, who was mentioned in Epistle III.



* The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By a FRIEND in IRELAND.

SINCE you, dear *Dan*, without a courtly Sneer,
 Can sit on Oak, and feast on Country Cheer,
 To Supper come, and come in friendly Guise,
 Ere *Phæbus* sets, or noxious Vapours rise.

Light is my Claret; *Paul* is strictly true,
 Th' Importer he; the Vintage *fifty-two*;
 For Fare—the *Sure* can Flukes and Trouts supply,
 My Barn a Chicken, and my Doves a Pye;
 Add, that *Pomona* o'er Vicarial Land
 Her Fruits diffuses with a bounteous Hand:
 If more than such your better Tythes afford,
 Send when you please, and I'll attend the Board.
 If not, your favourite *Chillingworth* resign
 For social Converse, harmless Mirth, and Wine;
 Since this fair Eve precedes th' auspicious Morn,
 On which, thank Heaven! our *GEORGE the Good*
 was born,

We'll fit uncensur'd, chat the Hours away,
Till Light appears ; then grateful toast *the Day*.

Plagu'd with no Doubts, unanxious for an Heir,
Free from lean Avarice, and the Frown severe,
'Tis mine to quaff ; to stretch in careless Ease ;
And Fools may call me thoughtless, if they please.

What cannot Wine perform ? Its genial Fire
To amorous Youth restores the tottering Sire ;
It arms the Coward Hand ; revives the Brave ;
Strikes off his Fetters from the labouring Slave ;
Nay, bids *Avaro*, fearless, ope the Door,
And give, strange Power ! one Farthing to the
Poor.

Though little Cost adorns my friendly Treat,
At least the Furniture is plainly neat ;
Each Knife, well-whetted, cuts exactly keen,
In each bright Dish your Face is clearly seen ;
The Cloth is fair as *Lyddy's* snowy Breast,
And all may satisfy an easy Guest.

Nor dread, my Friend, to see a motley Train
Of clamorous Blockheads, or of pertly vain ;
I hate Disputes ; and hold this general Rule,
'Tis Labour lost to wrangle with a Fool.

358 EPISTLES of HORACE.

No Reverend Doctor, with important Face,
Who palms Stupidity for Heavenly Grace;
No Lawyer, who, o'erjoy'd himself to hear,
Refuses Quarter to the wounded Ear;
None such expect—I'll bid a sprightly few,
Or leave the Choice of Company to You.

Such are my Terms; if grateful such, attend;
And bilk a Wife one Night, to please a Friend,

1757.



* EPISTLE



* E P I S T L E VI,

To NUMICIUS,

That a wise Man admires nothing but Virtue.

NOTHING to admire, * *Numicius*, is the best
Of Arts, to make and to preserve us blest.
All the successive Seasons of the Year,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, † some view untouch'd with
Fear.

What think you of the Wealth Earth's Bowels
yield?

‡ What of the precious Pearls that lie conceal'd
Within th' *Arabian* Gulph or *Indian* Seas?

What of † th' Applause conferr'd on those who please
The grateful People? With what Eyes, what Ears,
Should these be seen or heard? The Man who fears
Their Opposites, almost as much admires
As he who covets them. Both their Desires
Proceed from Fear; Impressions both receive
From unforeseen Events. Whether he grieve

360 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Or joy, desire or fear, it just will prove
 The same, if when he sees what towers above
 Or sinks beneath his Hopes, he stands with Eyes
 Aghast, unknowing how to act. The Wise
 Should be esteem'd a Fool, the Just Unjust,
 s If ev'n in Virtue he should place more Trust
 Than fitting. Now, go gaze with doating Heart
 On Urns and ⁶ Statues, wrought by *Grecian* Art,
 Or *Tyrian* Purple prize, with Gems and Gold
 Adorn'd. Rejoice, a thousand Eyes behold
 Thy Action at the Bar. There, soon and late,
 Attend, lest *Mucius*, from the large Estate
 His Consort brought him, should more Wealth
 amass :

Shameful ! that he, from such a vulgar Class
 Deriv'd, should be the Envy, not the Scorn,
 Of thee, so nobly sprung, *Patrician*-born !

All that lies hid in Earth will Time reveal,
 And all that now so gaily shines, conceal.

Grac'd as thou art with Honours well bestow'd,
 And often seen along the *Appian* Road
 Passing in Pomp, there still remains at last
 That Road, where *Numa* and where *Ancus* past.

Without

Without Delay you seek a Cure, when Pains
 By Chance afflict your Bowels or your Reins :
 For would not you (who would not ?) happy live ?
 If Virtue only can this Blessing give,
 Scorn all Delights, and follow Virtue's Lore :
 But if you think that Virtue is no more
 Than a bare Name, as holy Groves are Trees,
 Let then no Ship the Port before you seize.
 Mind your Affairs. A thousand Talents keep ;
 A thousand add ; another thousand heap,
 To swell your Store ; a fourth, the Sum to square :
 For why ? They who all-mighty Money share,
 A portion'd Wife, Fame, Credit, Friends possess ;
 These *Venus*' self and soft Persuasion bless.

Though rich in Slaves, the *Cappadocian* King
 Is poor in Money. Thou, more noble, bring
 ' *Lucullus* to our View. For he, 'tis said,
 When ask'd to lend a hundred Robes, to aid
 The Stage's Splendor, cry'd, ' How can I lend
 ' So many ? Yet I'll try, and strait will send
 ' All that I have.' Then writes, He had at Hand
 Five thousand ; all or Part they might command.

Ill furnish'd is that House which nought contains
 Superfluous, to elude the Master's Pains,

And

362 EPISTLES of HORACE.

And give his Servants Room to steal secure.
 If Wealth alone confers and can insure
 True Happiness, to this Pursuit attend
 Early and late. But should your Bliss depend
 On public Favour, let your ⁸ Slave suggest
 The Names of Men of Note, or twitch your Vest,
 And bid you lend ⁹ o'er Lumber in the Way
 Your Hand. ' This in the *Fabian* Tribe bears
 Sway ;

' This in the *Veline* ; he alone can chuse
 ' A Consul, or the Ivory Chair refuse.'
 Then frankly call him Brother, Son, or Sire,
 As suits his Age. But if you still require
 Good Cheer to make you blest, at Dawn of Day
 Go rouze the Boar, or lure the finny Prey.
 This did *Gargilius*. He, each Morn, along
 The crowded *Forum* led a loaded Throng
 Of Slaves, with Spears and Toils. At Night he
 brought

On a large Mule some Boar which he had bought,
 The People's Wonder. Let us, ¹⁰ gorg'd with Food
 Yet undigested, plunge into the Flood ;
 Regardless of the Censor's Mark, disdain
 All Decency, and, with *Ulysses'* ¹¹ Train,

For

For lawless Pleasures, from our Country fly.
If, to conclude, you with ¹² *Mimnermus* cry,
That Love and Mirth afford the only Joy
In Life, be Love and Mirth your sole Employ.

Farewell ; if better Precepts you can lend,
Freely impart ; if not, to these attend.

NOTES.

The Design of this Epistle is to show, that we are widely mistaken if we place our Happiness in Riches, Honours, or Pleasure ; that every thing which excites in our Hearts Fear or Desire must be fatal to our Peace ; that Surprise and Admiration are the sole Source of this Fear or Desire ; and, consequently, that in order to get rid of the latter we must discard the former, and keep our Minds so firmly poised, as not to be disconcerted by the ardent Hope of gaining, or anxious Dread of losing, any of those things which the Bulk of Mankind commonly doat on. But this Evenness of Temper is only to be acquired by the Study of Moral Philosophy, and the Practice of Virtue.

There is nothing in this Epistle by which we can fix the true Date of it. All that can be said with any Certainty is, that as the Poet mentions in it the Porticoes of *Agrippa*, which were not built till 728, this Epistle must have been written after that Year, which was the 41st of *Horace's* Age.

¹ ——— *Numici.*] The *Numicii* were a noble Family at *Rome*, but we have no Tradition who this particular Person was.

² ——— *sunt qui.*] He means the Followers of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*.

³ *Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis & Indos ?*] We must here repeat the Word *munera* ; viz. ‘ The Gifts of the Sea,
‘ which

364 EPISTLES of HORACE.

' which enriches the distant *Indians* and *Arabians*;' meaning the Pearls which are chiefly found in the *Persian Gulph* and the *Indian Sea* about the Island of *Ceylon*. See *Pliny*, Book IX. Chap. 35.

4 ——— *plausus*.] Can a Man of Sense value himself on Account of the Applauses of the People, whose Judgments are commonly false, who are inconstant in their Choice, and admire nothing but Trifles?

5 *Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam*.] Thus *Cicero*: *Studia vel optimarum rerum sedata tamen et tranquilla esse debent*. *Tusc. Diss.* B. IV.

6 ——— *Marmor vetus*.] That is, ' old Marble Statues.'

7 ——— *Lucullus*.] He means *L. Licinius Lucullus*, the Grandson of him who was Consul in the Year 603, and the Father of *M. Licinius Lucullus*, whom *Antony* caused to be put to Death after the Battle of *Philippi*. He was himself Consul in 680, commanded for eight Years the *Roman Army* against *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* and *Tigranes* King of *Armenia*, and triumphed in 691. But the Glory of so many great Exploits was tarnished not only by his Avarice, and Severity to the Soldiers, but also by the Luxury which he first introduced at *Rome*; where the Magnificence of his Horses, his Equipage, and his Table, gave an Example which at length prevailed over the Severity of the Laws. The Fact which *Horace* relates is a Proof of it. The five thousand Robes are without Doubt an Exaggeration. *Plutarch* mentions but two hundred. However that may be, certain it is that *Lucullus* had more than he knew the Number of. It may be asked of what Use on the Stage such a Number of Robes could be? I answer, they might serve for one of those grand Representations which are mentioned in ver. 190. of the Epistle to *Augustus*.

SANADON.

8 ——— *qui dicet nomina*.] Those who aspired to Posts of Honour were attended by a Slave, whose Business it was to tell his Master the Names of all they met. He was called a *Nomenclator*.

9 ——— *lavum*

9 ————— *lavum*

Qui fodicet latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere————] The following Remark was suggested to us by a learned Friend. ' These Words have made much Work for the Commentators, whose various Opinions I forbear to mention. I suppose *trans pondera dextram porrigere* signifies to extend the Hand so far forwards as to destroy the Equilibrium or Balance by which we are kept erect. The excessive Complaisance of Candidates before a contested Election is well known. This Complaisance, says *Horace*, puts them in Danger of falling on their Noses. *Pondus* is *Latin* for a Balance as well as a Weight.'

The Sense which is usually put upon it is that which is followed in the Translation.

10 ————— *crudi tumidique lavemur.*] To bathe after eating was always looked upon as a Mark of Intemperance. Rakes practised it to promote Digestion and recover their Appetite. Thus *Perfius* in Satire III. ver. 98.

*Turgidus hic epulis atq; albo ventre lavatur,
Guttur sulphureas lentè exhalante mephites.*

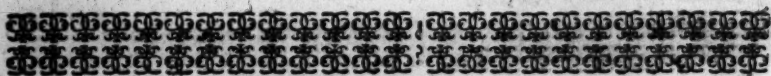
The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,
Bathes and gets drunk, then bathes and drinks again;
His Throat half-throttled with corrupted Phlegm,
And breathing through his Jaws a filthy Steam.

DRYDEN.

11 ————— *remigium vitiosum.*] *Homer* every where represents these Friends of *Ulysses* as a Company of dissolute Rakes, who, where-ever they arrived, minded nothing but eating, drinking, and Good Cheer. See the ninth and twelfth Books of the *Odyssey*.

12 ————— *Mimnermus.*] He was an *Ionian* Poet, contemporary with *Cræsus* and *Solon*. He lived 600 Years before the Christian Æra, and 300 before *Epicurus*. He wrote in a natural and flowing Style; but nothing does him more Honour than the Judgment *Horace* gives of him in Epistle II. Book II. where he prefers him to *Callimachus*. None of his Writings are extant, except some Fragments of his Elegies.

* The



The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Another HAND.

WITH steady Wing between Extremes to soar,
 Not proudly vain, nor despicably poor ;
 Our even Soul in Virtue's Scale to poize,
 Not sunk by Cares, nor buoy'd by idle Joys ;
 In a calm Medium to secure our State,
 Deaf to uneasy Love and restless Hate :
 This golden Lesson ancient Sages taught,
 Thus *Tully* acted, and thus *Horace* thought.
Cato for this disdain'd *Rome's* little Pride,
 And *Scipio* threw his worthless Wreaths aside.
 These Rules alone insure untainted Bliss,
 And point the easy Path to Happiness.
 Stay thy fix'd Breast, by flattering Scenes unbent ;
 Fond Admiration dwells not with Content.
 Some lurking Ills the gaz'd-at Pomp destroy,
 Delights fatigue, tumultuous Pleasures cloy.

While

While abject Crowds are ruffled with Surprise,
And ideot Wonder stares from vulgar Eyes ;
No sudden Turn the settled Thought can move ;
Philosophers admire not, but approve.
No glaring Meteors can disturb their Soul,
Nor all the starry Worlds above that roll :
Since what the dastard Populace affright,
A *Newton* or a *Derham* may delight.
They trace, unmov'd, the Comet's swift Career,
Though Monarchs shudder, and though Nations
fear ;

They view the countless Terrors of the Sky
With cool Reflection, and through Reason's Eye.
Let us then spurn all vain terrestrial Joys,
Think Honours Trifles, Diadems but Toys :
Shall the Mind lie unhing'd by each mad Flight,
And gaudy Objects catch the giddy Sight ?
Shall we from Paint and Stone our Bliss receive,
Hang o'er a Statue, on a Picture live ?

Go, purchase Gewgaws, and at Auctions pine
For Mummies, Urns, a Pebble, or a Coin.
Peru its Birds or Butterflies shall bring,
And *India's* Womb be tortur'd for a Ring.

A Tea-

368 EPISTLES of HORACE.

A Tea-board from *Japan* thy Wifh attends ;
Persia a Screen, a Carpet *Turkey* fends.

Yet know, whate'er you are, whom Pleasure's
 Bait

Tempts to Delight, or Grandeur prompts to State ;
 Whether for Trifles of a higher Sphere
 You long, perhaps, a Coronet to wear,
 Or your vain Breast beats fondly for a Star ;
 Pleas'd from your gilded Chariot to bestow
 A Look on bending Crowds that gaze below ;
 Or, more exalted, ev'n at Courts preside,
 And cringing Levees feed your swelling Pride :
 Though you in Senates every Taste could hit
 With *Compton's* Eloquence, and *Stanhope's* Wit,
 Know your gay Sunshine swiftly hastes to set :
 You to that common fatal Goal must run,
 Where *Tudors* and *Plantagenets* are gone.

If through your Blood contagious Humours
 glide,

If torturing Pains afflict your aching Side,
 If Agues chill, or Fevers scorch your Brain,
 Quick seek a Refuge from Disease and Pain.
 Do you (as sure all must) desire with Ease
 And true Content to tread Life's dangerous Ways,

If

If Virtue can alone that Blessing give,
And her Attendants only happy live,
Pursue the Goddess with unceasing Pain
O'er the bleak Mountain, or the barren Plain,
While Wealth invites and Pleasure smiles in vain. }

But if strict Virtue's Laws your Soul denies,
As holy Cheats impos'd on vulgar Eyes,
To Interest's Call your Honesty postpone,
Bid Widows weep, and plunder'd Orphans groan ;
Add Plumb to Plumb, your swelling Stock increase,
Till a Director's Wealth your Labours bless ;
Till your full Warehouses can hold no more,
And your heap'd Treasures bend the groaning Floor.

The Man whom Wealth surrounds no Want
laments,

Each Charm, each Grace his every Wish prevents ;
Obsequious Friends his crowded Levee grace,
And willing Beauty yields to his Embrace :

Less *Hervey's* Form could tempt th' enamour'd
Maid,

Less *Murray's* strongest Eloquence persuade.

If then Content by Gold alone is bought,
Let that alone employ your every Thought.

370 EPISTLES of HORACE.

But should vain Pomp and Grandeur sooth your
Breast,

Convinc'd that all who haunt the Court are blest,
Quick to the Park and Drawing-room repair,
Like *Savage*, know each Staff and Ribbon there;
Bow to the Minister, accost his Grace,
And talk familiar with the Peer in Place;
Inroll each noble Lord among your Friends,
Who makes a Bishop, or a Member sends.

If more substantial Bliss Ragouts supply,
And all the Joys of Life in eating lie,
The Dictates of your Palate swift pursue,
Search all that's costly, elegant, and new:
Be it the Business of each Day to dine,
While Meats *Pontac* supplies, and *Jephson* Wine.

Thus Serjeant *Miller*, deaf to *Mammon's* Call,
Oft chang'd his Wig, and hurry'd from the Hall;
And if the luscious Turbot fill'd his Eye,
Threw *Littleton* and all his Tenures by;
Or while the Venison bent his loaded Fork,
Left Eloquence and Law to *Pratt* and *Yorke*.

If your soft Senses Mirth and Music charm,
And Wit and Love alone your Soul can warm,

Be

Be seen at every Masquerade and Play,
Wear at Quadrille the tedious Nights away;
The Joys most exquisite that Life can give
From *Heidegger's* alluring Arts receive,
And every Wish that fires your wanton Will,
In *Epicurus's* modern Groves fulfill.

Pleasures like these low vulgar Minds affect;
From these the People Happiness expect.
But Virtue Minds of nobler Stamp invites
To her sincere and more refin'd Delights.
In Paths where soft enchanting Pleasures play,
An *Orleans* or a *Rockefter* may stray;
But a *Nassau* approves the thorny Way.





* EPISTLE VII.

To MÆCENAS.

Horace excuses himself for not having waited on Mæcenas according to his Promise, and gratefully thanks him for all Favours; but at the same Time declares, with the Frankness becoming an honest Man, that he would rather part with any thing than his Liberty.

FIVE Days, I told you, I from Town should stay;
 All *August* long I faithless keep away :
 But, if you wish me well, I sure shall gain
 The same Indulgence, striving to retain
 My Health, as wanting Health; while now the
 Heats
 And Fruits autumnal crowd the gloomy Streets
 With many a funeral Pomp; and for his Heir
 Each Parent trembles; and too anxious Care,
 Or close Attendance in the *Forum*, fills
 The Blood with feverish Fire, and opens Wills.

But

But when stern Winter o'er the *Alban* Plain
Shall spread his snowy Mantle, to the Main
Your Poet must descend, and there comply
With Health's Demand, and study sparingly.
Till, with your Leave, to You he flies in Spring,
On the first Swallow's, or the *Zephyr's* Wing.

Rich have you made me; not the awkward Way
Calabrians give their Pears: 'Eat, Sir, I pray.'

"Enough, I thank you." 'Take whate'er you
will,

'And for your pretty Boys your Pockets fill.'

"As much, as for 'em all, my Thanks receive."

'Nay, what are left we to the Hogs shall give.'

Spendthrifts and Fools present what they despise;
But Obligations thence can never rise.

True Wisdom with a cautious Hand bestows
Her valued Gifts; for Gold from Dross she knows
I of your Bounty a just Sense retain;

But, if with you I always must remain,
Return my sprightly Health, the youthful Grace
Of jetty Locks; return my jovial Face,
And all my Jokes and Laughs, and every Sigh
Breath'd, 'midst our Mirth, for *Cynara's* Cruelty.

374 EPISTLES of HORACE.

² A Mouse, half-famish'd, through a narrow Hole
Into a Granary with Rapture stole;
At last, well-fill'd, he strove, but strove in vain,
To squeeze his pamper'd Carcass out again.

When thus a Weasel: ' If you ever mean
' T' escape, return, as erst you enter'd, lean.'

If this suits me, your Favours I resign:
Nor, cloy'd with luscious Dainties, do I pine
For a plain Meal; nor could *Arabia* buy,
With all her Wealth, my peerless Liberty.

You oft my easy Temper praise. I own,
Absent or present, you to me have shown
A Prince's Bounty, and a Parent's Love.

Can I then spurn your Gifts, or thankless prove?
Wife, like his Sire, ³ *Telemachus* reply'd,

' In barren *Ithaca* we cannot ride,

' So rocky is the Ground, the Fields so few:

' Take back your Steeds, *Atrides*; they to You

' Are better suited.'—Humble Minds approve
An humble Station. Thus from *Rome* I rove
To soft *Tarentum's* Vale, or *Tibur's* Grove. }

³ As ⁴ *Philip*, by his Pleadings known to Fame,
Bold as in War, at two from Business came,

And,

And, now grown old, complain'd the *Forum* lay
 Too distant from his House, old Stories say,
 A Stranger in a Barber's Shop he spy'd
 Paring his Nails. ' *Demetrius*, haste,' he cry'd,
 ' Haste, and his State, his Family enquire ;
 ' Ask who his Patron is, and who his Sire.'
 The Boy his Master's Orders well obeys ;
 He goes, and soon returns. " His Name, he says,
 " Is *Menas* ; he enjoys a Cryer's Place ;
 " Small is his Income ; but without Disgrace
 " He lives ; each Day he hurries up and down,
 " And trades in every Quarter of the Town.
 " Fix'd are his Lodgings ; few he calls his Friends,
 " And Pastimes he partakes, when Business ends.
 " I from himself would this Account receive :
 " Bid him to Supper." *Menas* can't believe,
 But wonders with himself. At last, he cry'd,
 " Your Master is too courteous." " What ! deny'd
 ' The Slave to come ?' " He did. Your Words
 create
 " No Passion in him, but Contempt or Hate."

Philip next Day observ'd this careless Cryer
 Selling small Wares, and clad in mean Attire ;

376 EPISTLES of HORACE.

And first accosts him. He Excuses made
Of the Confinement and Fatigue of Trade
For staying from his House ; and, last, for Want
Of due Respect. ' Your Pardon I will grant
' Freely,' says *Philip*, ' sup with me to-day.'
" Just as you please." ' At four then come away.
' In the mean time your Business exercise.'
At Supper while he sits, without Disguise
Bluntly he talks, no matter Wrong or Right,
Nor rises from the Feast till late at Night.
Now lavish of his Visits, soon and late,
He nibbles, like a Trout, the treacherous Bait.

One festal Day, retiring from the Town,
His Patron to his *Villa* takes him down.
And now, well-mounted, he can scarce forbear
From praising, every Step, the *Sabine* Air ;
While *Philip* smiles. At length, himself and
Friends

Fully to please, he Gold to *Menas* lends,
And bids him at his Pleasure more require,
Would he turn Farmer, and from Town retire.

To cut my Story short, a Farm is bought ;
Now, a mere Rustic, in each Word and Thought
He

He dwells on Fields or Vineyards ; Trees he plants ;
 And still the more he gains, the more he wants.
 But when he found himself at last bereft
 Of Flocks and Herds, by Sickneſs or by Theft,
 His Hopes deceiv'd by an ungrateful Soil,
 And all his Steers worn out by Length of Toil,
 At Dead of Night, with Grief and Rage oppreſt,
 He flies to *Philip*, an unlook'd-for Gueſt.
 Soon as he ſaw his rough and woful Mien,
 He cries, ' By Labour, *Menas*, or Chagrin,
 ' You're alter'd much.' He answers, " Every Name,
 " By Heaven, but that of Wretch, I here diſclaim.
 " By the good Genius then that rules your Fate,
 " And this ⁶ Right Hand, ſo ſacred, I intreat,
 " Reſtore, ⁷ reſtore me to my former State !" }

When by Experience thus we learn, how vain
 Our Hopes, 'tis prudent timely to regain
 The Port we left. ⁸ We all ſhall ſurely find
 That the beſt Station which beſt ſuits our Mind.

N O T E S.

378 EPISTLES of HORACE.

NOTES.

Dacier thinks this one of Horace's best Epistles. Julius Scaliger was so struck with its Beauties, that he gives it the following Character: *Septima Epistola adeo elegans est et adeo urbana, ut ad eas virtutes nihil addi posse videatur.* 'The seventh Epistle is so elegant and polished, that nothing can excell it.' Sanadon thinks it was written in the Summer of the Year 731, when Horace was returned from Velia or Salernum, where he had been to drink the Waters.

* *Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam.*] This is the common Reading; but Bentley for *vulpecula* (a Fox) reads *nitedula* (a Field-Mouse). This Reading has been adopted by Cuninghame and Sanadon, and is followed by the Translator. 'The Fox (as Sanadon observes) is naturally cunning. He avoids the Haunts of Men. The Animal here mentioned does quite the reverse. He creeps into a Basket, or Granary, full of Corn. He quietly stays there several Days; even so long as to grow fat and plump, though he was lean before. These are such palpable Absurdities, that we ought not to place them to Horace's Account. A small Animal is here required, who could creep unseen into Houses, and feed upon Corn. All these Qualities agree with a Field-Mouse. Besides, it is worth remarking that St. Jerom in a Letter to Salvian gives us Reason to believe that Horace actually wrote *nitedula* after *Æsop*. His Words are, *Docet Æsopi fabula plenum muris ventrem per angustum foramen egredi non valere.* 'The Fable of *Æsop* informs us, that the Mouse with his full Paunch could not escape through the Hole at which he had entered.' All this Sanadon borrows from Bentley: But Dacier adheres pertinaciously to the Fox, and affects (in his usual Way) to condemn and abuse Bentley. He pretends that the Fox fed upon Poultry and Pigeons in a Granary, the Absurdity of which is self-evident. But though our learned English Critic has a Quaintness in his Style, many of his Remarks are admirable, and Sanadon has done Justice to his Merit.

* *Haud male Telemachus, &c.*] Horace has here given us the Answer which Telemachus, in the *Odyssey*, made to Menelaus, when

when he offered to present him with some Horses, Book IV. ver. 601, &c.

Ἰππας δ' εἰς Ἰθάκην κτ' ἀξομαί, &c

The Coursers for the Champain Sports retain;
That Gift our barren Rocks will render vain:
Horrid with Cliffs, our meagre Land allows
Thin Herbage for the Mountain-Goat to browse;
But neither Mead nor Plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly Courser, or indulge his Speed.

FENTON.

This Passage, where *Telemachus* refuses the Horses, has been much observed, and turned to a moral Sense, viz. as a Lesson to Men to desire nothing but what is suitable to their Condition. This is the Reason why *Ulysses* (as *Eustathius* observes on the tenth Book of the *Iliad*) leaves the Horses of *Rhesus* to the Disposal of *Diomed*. So that the same Spirit of Wisdom reigned in *Telemachus* that was so remarkable in *Ulysses*.

BROOME.

Horace's Application of this Passage is very rational. *Tibur*, or *Tarentum*, was his *Ithaca*, where all the Splendor of a Court was as useless to him as the Horses of *Menelaus* would have been to *Telemachus*.

3 *Strenuus ac fortis*, &c.] This Story is told with that Vivacity and native Grace to which such little Pieces owe all their Merit; and the Comparison between *Menas* and *Horace* is so just, that it does not seem to want any particular Application.

4 ——— *Philippus*.] He means *L. Marcius Philippus*, equally distinguished by his Birth, Wit, Eloquence, and Valour. By these Qualities he rose to be Censor and Consul. He filled the last Post in 667. His Son, who was also Consul in 698, was the Father-in-Law of *Augustus*, by marrying *Accia Julia*, the Widow of *C. Octavius*, Prætor of *Macedonia*. *Horace*, by giving him this Eulogium, indirectly makes his Court to *Augustus*.

SANADON.

5 *Rura suburbana*.] This Country House of *Philip* was probably near *Antemna* or *Collatium*, at the Entrance of *Sabinia*, one or two Leagues from *Rome*.

6 ——— *dex*.

380 EPISTLES of HORACE.

⁶ ——— *dextramq;*] We may suppose that *Menas*, when he spoke these Words, grasped *Philip* by the Right Hand. For, as *Pliny* observes, B. XI. Ch. 45. *Inest hominis dextra quædam religio, observatione gentium.* ‘The Right Hand has, by general Custom, been looked upon as sacred.’ Thus *Dido*, in *Æneid* IV. ver. 314. adjures *Æneas* by his own Right Hand :

*Per ego has lachrymas, dextramque tuam te
Oro* —————

And thus also *Ilioneus* in *Æneid* VII. ver. 234.

Fata per Æneæ juro dextramque potentem.

⁷ ——— *Vita me redde priori !*] Many a Great Man, after he has attained the utmost Height of his Ambition, finds Reason to cry out with *Menas*, from a Heart-felt Conviction, *Vita me redde priori !* ‘Restore me to my former Peace of Mind ; to that Ease and Tranquillity which I enjoyed in the converse of a few chearful and rational Friends, neither solicited nor incumbered !’

⁸ *Metiri se quemque suo modulo, ac pede, verum est.*] *Perſius* has nearly the same Sentiment at the End of his fourth Satire ;

Tecum habita ; et nâris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

Survey thy Soul ; not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art ; and find the Beggar there.

DRYDEN.

The Reader may see the Moral of this Epistle finely illustrated by a very natural Character in *The World*, N^o 174.



The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. POPE and Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my Word,
I would be with you, *June* the third;
Chang'd it to *August*, and in short
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In Town, what Objects could I meet?
The Shops shut up in every Street,
And Funerals blackening all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a Dust in every Place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face,
And Fevers raging up and down,
And *W*— and *H*— both in Town!

• The Dog-days are no more the Case:

'Tis true; but Winter comes apace:

Then

382 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Then Southward let your Bard retire,
Hold out some Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you shall see, the first warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.

My Lord, your Favours well I know ;
'Tis with Distinction you bestow ;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a *Scotchman* does his Plumbs.
' Pray take them, Sir.' " Enough's a Feast."
' Eat some, and pocket up the rest.'
" What rob your Boys? those pretty Rogues!"
' No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs.'

Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain Crop ;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the Things you never care for.
A wise Man always is or shou'd
Be mighty ready to do Good,
But makes a Difference in his Thought
Between a Guinea and a Groat. '

Now this I'll say, you'll find in Me
A safe Companion, and a free ;

But if you'd have me always near—
A Word, pray, in your Honour's Ear.
I hope it is your Resolution
To give me back my Constitution !
The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gayety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up so oft till one ;
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when *Belinda* rais'd my Strain.

A Weasel once made shift to sink
In at a Corn-loft through a Chink ;
But having amply stuff'd his Skin,
Could not get out as he got in.
Which one belonging to the House
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
Observing, cry'd, ' You 'scape not so ;
' Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.'

Sir, you may spare your Application,
I'm no such Beast nor his Relation ;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans :
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.

South-

384 EPISTLES of HORACE.

South-Sea Subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but Liberty and Ease.

'Twas what I said to *Craggs* and *Child*,
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.

' Give me,' I cry'd, (enough for Me)

' My Bread and Independency !'

So bought an annual Rent or two,

And liv'd—just as you see I do ;

Near fifty, and without a Wife,

I trust that Sinking Fund, my Life.

Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well ;

Shrink back to my paternal Cell,

A little House, with Trees a-row,

And, like its Master, very low ;

There died my Father, no Man's Debtor,

And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this Matter full before ye,
Our old Friend *Swift* will tell his Story.

' *Harley*, the Nation's great Support,
' Returning home one Day from Court,—

But you may read it, I stop short.

For the Remainder, see *Swift's Works*, Vol. II.



* E P I S T L E VIII.

To CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

ON *Nero's* Secretary, Muse, attend ;
 * Wishes of Joy and good Success I send :
 Should he the Compliment return, and say,
 ' How does your Master pass the vacant Day ?'
 Tell him, though threatening many a great Design,
 * Life's prudent Part, or pleasant, is not mine.
 Not that my Vineyards or my Olives fail,
 Destroy'd by Drought, or driving Storms of Hail ;
 † Not that my Cattle die in distant Fields ;
 No, but because my Mind no Harvest yields.
 * In Mind less healthy than in Body sound,
 I to myself a restless Foe am found ;
 More fond of my Disease than of the Cure,
 † I hate my Doctor, nor my Friends endure ;
 Am angry when my Slumbers they would break,
 And from its Lethargy my Soul awake ;
 To Things that hurt me obstinately run,
 But what may profit me delight to shun :

386 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Loathing what I possess, my fickle Mind
 Veers, like a Vane, with every Gust of Wind ;
 Uneasy still from Place to Place I rove ;
 * At *Tibur*, *Rome* ; at *Rome*, I *Tibur* love.

Next ask of his Affairs : If in the Grace
 Of the young Prince and Court he holds a Place.
 If so, rejoice ; then whisper in his Ear,
 † We shall bear You, as You your Fortune bear.*

NOTES.

It is disputed by the Critics, whether *Horace* in this Epistle draws his own Picture, or that of his Friend.

If the former, it is to be considered as the Turn of his Mind at some particular Times ; and, taking it in this Light, it is to be feared that there are many Persons, amiable in the main, whom it will be found to resemble.

But if the latter was his real Design, it must be owned, that he touches the Foibles of his Friend with a very gentle Hand.

This Epistle was written in the same Year of *Rome* as the third of this Book to *Julius Florus*, viz. 734, *Horace* being then about forty-six Years old.

In regard to *Celsus*, see the Notes on the 15th Verse of the said third Epistle.

* ——— *gaudere, & bene rem gerere.*]

This Salutation the *Greeks* prefixed to all their Letters, *χαίρειν & ευ παρῆιν*, * Rejoice and prosper.*

† *Vivere nec rectè, nec suaviter.*]

Rectè vivere, to live well, means to live in the Practice of Virtue, and according to the Precepts of Morality. *Vivere suaviter*, to live agreeably, is freely to indulge our Appetites.

³ *Non quia longinquis armentum agrotet in arvis.]*
Longinquis in arvis, in distant Pastures, viz. Calabria or Lucania. The Shepherds of the Wealthy drove their Flocks in the Summer to *Calabria*, and in the Winter to *Lucania*. See the Notes on Verse 27 of Ode I. Book V.

⁴ *Sed quia mente minus validus quam corpore toto.]*
 On the one hand nothing is a stronger Proof of the Misery of Man than such a groundless Uneasiness and Disgust, as often happens in the midst of Prosperity, and to Men who abound in Wealth. But on the other hand, nothing more displays his Grandeur. For the Source of this secret Disquiet is no other than this: The Soul of Man, being designed by Nature for nobler Enjoyments than this World can supply, soon grows weary of the false and trifling Goods it meets with here, without being conscious to itself of that, which is the true Ground of this Disgust. DACIER.

⁵ *Fidis offendar medicis, irascar amicis.]*
 By these Physicians of the Mind, Horace means the ancient Philosophers, the Teachers of Morality, who, in their admirable Writings, have given Prescriptions to cure us of all unreasonable Passions, to dispell groundless Terrors, to subdue the Fear of Death, &c.

⁶ *Rome Tibur amem ventosus, Tibure Roman.]*
 Horace's Slave reproaches his Master with this Inconstancy of Temper in Book II. Satire VII.

*Rome rus optas, absentem rusticus urbem
 Tollis ad astra levis.*

⁷ *Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.]*
 It seems probable from this Remark, that *Celsus* was too much elated with his good Fortune, and perhaps neglected his old Friends: A very common Case!



* The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

HASTE, Muse, to *Spithead*, and (if Winds do
not alter)

You soon in the *Swift* will arrive at *Gibraltar*;

There aboard the *St. George* (she'll be known by
the Pennant)

Drink a full Can of Flip to my Friend the
Lieutenant;

With farther Increase to his Laurels and Spoils,
And a Flag at the last in Reward of his Toils.

If of Me he enquires, you may frankly reply

That you know not a Mortal so restless as I:

Not because that at Bowls I've had little Success,

Or that Failure of Fines makes my Fellowship less,

Or that Colds have prevented my Rides to the
Hills;

But my Mind is perplex'd with fantastical Ills:

With my Friends who advise me, no Sailor's so
warm,

When in Sight of a Prize, or in Dread of a Storm.

Here, to Town I'm inventing, or wishing for Calls,

And longing for Turns at the *Temple* or *Paul's*.

There,

There, ' College alone gives me real Delight,
' So careless the Day, and so peaceful the Night !
Were I in his Case, now the Channel would please,
Now the Straits, now the Bay, now th' *American*
Seas ;

My With, if a Convoy, would soon be to cruize ;
If a Cruizer, no Doubt I a Convoy should chuse.

That his Captain approves him I readily guess ;
Next ask how he's lik'd by the Crew and the
Mess :

If there too he pleases, in prosperous Gales
Bid him look to his Ballast, and take in his
Sails !

Cambridge.





* E P I S T L E IX.

To CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS NERO,

SEPTIMIUS only, strange as it may seem,
 Can tell the Rank I hold in your Esteem,
 For when he asks and begs, that, as a Friend,
 I would his Service warmly recommend
 To you, as not unworthy the Regard
 Of one so studious Merit to reward,
 Thinking that you such Trust in me repose,
 My Influence better than myself he knows,
 By many a Plea I strove to stand excus'd,
 But fear'd, if his Request I still refus'd,
 I should be thought my Interest to disown
 Or under-rate, to serve myself alone.
 To shun the Censure of this worse Offence,
 Behold me arm'd with courtly Confidence!
 If for a Friend such Boldness you approve,
 Believe him brave, and worthy of your Love,

N O T E S.

NOTES.

This Epistle was written about the Year 731. before the Departure of *Tiberius* for the East to wage War against the *Parthians*. It was attended with the desired Success; and *Septimius* enjoyed the Favour both of *Augustus* and *Tiberius*.

We see in this Letter a Slowness to ask a Favour, a strong Reason for his being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Person to whom he recommends to comply with what is asked: All which are necessary Circumstances, both in Justice and Good-breeding, if a Man would ask so as to have Reason to complain of a Denial; and indeed a Man should not in Strictness ask otherwise.

STEELE.

* *Septimius*.] This is the same *Titius Septimius* who is mentioned in the third Epistle of this Book (which was written after this) and to whom *Horace* addresses Ode VI. Book II.



The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. PRIOR.

To the Right Hon. ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

DEAR Dick, howe'er it comes into his Head;
Believes as firmly as he does his Creed,
That You and I, Sir, are extremely great,
Though I plain *Mat*, You Minister of State.
One Word from Me, without all Doubt, he says,
Would fix his Fortune in some little Place.

392 EPISTLES of HORACE,

Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows
How far my Interest with my Patron goes ;
And answering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread ;
That I in Fact a real Interest have,
Which to my own Advantage I would save,
And, with the usual Courtier's Trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure, I all Shame lay by,
And make my Reason with his Will comply ;
Hoping for my Excuse, 'twill be confess'd
That of two Evils I have chose the least.
So, Sir, with this Epistolary Scroll
Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul :
Him you will find in Letters and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cause,
Warm in the glorious Interest you pursue,
And, in one Word, a Good Man and a True.





* E P I S T L E X.

To FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

*This Epistle is wholly in Praise of a Country Life:
And, inspired by his Subject, Horace is more poetical
here than usual.*

I Lover of the Country, to my Friend,
A Lover of the Town, good Wishes send:
Twins in all else, but here much Difference lies;
Well-pair'd, what this refuses, that denies.

Like two old Doves we cherish mutual Love;
You keep the Nest; while I with Rapture rove
O'er Hills and Dales, or through the mossy
Grove.

I, ' like a Slave from the Priest's Service fled,
Am cloy'd with honey'd Cakes, and ' long for
Bread.

Would you agreeably to Nature live,
And chuse your Situation, can she give
One more delightful than the Country yields?
Where are the Winters milder?—When the Fields
Glow

394 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Glow with the *Lion's* or the *Dog-star's* Ray,
Where do such balmy Gales their Heat allay?
Here anxious Cares our peaceful Slumbers fly.
Can Pavements of *Numidian* Marble vye
With Herbs, in Show or Smell? Are Streams in
Lead

Confin'd, more pure than from the Fountain-head
Gushing with gentle Murmurs? Trees you love
Mix'd with your streaky Columns, and approve
That House, whence Fields in beauteous Prospect
rise.

Drive Nature out, soon back again she flies,
And the weak Efforts of Disgust defies,

He, whose deluded Eyes alike admire
The purple Dye of *Latium* and of *Tyre*,
His grievous Loss will ne'er so dearly rue
As he, who blindly takes the *false* for *true*,

They whom Prosperity has rais'd too high,
Will sink, dejected by Adversity.

With what we love unwillingly we part.

Renounce the Charms of Grandeur—To the Heart
+ In the low Cottage more Contentment springs
Than know the Friends, or ev'n the Breasts of
Kings.

The

5 The well-arm'd Stag drove from their common
Field

The Horse: To Strength superior forc'd to yield,
He fought the Aid of Man, and took the Rein;
But when, the Foe defeated, from the Plain
Triumphant he return'd, in vain he strove
The Bit and galling Saddle to remove.

So he, who, flying Want, his Freedom gives
For meaner Gold, an endless Slave, receives
A Master, since he knew not how to use
The little that he had—In narrow Shoes
Our Feet are wrung, and stumble in the wide;
Such are the Mind and Fortune not ally'd.

Live, *Fuscus*, happy in your present State;
Nor be afraid to let me feel the Weight
Of your Rebuke, whene'er your Friend desires
To heap up more than Competence requires.
For hoarded Wealth will govern, or obey;
More fit to follow than to lead the Way.

6 Behind *Vacuna's* mouldering Shrine I write,
Where all things, but your Absence, give Delight.

396 EPISTLES of HORACE.

NOTES.

This Epistle is addressed to the same *Fuscus Aristius* as Ode XXII. Book I. and who deserted him in the whimsical Distress which he mentions in Satire IX. Book I.

Ecce.

Fuscus Aristius occurrit mihi carus, &c.

It appears by the fifth and eleventh Verses, that *Horace* wrote it in an advanced Age.

¹ *Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso.*] *Horace* means by this, that it is in vain for his Friend to extoll the Pleasures of the Town, since he has no more Relish for them, than the Slaves of the Priests have for the honeyed Cakes that are offered to the Gods; with which being cloyed, they had much rather eat coarse or black Bread.

² *Pana egeo jam.*] *Jam*, i. e. *At the present Hour, or the Age at which I am arrived*: As Bread is more grateful than Cakes to a weak Stomach, so the Country is more agreeable than the Town to a Man of a mature Age, who is tired with Noise and Business.

³ *Deterius Libycis olet, aut nitet herba lapillis?*] The most beautiful Marble of *Afric* which the *Romans* use for their Floors is neither more neat or agreeable to the Eye than the variegated Turf which adorns the Fields. And the Turf has this Advantage over the Marble, that while it pleases the Eye, it also regales the Smell. *Lucretius* says, that 'though the Persons who live in the Country have not Houses adorned with Gold and Silver, where gilded Statues hold waxen Tapers to illuminate the Rooms, yet they have Objects far more agreeable.'

*Attamen inter se prostrati in gramine molli
Propter aquæ rivum, sub ramis arboris altæ,
Non magnis opibus jucundè corpora curant:
Præsertim cum tempestas arridet, et anni
Tempora conspergunt viridantes floribus herbas.*

Yet

Yet on the Grass, beneath a Poplar Shade,
By the cool Stream our careless Limbs are laid;
With cheaper Pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm Spring with gaudy Flowers is drest.

DRYDEN.

4 ————— *licet sub paupere tecto*

Reges, et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.] Nothing can be more just than this Sentiment. 'We may in a little Cottage, far from Envy and Ambition, live more happily than the Favourite of Kings, or even than Kings themselves.' Witness that old *Corycian*, of whom *Virgil* has given so delightful a Description in his *Georgics*, Book IV, who in an obscure Nook of Land, which could neither produce Corn nor Wine, nor was even fit for Pasture, yet by the Treasures of his Mind equalled even the Riches of Kings;

Regum æquabat opes animis.

DACIER.

5 *Cervus equum, &c.*] Every Man, who obeys his Ambition, or any other unuly Passion, submits himself to a Master, or rather to a Tyrant, who takes from him the greatest Blessing which Nature has bestowed upon him, viz. his Liberty. This is what *Horace* illustrates by the Fable of the Horse and the Stag, which was not invented by him, but borrowed from *Stesichorus*, who applied it very properly to the *Hymenians* on their establishing a Life-guard for *Phakaris*, whom they had chosen their General. He addresses himself to them in this manner: 'In Days of yore the Horse had a Meadow to himself. The Stag entered into it, and spoiled the Grass. The Horse, being desirous of Revenge, asked the Aid of Man. He told him that he would willingly assist him, if he would receive a Bridle in his Mouth, and suffer him to mount upon his Back with his Arms. The Horse consented, received the Man, and took his Revenge: But from that Time he became the Slave of his Ally. Take Heed then lest the same Fate be yours, and you become Slaves, while you are only intent on revenging yourselves on your Enemies.' *Horace* has adapted this Fable to his own Purpose, and altered it as he thought proper.

398 EPISTLES of HORACE.

6 — *Post fanum putre Vâcuna.*] *Vâcuna* was the Goddess of Indolence. *Horace* dates his Letter from behind her Temple, ironically to reproach his Friend on the Freedom and Leisure he enjoyed at *Tibur*.

There is a solemn Address to this venerable Deity in *Dodley's Misc.* Vol. V. which however proves the Author to be only one of her Mock-Worshippers. And therefore it can scarce be doubted but that the Goddess in Revenge rejected his Petition. The Reader, it is thought, will not be displeased with a short Specimen.

Not less is Solitude thy chosen Sphere,

There, unattended, thou vouchsaf'st to shroud

Thy Beauties, gentle Potentate; with me

By Vale or Brook to loiter, not displeas'd;

Hear the Stream's pebbled Roar; and the sweet Bee

Humming her Fairy Tunes in Praise of Flowers;

Or clamorous Rooks, on aged Elm or Oak:

Aloft the cawing Legislators sit,

Debating, in full Senate, Points of State.

My Bower, my Walks, my Study, all are thine;

For thee my Yews project their Shade; the Green

Spreads her soft Lap, and Waters whisper Sleep.

The following Imitation is a Proof of what has been before suggested.



The

The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Another HAND.

DELLIUS, of rural Scenes a Lover grown,
Salutes his Friend, a Lover of the Town:
Except the Difference Town and Country make,
Who think we disagree, perhaps mistake;
(The Difference much the same as is between
The Egg a Swan produces, and a Hen)
Debating, scribbling, faunt'ring, sitting still,
Studious of Ease, and Brothers of the Quill.

London your Choice, I know; but I approve
The mossy Seat, the River and the Grove.

If you should ask how I employ my Hour—
Better than those in Place, or those in Power;
Not plagu'd with Business, nor a Slave to Pelf,
Lord of my Time, and Master of myself.

What have your noisy Streets like this to give?
Or what like this, *Newcastle* to receive?

400 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Cotta, disgrac'd, in *Ariconian* Vales,
Likes, I am told, the Neighbourhood of *Wales*;
Sick of Parade, Attendance and Resort,
Flies, and exhales the Surfeit of a Court.

You want a Ground-plot for some new Design!
Consult the Oracle at Nature's Shrine,
' Build in the Country,' says the Voice divine. }

Is there, where Winters purer Joys inspire,
Morn's wholesome Frost, and Evening's smokeless
Fire?

Is there, where Summer's more refreshing Gales
Fan the scorch'd Hills, and chear the drooping
Vales?

Where Discontent a rarer Guest is seen,
Or Sleep less broken by intruding Spleen?

What is that Marble Portal to this Bower,
Array'd in Green, or pearl'd by every Shower?
Or what the Stream which Pipes and Conduits yield,
To the bright Rill that trickles through my Field?

Copying, ye own your Wants; the Case is clear;
In Town ye humbly mimic what is here.

Look at St. *James's* or on *Grosvenor-Square*;
Behold our Walks, our Trees, and our Parterre!

Tell

Tell me, why *Sheffield's* House so pleasant stands?
Because a Length of Country it commands.

Nature, though of her Tone by Force bereft,
Returns elastic to the Point she left;
Spite of Distortion she appears the same,
And from the Bend recovers like the Palm.

Not she, who, gull'd by Want of Taste, or Care,
Buys the resembling *Delf* for *China* Ware,
Nor they who to a City Vault resort,
And are, instead of Claret, dup'd with Port,
Will half so dearly the Deception rue,
As they who take false Blessings for the true.

Who launch too far on Fortune's peaceful Lake,
The Tempest of Adversity will shake.
'Tis hard to part with what allures the Eyes,
And the Hand pauses, ere it drops the Prize.

Fly then betimes, with unambitious Wings,
To the still Vale, where Peace eternal springs,
Leave Anguish to the Great, and Cares to Kings!

The * *British* Monarch, by the *Picts* dismay'd,
Call'd in the warlike † *Saxon* to his Aid.

* *Vortigern*. † *Hengist*. See *Milton's History*, p. 129, &c.

402 EPISTLES of HORACE.

His good Ally to Conquest led the Way,
But took the whole Dominion for his Pay:
The Stranger, wanton in his new Abode,
Soon on the Neck of Vassal Nobles trod,
And lifted high the Hand, and exercis'd the Rod. }

Thus, if my Friend should for Preferment trade,
And sell his Liberty, of Want afraid;
The meagre Monster is no more I own,
But a more lordly Tyrant mounts the Throne;
And who a Treasure by Dependence gains,
I wish him well and long to wear his Chains.

'Tis known that Shoes (just such is an Estate)
Pinch, or supplant, too little, or too great.

If wise, you'll be content, though short of Wealth,
With the rich Gifts of Competence and Health:
Despise not then the Happiness they bring,
For virtuous Freedom is a sacred Thing.

And when you see me break the Rule laid down,
And on some Courtier fawning in the Town,
Give to your Indignation full Career,
Nor spare your Friend, but justly be severe.



* E P I S T L E XI.

To BULLATIUS.

He invites his Friend to quit Asia, and return back to Rome; observing at the same Time, that a Man of an equal Temper may be happy in any Climate.

TELL me, *Bullatius*, did the Sight
 Of far-fam'd *Lesbos* give Delight?
 Say, what Idea you retain
 Of *Chios*, what of *Cræsus*' Reign,
Sardis? Did *Samos*' Neatness move,
 Or do you *Colophon* approve,
 And *Smyrna*? Do they all fall short,
 Or more than answer Fame's Report?
 Or, in your Fancy, do they yield
 To *Tyber*'s Stream and *Mars*'s Field?
 Some *Asian* City would you chuse?
 Or all for *Lebedus* refuse?
 Whose friendly Port receiv'd you, free
 From Toils by Land, and Storms by Sea?

404 EPISTLES of HORACE.

BULLATIUS.

• Say, did you ever see that Town?

HORACE.

I have. 'Tis a mean Place, less known
Than *Gabii* or *Fidene*.

BULLATIUS.

There

I'd rather breathe the vital Air,
Forgetting and forgot, on Shore
Secure to hear old Ocean roar,
Than tempt again its boisterous Tide.

HORACE.

They who to *Rome* from *Capua* ride,
Would not, though wet with Dirt and Rain,
For ever at an Inn remain.
The Wretch too, numb'd by freezing Skies,
To Baths and Fires with Transport flies,
Yet will he never place in these
His sovereign Bliss—Beyond the Seas,
If Tempests roar, and Surges swell,
Your shatter'd Vessel would you sell?

He,

He, who his Mind with Reason arms,
 Fair *Rhodes* or *Mitylene's* Charms
 Regards no more than silk Attire
 In Frost; a Cloak in *June*; and Fire
 In *August's* Heat. Whilst yet you may,
 Whilst Fortune smiles, at *Rome* display
 The Joys of *Chios*, *Samos*, *Rhodes*.
 Whatever prosperous Hour the Gods
 Bestow, with grateful Hand receive,
 And on to-day contented live.

If Reason, and not Change of Air,
 Alone can free our Souls from Care;
 If those who range at last will find
 They shift their Climate, not their Mind;
 'Tis idle Labour sure to roam
 Abroad for Bliss; since here at home
 The Man, of equal Soul possesse,
 May e'en at *Ulubræ* be blest.

NOTES.

There is this Peculiarity in Epistles, that they may be clear to those whom they are addressed to, and very dark to others; especially to those who read them 1700 Years after they were written. Therefore, without blaming *Horace*, we may venture to say, that the Subject of this Epistle is obscure. I know not whether

406 EPISTLES of HORACE.

whether I can clear it up ; but I will offer what seems to me most probable. *Bullatius* was a Man of a restless Temper, who, on Account of some domestic Uneasiness, went abroad, hoping that Change of Place would make him forget the Cause of his Disquiet ; and to excuse his long Abode in *Asia*, he publicly declared that he was tired of the Sea and of the Fatigues of so long a Voyage. *Horace* writes this Epistle to convince him of his Error, and to hasten his Return. At first he rallies the frivolous Excuse he made, and afterwards represents that if his Mind was at Ease, and if he had forgotten his Troubles, all the Charms of the Cities of *Asia* would not detain him there any longer, and that he would rather chuse to enjoy at *Rome* the Favours which Fortune offered him. Lastly, he makes him sensible of this Truth, that Men in changing their Situation cannot change themselves ; nor can the Alteration of Climate cure their Passions, or make them happy ; and that this Happiness is equally attainable in all Places, since it entirely depends on the Frame of our own Minds. DACIER.

¹ *An Lebedum laudas.*] This was a Town of *Ionia* on the Sea-shore between *Smyrna* and *Colophon*. It appears from what *Horace* here says of it that it was then a Place of no Repute.

² *Scis Lebedus quid sit.*] These Words, which the Poet puts into the Mouth of *Ballatius*, were probably taken from his Letters, in which he excused his not returning to *Italy*. The true Reading should be *quid sit*, and not *quam sit*.

³ *Strenua nos exercet inertia.*] This Play upon the Words is ingenious, and contains an excellent Moral. It is the Practice of the Bulk of Mankind. We are very busy, we vex and torment ourselves, and all these Labours end in nothing : Because our Passions are the Source of all these Commotions, and are not directed by Wisdom. SANADON.

⁴ *Est Ulubris.*] *Ulubra* is put here for any wild and uninhabited Place. It was a mean Village near *Velletri*, in the Extremity of *Latium*.



The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By GEORGE Lord Bishop of DERRY. †

To CHARLES Earl of MIDDLESEX.

STILL, my dear Lord, do fair *Italia's* Shores,
Florence's proud Gates, and *Venice's* Sea-girt
 Towers,

Still do the Ruins of Imperial *Rome*

Please more than Parks and Palaces at home?

Or say, if ne'er one Wish unbidden stole

From *Tyber's* Banks to poor forsaken *Knowle*?

Or do you chuse some Country Town in *France*?

For Instance, should you take a House at *Nantz*;

Why, you may tell me, that though *Nantz* scarce
 yields

In Dirt to *Westminster* and *Totbill-Fields*,

There 'midst Tobacco, Brandy, Smoke, what not?

Your Friends forgetting, nay by them forgot,

† Now Lord Primate of *Ireland*.

408 EPISTLES of HORACE.

(Sure Fate of Absence!) you could live content,
But to escape that Plague, the Parliament.

Come tir'd and wet from *Suffex*, do you swear
Never to stir beyond St. *James's-Square*?

Though pinch'd with Cold this Winter, would you
fly

To Taverns and to Bagnios in *July*?

What though you found th'Attendance once severe,
Yorkshire Petitions come not every Year.

The Man whose Taste is temperate; whose
Breast

Feels the calm Transports of a Mind at Rest,

Looks down with pitying or regardless Eye

On the proud Science of learn'd Luxury;

Sees all our visionary Pleasures roll

Vain Medicines to the Fever of the Soul;

Like Fires beneath the Dog-star's furious Ray,

Or Parties to *Vauxhall* on *New-Year's Day*.

But you, with Nature's best Endowments grac'd,
And form'd by pleasing to be ever pleas'd,

Come, to your Friend's impatient Wishes, come,

Boast the Delights of *Italy* at home.

With gay Reflection, Nature never sour,

Live o'er the past, improve the present Hour.

'Tis

'Tis Reason sets th' unquiet Mind at Ease,
Not Cities, nor their tributary Seas :
Men pass unchang'd o'er twenty different Soils ;
Parsons drinks Ale at *Wapping* or *Versailles*,
Restless in vain we shift the varying Scene,
Whilst Indolence, that Canker, preys within.
Those Heart-felt Joys which you so oft receive,
Not Gondolas nor Berlins have to give ;
Joys which from Sense, Good-nature, Virtue flow,
Alike or on the *Thames* or on the *Po* :
And were it not for a perplexing Ferry,
Your Lordship might be happy ev'n at *Derry*.



*EPISTLE



* E P I S T L E XII.

To ICCIUS.

While the Poet seems here to applaud the Parsimony and Abstinence of his Friend, he censures him ironically as a philosophical Miser. In Book I. Ode XXIX. he is represented as assuming the Character of a Soldier from the same Principle.

SINCE now ^r Agrippa to your Hands
Entrusts the Income of his Lands
In Sicily, if you employ
Rightly the Profits you enjoy,
Not *Jove* himself can send you more;
These idle Murmurs then give o'er.
He that is able to procure
All that is needful, is not poor.
Of Raiment and of Food possést,
Not wealthy Monarchs are more blest.
If in the midst of choicest Meat
• Shell-fish and Herbs alone you eat,

So would you live, though Fortune roll'd
 To you her Stream of liquid Gold :
 Since you unalter'd would remain
 By Wealth ; or all things would disdain
 Compar'd with sacred Virtue's Love :
 Why should it then our Wonder move
 If every Neighbour's Cattle feeds
 On sage ³ *Democritus's* Meads,
 Whilst upward soars his active Mind,
 And leaves th' encumbring Clay behind,
 Since you no abject Thoughts retain
 Midst this contagious Thirst of Gain,
 But, ⁴ studying things sublime, enquire
 What makes the madding Waves retire ;
 How the four Seasons change their Course ;
 Whether the Stars by native Force,
 Or by a foreign Impulse, stray ;
 Why brightly shines, with full-orb'd Ray,
 Or wanes the Moon ; how things agree
 By a discordant Harmony ;
 And whom most Madness seems to seize,
⁵ *Stertinius* or *Empedocles* ?

But whether now you load your Dish
 With ⁶ slaughter'd Onions, Leeks, or Fish,

Place

412 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Place worthy ⁷ *Grosphus* near your Heart,
And freely what he asks impart;
For *Grosphus* you may safely trust,
Nothing he'll ask but what is just.

⁶ When you a good Man's Wants supply,
His Friendship you may cheaply buy.

Now, ere I finish, let my Verse
The State of *Rome's* Affairs rehearse.

⁹ *Cantabria*, by *Agrippa's* Hands
Is conquer'd, and th' *Armenian* Bands
By *Nero*. Great *Phraätes* ¹⁰ bows
The Knee, and *Cæsar's* Sway allows.

¹¹ From her full Horn fair Plenty pours
Rich Harvests on *Italia's* Shores.

NOTES.

It appears from the Conclusion of this Epistle that it was written in the Autumn of the Year 734.

¹ *Fruētibus Agrippæ Siculis.*] We learn from hence that *Agrippa* possessed a large Estate in *Sicily*. It was given him as a Reward by *Augustus*, for whom he had reduced that Island. And it is probable that *Iccius* farmed of him the Lands he held there. The Father of *Iccius* had been Governor there twenty-four Years before.

² *Vivis et urticâ.*] *herbis*
The Commentators have by *urtica* understood *Sallad*; but this after *herbis* would be Tautology. It is

is more probable that he means by it a vulgar Kind of Shell-fish which was scarce eat by any but the Poor.

³ *Miramur si Democriti, &c.*] *Democritus* was a Philosopher of facetious Memory, who diverted himself with all the Follies of Mankind. He was of *Abdera*, a Sea-port Town, at the Western Extremity of the ancient *Thrace*, and held that all things were composed of Atoms or indivisible Particles.

⁴ ——— *sublimia cures.*] It was now seventeen Years since *Iccius* had forsaken the Study of Philosophy for that of Arms, as we have seen in the Ode *Icci, beatis, &c.* The *Arabian Expedition* not having been attended with the Success he expected, the new Soldier was probably weary of the Service, and returned to his old Profession. SANADON.

⁵ *Empedocles an Stertinium deliret acumen?*] *Cuninghame* and *Sanadon* think we should read here *Empedocleum*, instead of *Empedocles*. He was a Poet and Philosopher of *Agrigentum*, now called *Gargenti*, in *Sicily*; and was a Disciple of *Telauges*, the Son of *Pythagoras*. *Stertinus* was a Stoic Philosopher of the School of *Chrysippus*. See Book II. Satire IH.

⁶ ——— *trucidat.*] *Trucidare* can be properly applied only to the Murder of Men, but *Horace* here humorously employs it in speaking of Fish, Onions, and Leeks; because, according to the Doctrine of *Pythagoras* (which *Empedocles* translated into Verse, and which was commonly understood too literally) the Souls of Men sometimes passed not only into Animals, but into Plants. The *Indian Brachmans*, who are the modern *Pythagoreans*, still retain the same Superstition.

⁷ ——— *Pompeio Grospho.*] *Horace* had addressed to this *Grosphus* Ode XVI. Book II. By the following Line it appears he had large Possessions in *Sicily*;

*Te greges centum, Siculæq; circum
Mugiant vacca* ———

Ode VII. of the same Book was also probably addressed to him. He was the Freedman of *Pompey the Great*, which might be the Cause of his being disturbed in the Tenure of the Estate which

414 EPISTLES of HORACE.

which his Patron had given him in *Sicily*, and which *Augustus* or *Agrippa* had afterwards restored to him. For this Reason no doubt he stood in Need of the Protection of *Iccius*. *Horace* recommends him to *Iccius* as a Man of Honour, and a Friend of his.

⁸ *Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid deest.*]

A noble Sentiment! 'To purchase the Friendship of Men of
'Worth in Distress by Acts of Generosity, is the most profitable
'Traffic.'

SANADON.

⁹ *Cantaber Agrippa.*] *Horace* marks the Time when his Letter was written by three Facts, viz. the Defeat of the *Cantabrians* by *Agrippa*, the Reduction of *Armenia* by *Tiberius Nero*, and the Submission of *Phraätes* to *Augustus*: And since he joins them together they must have happened in the same Year, and but at a little Distance from one another. This News was just arrived at *Rome*, and it is probable had not yet reached *Sicily*, which is the Reason of *Horace's* sending it to *Iccius*.

It is agreed that the two last Actions happened about the Summer of the Year 734. However a Difficulty has been started concerning the first Action, viz. the Defeat of the *Cantabrians*, which Cardinal *Noris* and some other learned Chronologers place a Year later than the two others, because *Dion Cassius* does not speak of this Defeat till the Year 735. But *Horace*, who lived at that Time, and was actually at *Rome*, where the Senate and *Mecenas* were exactly informed of every thing of Consequence that passed in the Empire, is a much more credible Witness than *Dion Cassius* who lived long after.

SANADON.

¹⁰ *Cesaris accepit, genibus minor.*] *Horace* by these Words means only that *Phraätes* paid the most humble Submission to *Augustus*, whose Power he feared; but not that he actually received the Crown from the Hands of *Tiberius*, as is pretended by *Dacier*. For this would have been a Circumstance so glorious to *Tiberius*, that *Paterculus*, who was in his Army at that Time, and who takes all Occasions to flatter that Prince, could not possibly have omitted it, had it been true. The Account which is given of this Transaction by *Tacitus*, at the Beginning of the second Book of his Annals, may serve

as

as a Commentary on these Words of Horace. *Phraates cuncta venerantium officia ad Augustum verterat, haud perinde nostri metu, quam fidei popularium diffusus.* It is to be observed that *jus imperiumque accepit* stands for *accepit jus imperii*. SANAD.

" ——— *aurea fruges, &c.*] The two former Verses mark the Year when this Letter was written. What follows denotes the Season, which was Autumn. The News of a plentiful Harvest was probably far more acceptable to *Iccius* than the Account of the Victories gained by the *Roman* Armies.



* THE SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Another HAND.

TO A POLITICIAN.

BETWEEN what you collect and what you set,
An hundred Pounds *per* Quarter, Profit net!

Opulent Doctor, 'tis a Bishop's Store;

With not in Wantonness of Heart for more;

And, if you dare, complain that you are poor. }

The World's good Things enjoy'd, and at Command,

You need not stoop to kiss the Royal Hand.

With Health, with Ease, with Affluence—I doubt

What more you can acquire—except the Gout.

Should

416 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Should you, in Plenty's Lap, of Diet spare,
Lettuce and Water-creffes all your Fare,
O'er the cool Sallad, Hermit-like, rejoice;
We would not call it Avarice, but Choice.
Fortune can never alter Nature's Bent,
And Virtue is the Mother of Content.

Think we, that *Newton's* Meat was spoil'd by
Flies,

While his free Soul was absent in the Skies;
When you by Tythes and Parish Cares perplex'd,
With thieving Neighbours, cheating Farmers vex'd,
Yet unabsoorb'd in all this worldly Sink,
Find Time to eat, and read, and bowl, and think:
Of Actions trace the Springs and mark the Tides;
Why, amid War, our Navy peaceful rides;
What checks our Vigour; whether on the Deep
Haddock by Choice, or by Direction sleep:
Discern between the Tarnish'd and the Pure,
Why *Vernon* shines, while *Norris* is obscure:
With public Spirit, and unbiass'd Mind,
What Good the Senate might do—if inclin'd!—
Can fix (nice Points!) who least are in the Wrong;
Who more a Patriot, *Bolingbroke* or *Yonge*.

But

But whether, Friend, you kill the stalled Beast,
Or slaughter Leeks and Onions for the Feast;
Pray, think of *Charles*, and of your own Accord
A Pipe, unask'd for, to your Guest afford;
You'll find him easy; Moderation stints
His Evening-Draught to six or seven Pints.
When the full Casks with liquid Plenty burst,
'Tis very hard a Friend should die of Thirst.

As to the rest; above how Matters go,
Who fall and rise at *Westminster*, you know:
Unrighteous *Blackerby* the just Decree
Has heard abash'd, and shorter by the Knee.
Justice returns; while *Ceres* o'er the Fields
The Promise of a Golden Harvest-yields.

1741.





* EPISTLE XIII.

To VINIUS ASELLA.

*He gives him Directions in what manner to present
his Book to Cæsar.*

VINIUS, as you have heard me oft command,
Give these seal'd Volumes to *Augustus*' Hand,
If he has Health and Spirits, or should ask :
But be not, pray, so zealous in your Task
As to offend, and, slighting Time and Place,
Officious bring my Writings to Disgrace.
If heavy is the Burden, be it thrown
Rather away, than like an awkward Clown
Rudely presented ; on the Name of *Ass*,
Which your Sire bore, then many a Joke will pass.
Leap every Ditch, and every Hill ascend ;
And when at length you reach your Journey's End,
Thus bear your Bundle ; not the Papers cram
Beneath your Arm, as Bumpkins hold a Lamb ;

EPISTLE *

E

The

The pilfer'd Wool as * *Pyrrhia* hides from View,
Or ² as a Drunkard holds his Cap and Shoe.

Say not abroad that you with Labour bear
Poems, that will delight great *Cæsar's* Ear.
Be sure, so strictly charg'd, due Care to take,
And O! beware, lest my Commands you break.

NOTES.

* ——— *Pyrrhia*.] This was the Name of a Maid Servant in a Comedy of *Titinius*, who, having stolen some Wool, held it so awkwardly as to be discovered.

² *Ut cum pileolo soleas conviva tribulis.*] *Horace* speaks here of Villagers who were of the same 'Tribe.' When they went to sup abroad, they never failed to carry under their Arm their Bonnet and Slippers; *these* to make Use of in the House where they were entertained (according to the Custom of which we have spoken in the Notes on *Satire VIII. Book II.*) and *that* to put on their Head at their Return; for as they sometimes supped at a great Distance, and returned very late, they wanted a Bonnet to skreen them from the Weather.

DACIER.





* THE SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By EDWARD GREENE BURNABY, Esq;

BOY, haste away with careful Pace,
 And take these Poems to his Grace ;
 On every Corner closely seal'd,
 Be they to none but him reveal'd ;
 Say, for the public Eye design'd,
 They only wait to know his Mind.
 If no rude Gout's intruding Smart
 Disturbs his usual Mirth of Heart,
 Or if successful in Resort
 Kind Fortune crowns his Vows at Court,
 If thus in Health and Spirits gay,
 He may demand th' unproffer'd Lay ;
 Yet, stay awhile ; contented rest
 To view the Temper of his Breast ;
 Zeal too-officious may offend,
 And say what Bard would lose a Friend ?
 Submissive steal out every Word
 With, ' May it please my noblest Lord !'

If you intrude, he'll sure despise,
And spurn my Offspring from his Eyes :
Besides, from his exalted Station
Some Gold awaits a Dedication.

If by his wayward Mood to-day
You think he'll frown upon the Lay,
Then back your sudden Steps pursue ;
Perhaps another Day will do.
Better precarious Hopes resign,
Than lose my Labour, and my Coin.

Boy, hence with rapid Course proceed,
Nor Floods, nor Dykes, nor Mountains heed ;
Fly on, till Victor at the Gate
You're summon'd to the Room of State.
There, when with cringing Smile you've bow'd,
Steal from your Arm the letter'd Load ;
But not with such a clownish Air
As Lawyers oft their Parchments bear ;
Nor use a self-destructive Art,
Like *F—rn—r*, whose perfidious Heart
Form'd, under Friendship's Veil, the Plan
Of Forgery 'gainst the * good old Man :

* The Bishop of Winchester.

422 EPISTLES of HORACE,

Nor awkward, as the rural Maid,
 Who, by a wanton Joy betray'd,
 Bears, at Diversion's sprightly Call,
 Her Cloak and Pattens to a Ball.
 Then thus, ' My Lord, with toiling Care
 ' These Papers diffident I bear ;
 ' Scarce would the noblest Volumes rise
 ' Worthy so great a Critic's Eyes ;
 ' The Author droops with Doubts o'erspread ;
 ' And just the Reason of his Dread.'

Yet, Boy, with Care proceed ; a Fall
 Would spoil my Book, my Hopes, my All,
 Good Heaven, a Poet's Wishes bless,
 And crown my Labours with Success ;
 Nor let my Patron's Hand refuse
 Provision to a starving Muse !





* E P I S T L E XIV.

To his COUNTRY STEWARD.

It seems as if Horace's Steward in the Country had complained to him of the Hardships he there endured, desiring to be sometimes employed in Town. The Poet here enters into the real Motives of this Request, and moralises on it, advising him to give some Attention to the Improvement of his Mind and the correcting of his Passions, as well as to the cultivating of his Master's Land.

YOU that o'erlook my Woods and little Farm,
Which gives me to myself, but fails to charm
You, though 'twas wont five Families to hold,
And sent five worthy Senators of old
To *Varia's* Court : See ! whether you can tear
The Brambles from my Ground, ere I can clear
My Mind ; if *Horace* or his Fields improve
The most. Though here my *Lamia's* Grief and
Love
Confine me, while all Comfort he disdains,
And of his Brother's early Loss complains,

424 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Yet, spite of this Restraint, my Heart, my Soul
 Bear me to you, and pant to reach the Goal.
 I praise the Country, you admire the Town;
 Each other's State we love, but hate our own.
 The guiltless Places all our Blame receive;
 The Mind's in Fault which ne'er itself can leave.

The Country, when a Slave, was all your Care,
 But now, a Rustic grown, you long to share
 The Games, the Shows, that you at *Rome* admire.
 I, more consistent, grieve when I retire
 To *Rome*, where Calls of hated Business lead.
 We different Objects love, and thence proceed
 Different Pursuits. What you a Desert wild
 Would call, a beauteous Prospect would be styl'd
 By him who thinks with me; the same would
 spurn

What you extoll. I know your Wishes turn
 On smoky ³ Taverns and the greasy Stews:
 My Fields raise Sallads, but the Vine refuse.
 You grieve that here no Tavern yields you Store
 Of Wine, and languish for a Minstrel-Whore,
 To whose soft Warbling, with untutor'd Feet,
 In awkward Gambols you the Ground may beat.

Yet

Yet you pretend that ceaseless Toil you bear,
And the hard stubborn Glebe with Harrows tear;
' I tend (you say) the Ox, from Labour freed,
' And every Night with Leaves, fresh-gather'd, feed.
' To save the Meads, by Fences I restrain
' Th' impetuous River, swoln with hasty Rain.'
The Drone, who every Labour would refuse,
With such Pretexts conceals his real Views.

The Rise of our Division now survey.
I, & once with Silk and scented Hair so gay,
Who, as you know, all sordid Views apart,
Knew how to win rapacious *Cynara's* Heart,
And lov'd to drink *Falernian* half the Night,
Now chuse a frugal Supper, and delight
To sleep near purling Streams. ^s Not those I blame
Who once are wild, but those who ne'er reclaim.

None in the Country on my Actions casts
An envious Eye; none there with Scandal blasts
My harmless Joys; they, smiling, see me toil
To move the Stones, or break the stubborn Soil.
With Slaves in Town a scanty Meal would please
Your Taste; your Wish is to be rank'd with these.
With longing Eye the shrewder Slave desires
Your Garden, Billets, Flocks, and chearful Fires.

^s The

426 EPISTLES of HORACE.

6 The Ox would Trappings wear ; the Horse would plow :

Let all pursue that Art, which best they know.

NOTES.

1 ——— *Variam.*] This Town was on the Borders of the Tyber in the Country of the *Æqui*, at the Extremity of *Sabinia*. It was at first called *Valeria*, because it was built on the *Valerian* Road ; but the middle Syllable being dropped in Length of Time, it still retained the Name of *Varia*. The printed Copies give us here *Baria* instead of *Varia*, though the last Word is found in almost all the MSS. *Horace's* Villa was in this Jurisdiction,

2 *Me quamvis Lamie pietas.*] *L. Ælius Lamia*, who is mentioned in Book I. Ode XXVI. had just lost his Brother *Q. Ælius Lamia*.

3 ——— *Fornix tibi.*] The Character which *Horace* here gives of his Steward makes me conjecture that he was the same Person to whom he addressed the last Ode of Book I. *Perficos odi*, &c. where he says, Ver. 6.

neque te ministrum
Dedicet myrtus, SANADON,

4 *Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli.*] *Horace* here anticipates an Argument which his Steward might have adopted in his own Justification. He begins with owning that his Youth had not been very regular. The Conduct of the Servant had not been wiser. But for some Time there had been this Difference between them : The Licentiousness of the Master had been long at an End ; whereas the Servant still led the same Life.

This Difference is not uncommon. The Servants of a dissolute Master generally run into the same Excesses. Education and Reflection reclaim the Master ; but his Domesticks, not having the same Advantages, retain their Vices, and often carry them to the Grave.

SANADON.

* *Nec*

5 *Nec luisse pudet.*] It is not surprising that a Disciple of *Aristippus* should not blush at the Excesses of his Youth. It is rather strange that he was weaned from them by Age.

6 *Poscit ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.*] It is probable that the Ox and Horse were the Subject of some Fable well known at that Time.



The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. NEVILE.

YES; though my Friends engaging Arts
employ,

Though Pleasure tempts we with each tinsel Toy,
Restless in Crowds I bear about my Chain,
And long to taste my Liberty again.

How wide the Distance between You and Me?

Not Duncce and *Warburton* more disagree.

The Walks, which pleas'd I tread, transported view,
Worse than the Wilds of *Kent* appear to You;

And, in my Turn, the Sights that once have been
By You call'd charming, half give Me the Spleen.

Say, from what Cause can Tastes so different
spring?

The Place, so both resolve it, is the thing.

No;

428 EPISTLES of HORACE.

No, 'tis the Mind, however we mistake,
 The Mind, that never can itself forsake.
 When sick of Company, with Suitors ply'd,
 'O for the Peace of College Life!' you cry'd;
 No sooner in your Cell, you sigh for all
 You left in *London*; Park, Play, Opera, Ball.
 Be fair for once, and tell me if you find
 In Me such Symptoms of a wavering Mind:
 Else whence the Pangs which Thoughts of Town
 create,
 When Business drags me to the Scenes I hate?
 I grant you, here no Coffee-house affords
 The Sight of sauntering Fops, or prating Lords;
 No Bagnio, Brothel, for nocturnal Hour,
 No Watch to bully, and no Streets to scour.
 ' Who, that the Belles of *Ranelagh* has seen,
 ' With rose-cheek'd Flirts could circle *Clare-Hall*
 Green?
 ' Or who, once happy in a Masquerade,
 ' Could bear to ramble in a Rookery's Shade?
 Such Toys, such Vanities your Fancy take;
 What Wonder if our Souls no Music make?
 I, who with foreign Delicacies fed,
 Pish'd at all Taverns but the *Bedford-Head*,

Contented

Contented now make Dinners, which you'd call
Light ones, and some Court-Chaplain none at all.
The Park's gay Walks forgot, entranc'd I rove
Where, without Art, Trees twine into a Grove :
These Shades attract not Envy's baleful Leer,
And rancorous Hatred sheds no Venom here.
Say, can I style him blest who loses all
Life's choicest Hours in Senate, Council, Hall ;
Or him, who, though his secret Soul receives
No real Joy, but what Retirement gives,
Each Taste neglected, and each Talent lost,
Drudges for Pay in some low dirty Post ?

Yet from the Tradesman to the hiring Peer,
Who toil in Dust and Smoke throughout the Year,
What Numbers sigh for the Retreat that yields
Sound Sleep, still Walks, and ever-fragrant
Fields !

If for a fancy'd Good Men grasp an Ill,
E'en let the Fools be wretched, if they will.

NOTE.

NOTE.

We cannot omit this Opportunity of returning our Thanks to Mr. *Nevile*, for the Use he has allowed us to make of this and a former Imitation ; and doubt not but this Specimen will excite the Reader's Curiosity to peruse his whole Work, which consists of Imitations of four Satires and ten Epistles, published last Winter in one Volume 8vo. and written with the Spirit of *Horace* and the Versification of *Pope*.



* EPISTLE XV.

To NUMONIUS VALA.

Having been advised by his Physician to use the cold Baths at Velia or Salernum, he enquires the Nature of the Roads, Soil, Air, Water, &c. and concludes with a droll Character of Mænius.

WITH wonted Truth, dear ¹ *Vala*, tell your Friend,

(For well he knows on You he may depend)

The Temper of the wintry ² *Velian* Sky,

And if ³ *Salernum's* Air be moist or dry ?

What are the People's Manners ; which the Way ?

⁴ *Antonius Musa's* Counsel I obey,

Who

Who bids me *Baiæ's* Springs no longer use.
 Me too her slighted Nymph with Envy views,
 While in cold Streams in Winter's Depth I lave.
 For I have left her Myrtle Groves, and Wave
 With Sulphur fraught; which soon, 'tis said,
 relieves

The lingering Gout. The desert Village grieves,
 Shunn'd by the Sick, who now at *Clusum* dare
 To bathe, or fly to *Gabium's* cooler Air.

I too shall change my Station, and must force
 Beyond his wonted Inn my wondering Horse.
 ' Where art thou turning? I am bound no more
 ' To the *Cumæan*, or the *Baian* Shore,'
 ' Twitching the Bit, th' impatient Rider cries,
 For in his Mouth a Horse's Hearing lies.

Which of these Regions yields the choicest
 Grain?

Do they in Cisterns catch the falling Rain?
 Or do deep Wells afford a purer Draught?
 Their Wine, so meagre, is beneath my Thought.
 At home, with poorer Wine, and coarser Food,
 I am content; but that they both be good,
 Expect abroad; for then I look for Wine
 Generous and rich, my Spirits to refine;

To

432 EPISTLES of HORACE.

To drown my Cares, with Hopes and Words to fire,
And all my Blood with genial Warmth inspire.
Which Country does most Hares and Boars afford?
Which Seas with Oysters and best Fish are stor'd?
That, thence returning, I in Bulk may rise
(So plump and sleek) to true *Phæacian* Size.

When ⁶ *Mænius* had by Luxury out-ran
Th' Estate his Parents left him, he began
To be esteem'd a Wit: With Hunger keen,
On Friends and Foes he vented his Chagrin.
With Chance for Guide, he could by Turns regale
On a rich Banquet or a scanty Meal;
The Shambles Gulph, and their eternal Bane:
His Throat devour'd whate'er his Wit could gain.
When uninvited to some Patron's Board,
Or when the Dupes, who fear'd him, would afford
No Dinner, Tripe he thought most dainty Meat,
And more would swallow than three Bears could
eat.

7 'The Spendthrift's Paunch,' he then has oft been
heard
To say, 'with red-hot Iron should be fear'd.'
But the same *Mænius*, in a prosperous Day,
In Riot and Excess threw all away.

Then,

Then, as the Great and Wealthy who so blest,
Of Venison-Feasts and Ortolans posselt!
Just such am I; when Cash runs low, I give
Due Praises to a calm Retreat; and live
Contented with my Lot. But when I share
A grand Repaste, and feed on luscious Fare,
A Sage no more, I change my Strain, and own
None but the Rich are wise; for they alone
Know how to live. How blest a large Estate,
Such Villas to erect, and feast in Rooms of State!

NOTES.

¹ ——— *Vala.*] This was *C. Numonius Vala*, who, thirty-one Years after the writing of this Epistle, being Lieutenant to *Quintilius Varus* in *Germany*, was partly the Occasion of the Defeat of the *Roman Army*.
SANADON.

² ——— *Velie.*] This was a Sea-port of *Lucania*, formerly called *Helia*. See *Pliny*, B. III. Ch. V. It is also mentioned by *Virgil*, *Æneid* VI.

Portusq; require Velinos.

³ ——— *Salerni.*] This was a City of *Lucania*, on the Borders of the *Tyrrhene Sea*. It was so called from its abounding with Salt.

⁴ *Musa*——*Antonius.*] *Musa* was the favourite Physician of *Augustus*, whom he recovered by the cold Bath from a dangerous Illness. This raised his Reputation to such a Degree, that all the Physicians at *Rome* shared Part of the Honours he received, and were ever afterwards placed in equal Rank with

434 EPISTLES of HORACE.

the Knights. He is the celebrated Physician upon whom *Virgil* bestows that beautiful Episode in the Character of *Iapis*; and who, after he had preserved *Augustus* in the Manner already mentioned, unfortunately destroyed young *Marcellus* by the same Method. So uncertain is the godlike Art of Cure!

Earl of CORKE.

After this Warning it is not likely that *Horace* would have been willing to run the same Hazard; and therefore we may fix the Date of this Epistle at the Beginning of 731, six or seven Months before the Recovery of *Augustus*, which happened in the Month of *August*.

SANADON.

5 — *lavâ stomachosus habendâ*

Dicet eques.] At the Entrance of *Campania* the Road divides; the right leads to *Cuma* and *Baia*, and the left to *Capua*, *Salernum*, and *Velia*.

* *Menius.*] This is the same *Menius* who has been mentioned before in Book I. Satires I. and III.

7 *Scilicet ut ventres lamnâ candente nepotum*

Diceret urendos.] The common Punishment of gluttonous Slaves was branding their Bellies with a red-hot Iron. Thus *Galen* in his sixth Book *de placit. Hippocr. & Plat.* *Εισθασι ὃν πυρ ποτεῖν, &c.* ‘Even now those who punish Slaves ‘brand the Feet of Fugitives, the Hands of Thieves, the Bellies ‘of Gluttons, and the Tongues of Babblers.’



* EPISTLE



* EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINTIUS.

He gives him a Description of his Farm, and of the Pleasures he enjoys there; observing that Quintius is no less happy, if what the World says of him be true, but that he should rather trust his own Conscience than the Voice of Fame: For genuine Virtue must be rooted in the Heart, and does not depend merely on external Actions.

SHOULD you, dear ^{*} Quintius, ask me, if in
Grounds

Pasture or arable, my Farm abounds;
Whether tall Elms, by Vines embrac'd, it yields;
Or Apples, or rich Olives crown my Fields;
Let this Account, in ample Form, suffice.
Between a Ridge of lofty Hills it lies,
Deep in a shadowy Vale. The rising Day
Gilds its right Front, its left the setting Ray.
The balmy Air would charm you. Every Bush
Glows with the Cornel's or the Dam'scen's Blush.

436 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The Beech and Oak in every Hedge afford
 Food to my Herds, and Shelter to their Lord.
 You'd almost think we near *Tarentum* live.
 A Stream here flows, to which we well might give
 A River's Name ; for on the *Thracian* Coasts,
 Waters more pure and cold not *Hebrus* boasts ;
 To cleanse the Stomach fit, and clear the Head.
 And in this sweet (with Truth I might have said
 Delicious Valley) I my Health retain
 When sickly Autumn burns the russet Plain.

3 Happy are you, if what you oft' have heard
 You strive to merit : *Rome* has long conferr'd
 On You that Title. Yet, my Friend, beware,
 And let *Rome's* Voice much less your Credit share,
 Than your own Heart ; 4 none but the Wise and
 Good

Think truly happy. Nor permit your Blood
 To boil with feverish Heat, till all your Frame
 Trembles, because *Rome* calls you by the Name
 Of sound and well. Simple the Shame, to hide
 A Wound, till Balsams are in vain apply'd.
 Say, should one sooth your Ears with Words like
 these,

Praising by Sea and Land your Victories,

5 Whether

- ‘ Whether the People offer warmer Prayers
- ‘ For your Prosperity, or you for theirs,
- ‘ May *Jove*, who guards you both with watchful
Eye,
- ‘ Long doubtful keep!’ This, you would strait
descry,

Was *Cæsar*’s Due. But when they give the Name
Of Wise and Good, can you that Title claim?

Flattery, ’tis true, we all admire. But they

Who give it us may take it all away

Whene’er they please. As he who from the Place
He once conferr’d with Scorn removes the Base.

‘ Resign that Place,’ enrag’d he cries; ‘ ’tis mine.’

I sneak away, and strait the Place resign.

But should they say, I had incurr’d the Guilt

Of Theft, or of Adultery, or had spilt

My Father’s Blood; unconscious of Offence

Shall I change Colour, arm’d with Innocence?

False Honours charm, and false Reports dismay

None but an abject Mind. But plainly say,

Who is your upright Man?

QUINTIUS.

He who delights

To keep the Senate’s Laws, and guard our Rights;

F f 3

Quick

438 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Quick in Dispatch, who weighty Points decides,
And still by Equity his Judgment guides.

HORACE.

Yet his own House, and every Neighbour cries,
There lurks a rotten Heart in that Disguise.

Suppose my Slave should say, ' I never thief,
' Or run away.' " You due Rewards receive,"
Say I, " nor shall be scourg'd." ' I never kill'd,'
" No Crows with your stak'd Carcass shall be fill'd."

But should he on himself the Name bestow
Of Good and Thrifty, that I'll scarce allow.
The Wolf avoids the Toils; the Kite with Care
Shuns cover'd Hooks; the Hawk the treacherous
Snare.

Virtue, for her own sake, the Good embrace;
But Penalties alone can move the Base:
For they will blend Things sacred and profane,
Long as they undiscover'd can remain.

' If from large Heaps of Beans you steal a few,
My Loss indeed is less; the Crime in You
Is full as great as if you stole them all.

Your honest Man, whom every Judgment-hall,

And

And every Court so uncorrupted fees,
 Whene'er he seeks by Victims to appease
 The Gods, ⁷ to *Janus* or *Apollo* prays
 Aloud; but, in a softer Accent, says,
 ' O fair ⁸ *Laverna*, my Deceits allow,
 ' The outward Form of Sanctity bestow,
 ' And let my Crimes be skreen'd from all but thee!
 Say, is a Miser than his Slave more free,
 More good, who stoops whene'er by Chance he
 views

A Farthing? For who craves, will fear to lose;
 And him who lives in Fear I deem a Slave.
 The Wretch who toils with ceaseless Care to save
 And scrape up Wealth, has basely left the Post
 Assign'd by Virtue, and his Armour lost.

9 Slay not a Captive, if he can be sold;
 For he may serve to feed your Sheep; or hold
 The Plough; or o'er the Seas in Winter roam,
 To bring you Corn, or Burdens bear at home.

The wise and virtuous Man will boldly dare
 To say, ¹⁰ ' O *Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, declare,
 ' What Evils undeserv'd I must endure?
 " I'll take thy Goods." ' My Cattle, Furniture,

440 EPISTLES of HORACE.

' And Gold you may.' " The Jailor's Hands shall
seize

" And chain thee in a Dungeon." ' When I
please

' " A God will set me free.' Death he must
mean,

If right I guess. " Death shuts the human Scene.

NOTES.

The Name of *Augustus*, which we find in the 29th Verse, shows that this Epistle was written after the Year 726, and this is all that can be said as to the Date of it. SANADON.

Quintius Hirpinus, we may suppose, had written to *Horace* to reproach him for staying so long in the Country, and to desire some Account of the Place with which he was so delighted. *Horace* here complies with his Request; and from thence takes Occasion to launch out on a very serious and important Subject. DACIER.

1 ——— *Quinti.*] This is the same *Quintius* to whom he addressed Ode XI. Book II.

* *Fons etiam rivo.*] He means the Spring *Digentia*, which gave its Name to the Stream which he mentions in Epist. XVIII. There was also another Spring called *Blandusia*, which he describes in Ode XIII. Book III. But as it was smaller than the other, it is here omitted.

2 *Tu restè vivis si curas esse quod audis.*] This is one of the finest Lessons of Morality. We ought not to think ourselves happy because we are thought so by the World: And for this Purpose we ought rather to appeal to our own Consciences than to the Testimony of others. DACIER.

4 *Neve putes alium sapiente bonoq; beatum.*] To be happy in the Opinion of others, it is sufficient to possess what we call the Gifts of Fortune; but to feel ourselves really happy, we must possess the Endowments of the Soul and the good Qualities of the Heart, which it is not in the Power of Fortune to bestow.

DACIER.

5 *Tene magis saluum populus velit an populum tu,
Servit in ambiguo qui consulit et tibi et urbi*

Jupiter.] These Lines are extremely beautiful. They were written by a great Master. For they are taken from the Panegyric that *Varius* made on *Augustus*. Indeed nothing can be more glorious for a Prince than to live on such Terms with his Subjects as to make it doubtful whether he is best beloved by them or they by him.

DACIER.

6 *Nam de mille fabæ modiis cum furripis unum.*] The *Stoics* abused this Way of Reasoning when they endeavoured to prove from it that all Vices were equal. 'For,' say they, 'he who has stolen a Cabbage out of a Garden, has sinned: He who has slandered or killed his Brother, has also sinned. Therefore they are equally guilty.' *St. Augustin* very justly ridicules this Sophism. 'A Mouse,' says he, 'is a Creature that has four Feet; so is an Elephant. A Fly has Wings; so has an Eagle. Therefore the Eagle is no bigger than the Fly; nor the Elephant than the Mouse.'

7 *Jane pater, clarè, clarè cum dixit, Apollo,*] *Janus* was the same as *Apollo*.

Ibid. *Perfius* has treated this Subject with great Spirit; and had this Passage of *Horace* in his Eye when he wrote,

'*Mens bona, fama, fides, hac clarè & ut audiat hospes.
Illa sibi introrsum et sub linguâ immurmurat, 'O si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus?'*

'Give me good Fame, ye Powers, and make me just!
Thus much the Rogue to public Ears will trust:
In private then:—'When wilt thou, mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy Uncle from the World remove?'

DRYDEN.

— La.

442 EPISTLES of HORACE.

8 ——— *Laverna.*] *Laverna* was the Patroness of Thieves, and the same who was worshipped in *Greece* under the Name of *Praxidica*. She had a Temple and a dark Grove on the *Salarian Road*. She was commonly joined with *Mercury* in the Prayers and Sacrifices that were addressed to him. She not only favoured Thieves, but likewise all those who would not have their Designs discovered. Herein she acted with great Address, in order to secure to herself more Votaries than all the other Gods together. DACIER.

9 *Vendere cum possis captivum.*] One who is tyrannized over by his irregular Appetites, is not merely a Slave, but something worse. He is an useless Creature, who cannot be employed to any good Purpose. SANADON.

10 ——— *Pentheus,*
Rektor Thebarum.] This virtuous Man, here introduced by *Horace*, is *Bacchus*; whom *Pentheus*, King of *Thebes*, not knowing, accosts with Threats instead of Worship. All this Passage is taken from the *Bacchanals* of *Euripides*. It runs thus. After *Pentheus* had impiously threatened *Bacchus*, the God thus accosts him :

Εἰς' οἷ παθεῖν σε, &c.

What must I bear, what Ills dost thou decree?

PENTHEUS,

I'll sever from thy Head that beauteous Hair.

BACCHUS.

This Hair is sacred, for a God preserv'd;

PENTHEUS.

Give me that *Thyrus* which thy Hand sustains,

BACCHUS.

Take it yourself; to *Bacchus* it belongs.

PENTHEUS.

In a close Prison I will strait confine thee.

BACCHUS.

The God will set me free whene'er I please.

Act II. ver. 492.

Horace

Horace has only borrowed the two first and the two last Verses, substituting 'Goods' instead of 'the Hair and *Thyrsis*,' which could have no good Effect here, and were only proper for the Stage.

DACIER.

¹¹ *Ipse Deus, simulatque volam, me solvet.*] In *Euripides* the Speaker means that *Bacchus* will deliver him, i. e. that he will deliver himself, whenever he pleases. And *Horace* gives a happy Turn to this Passage, by taking this God for Death, who, when we are not able to deliver ourselves, will at last infallibly come to our Relief. But he understands this Verse according to the Principles of the *Stoics*, who believed it to be the Duty of their Wise Man to make away with himself when oppressed with insupportable Evils.

Ibid.—*Me solvet.*] i. e. *Will deliver me.* For there are no Chains that can guard us from Death. The *Greeks* always loosened Criminals after they were condemned; for they looked upon them from that Moment as Victims over whom they had no farther Right. And they would have thought it very unjust to keep them still in Chains.

¹² — *Mors ultima linea rerum est.*] *Dacier* translates this, 'Death is the End of all things.' *Sanadon* says that he has mistaken the Sense of these Words, and that they ought to have been translated, 'Death is the End of all our Misfortunes.' He asserts this indeed, but does not prove it; and *Dacier's* Construction seems most agreeable to the *Epicurean* Principles of our Poet.





* E P I S T L E XVII.

To SCÆVA.

Horace here shows, that though a quiet and indolent Life has its Charms, yet an active one, with a zealous Endeavour to procure the Patronage of the Great by laudable Methods, is preferable to it; since, if successful, it will enable us to serve our Relations and Dependents.

THOUGH no Advice you need, by which to
steer

In the nice Commerce with the Great, yet hear
The Counsel, ¹ Scæva, of your ² little Friend;
As if a blind Man would Assistance lend,
So I, myself though wanting to be taught,
Would fain lend some Instruction worth your
Thought.

If Dust, and Brawls, and rattling Cars displease,
And Slumbers undisturb'd, and downy ³ Ease
Delight, seek ⁴ Ferentinum's calm Retreat:
⁵ Not on the Rich alone true Pleasures wait;

EAT 8197 *

Nor

Nor has he Reason to lament his Lot,
Who steals through Life unseen, and is forgot.

But would you serve your Friends, and with good
Cheer

Regale yourself, then gain the rich Man's Ear.

' If *Aristippus* were with Herbs content,
' He would not,' said *Diogenes*, ' frequent
' The Tables of the Great.' While he again
Reply'd, " *Diogenes* would Herbs disdain,
" Could he with Converse please the Great." Now
say,

Which argued best? or let me lead the Way,

As eldest, and inform you, why my Voice
Freely I give for *Aristippus*' Choice.

He thus the Cynic's Snarlings would retort:

' I, for my own sake, sooth the Great. You court
' The Vulgar. I have Horses at Command,
' And dine with Princes. You, with craving Hand,
' Beg a small Dole, yet say you nothing want:
' Far beneath those, who your Petition grant!

But ' *Aristippus* could conform with Grace
To every ^s Habit, Circumstance, and Place;
' Nor at his Lot repin'd; though still he sought
A higher Station; yet it would be thought

Strange,

446 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Strange, if that Churl, who could from Patience
claim

Only a thread-bare Rug, could do the same.

The one, not waiting for his purple Vest,

Rov'd to each public Place, however drest,

And play'd in all an easy decent Part :

The other at *Miletian* Robes would start,

As at a Snake, or foaming Dog ; and die

With Cold, rather than wear such Finery.

Return his Rags, and with the Fool comply !

He who atchieves great Actions, and can show
In Triumph to the State her conquer'd Foe,

By Valour rises to the Throne of *Jove* ;

Yet 'tis no little Praise, to win the Love

Of those, whose Safety is the public Care.

Not every one to *Corinth* can repair.

Who doubts his Strength had best sit still ;
Agreed.

But what of him who tries, and does succeed ?

Unless confess'd his manly Prowess shines,

I yield, and plead no more, The first declines

The Weight, too heavy for his puny Size

And puny Mind. This seeks, and wins the
Prize.

Sure

Sure he then Honours and Rewards may claim,
Or Virtue is a vain and empty Name.

The modest Man, who all his Wants conceals,
Gains more than him, who all his Wants reveals.
Favours receiv'd with Thanks, or ¹¹ snatch'd by
Force,

Are things far different. This then is the Source
And Sum of all. He who makes these Complaints,

‘ My Sister wants a Dower, my Mother faints,

‘ Oppress'd by Poverty ; I've scarce a Field

‘ That's fit for Sale, or that will Pasture yield,’

Cries out, ‘ Give, give.’ This adds an earnest
Prayer

That he too with the first the Boon may share.

But would the Raven cease to croak, his Prey

By no fierce Rival would be torn away.

The low Dependent, eager to attend
Down to his Country Seat a wealthy Friend,

When he complains of Roads, or Rain, or Frost,

His Chest burst open, and his Baggage lost,

What does he but the ¹² stale Devices use

Of crafty Courtezans, who often lose

¹³ A Necklace, or a Bracelet, as with Tears

Incessantly they din their Cullies Ears,

‘Till

448 EPISTLES of HORACE.

"Till at the last no Credit they can gain,
When they with undissembled Grief complain.

The Man, who once has suffer'd by Deceit,
Will scarce be forward to relieve the Cheat,
Who pleads a broken Leg : In vain his Eyes
O'erflow with Tears ; in vain he loudly cries,
' O raise me, raise me, ¹⁴ by *Osiris*' Name ;
' Believe me, 'tis no Trick ; O help the Lame !"
This well-tim'd Answer echoes through the Town,
" Go, seek some ¹⁵ Stranger ; here your Arts are
known."

NOTES.

Horace's moral Poems are full of Passages that demonstrate his great Knowledge of the Court and of the World. But nothing more clearly shows it than his two Epistles on this Subject to *Lollius* and *Scava*. The first is an artful Satire on the capricious Behaviour of the Great. The second justifies the Conduct of those who are attached to their Service by laudable Views : And both of them instruct young Courtiers how they must behave to support themselves, and advance in so slippery a Path.

In this Epistle he shows at first that an active Life, the Life of a Man who strives to obtain Favour with the Great, is more noble and glorious than the indolent Life of a Man without Emulation. He adds, that nothing is more dangerous for those who court the Great, than the Desire of amassing Wealth ; and he employs the Remainder of the Epistle in fortifying *Scava* against this Error.

It seems to have been written towards the End of the Poet's Life ; i. e. long after Epistle XVIII, *Si bene te novi*, &c. But because

because they are both on the same Subject; the Grammarians place them together : They have even inverted the Order of Time, by placing that Epistle first which was written long after the other. *Dacier* thinks he sees a Design in that Arrangement; but that Design and Disposition could not come from *Horace*.
SANADON.

¹ ——— *Scava*.] This Word signifies the same as *lava*, (the left Hand) and its Diminutives are *Scavola* and *Scavolus*. These were so many Surnames of *Roman* Families. We cannot guess who the Person was whom *Horace* here addresses. The Scholiast imagines that he was called *Lollius*; for he says; *Ad Scavam Lollium, equitem Romanum, hac Epistola scribitur*. But it does not appear that the Family of *Lollius* ever bore the Surname of *Scava*; which was only used by the *Junian* and *Cassian* Families. And it is evident by many Verses in this Epistle that they were two distinct Persons.
SANADON.

² ——— *amiculus*.] This was probably a Term of Tenderness and Raillery made use of by *Scava*. He calls *Horace* his little Friend, in Allusion to the Lowness of his Stature. *Augustus*, on the same Account, called him *homuncio*.

³ *Si te grata quies*.] Every Man carries in his own Breast two ruling Passions, which are at perpetual Variance with one another, *viz. Indolence* and *Ambition*.
SANADON.

If our learned Critic had affirmed, that Men were influenced by three ruling Passions, *viz. Lust, Ambition, and Avarice*, it would have been true. But to call *Indolence*, which is only a negative Quality, a ruling Passion, is both uncommon and improper.

Aristippus himself, the Hero of this Epistle, held that *Indolence* doth not consist in Motion; 'for *Indolence* (saith he) is like 'the State of a sleeping Man.' See *Stanley's History of Philosophy*, Vol. II. p. 4.

⁴ ——— *Ferentinum*.] The *Ferentinum* here recommended by *Horace* was in *Tuscany*; for he advises *Scava* to retire to a desert Place, at a Distance from the Noise of Taverns and Carriages; whereas the *Ferentinum* of the *Latins*, which *Dacier* thinks was here meant, was a great Thorough-fare on a High-road.

SANADON.

450 EPISTLES of HORACE.

5 *Nam neque divitibus.*] When the Poet, proposing to *Scæva* a Place of Retreat, says that he may be happy there with a small Fortune, he plainly intimates, that *Scæva* was not rich; which cannot be applied to *Lollius*, whose Family had been long in the Favour of *Augustus*, and were very wealthy. The Word *siccus* in ver. 12. confirms what is here said. SANADON.

6 *Si pranderet olus.*] *Diogenes* (as *Laertius* informs us) used in Derision to call *Aristippus* the Court-Spaniel. He, being busy in washing of Herbs, and seeing *Aristippus* passing by, called out to him, saying, ‘If you had learned to do thus, you needed not have followed the Courts of Princes.’ “And “you,” replied he, “if you had known how to converse with “Princes, needed not have washed Herbs.”

Stanley’s History of Philosophy.

7 *Omnis Aristippum, &c.*] An ingenious Author has lately given us this lively Description of *Aristippus’s* Temper:

ARISTIPPUS speaks.

With Rebel-Will I ne’er oppose
The Current of my Destiny;
But plyant as the Torrent flows,
Receive my Course implicitly:
As from some shaded River’s Side
If chance a tender Osier’s blown,
Subject to the controuling Tide,
Th’ obedient Shrub is carry’d down:
A while it floats upon the Streams;
By Whirlpools now is forc’d below;
Then mounts again, where *Titan’s* Beams
Upon the shining Waters glow.
For many a League the Wanderer’s borne
By Forest, Wood, Mead, Mountain, Plain,
’Till carry’d never to return,
’Tis bury’d in the boundless Main.
Thus *Aristippus* forms his Plan;
To every Change of Times and States,
His Temper he accommodates:
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily Bliss he celebrates:

An Oſier on the Stream of Time,
He's pleas'd with every State and Clime.

Temper of *Aristippus*, an Epistle, printed for
R. and J. Dodſley, 1757.

* ——— *decut color.*] I underſtand by *color* here the *Dreſs*
or *Habit*. SANADON.

* *Tentantem majora ferè præſentibus æquum.*] The Tranſlator places the Conſima at *ferè*, and underſtands the Words thus, ' Though he did not fret, or repine at his preſent Lot, ' yet he was ſtill aiming at ſomething better.' And not according to the common Pointing, ' that he was almoſt contented with it.'

¹⁰ *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*] *Suidas*, as we are informed by *Erasmus*, ſays, that the Difficulty of getting into the Port of *Corinth* by Sea gave Occaſion to this Proverb. *Horace* makes uſe of it to ſuggeſt, that every one has not Talents to ſucceed at Court, and to enhance the Glory of thoſe, who are able to ſurmount all Difficulties.

Others apply it to *Lais* the Courtezán, who ſet an extravagant Price on her Favours. A Philoſopher is ſaid to have left her Door, crying out, ' I will not buy Repentance at ſo dear a Rate.' But this Application of the Proverb ſeems too mean for the Subject. SANADON.

¹¹ *An rapias.*] *Horace* calls the gaining of Favours by the Dint of Importunity the ' ſnatching them,' or ' taking them ' by Force.' Theſe Harpies of a Court, who have often no other Talent than Impudence, continually beſiege Princes and great Men, procure thoſe Favours which are only due to Service and Merit, and oblige the honeſt and worthy to retire. *Horace* had ſome Right to give Leſſons on this Subject, as he was ſo ſlow in aſking, that *Mæcenæ* often commended him on that Account. See Epistle VII. ver. 37. SANADON.

¹² *Nota refert meretricis acumina.*] Theſe Tricks were common with Courtezans. But I believe that *Horace* here alludes to ſome Comedy well known in his Time where ſuch an Adventure was brought upon the Stage. SANADON.

452 EPISTLES of HORACE.

¹³ ——— *sæpe catellam,*

Sæpe periscelidem.] *Catella* signifies a little Chain (*catena parva*) or a Bracelet. The *Latins* expressed it by *catena*, *catenula*, *catella*. *Periscelis* is a Garter, an Ornament of the Leg. I have made it in my Translation a Necklace to accommodate it to our Manners.

SANADON.

As Bracelets are not of modern Fashion, my Translation uses the Word Girdle for *catella*.

FRANCIS.

As Bracelets are now again in Vogue, the present Translation has retained them. So capricious a thing is Fashion!

¹⁴ ——— *per sanctum* ——— *Osirim.*] *Osiris*, according to some Mythologists, was the same as *Bacchus*. The *Thebans* of *Ægypt* used to swear by that God, and those vagabond Beggars, here referred to, were probably *Ægyptians*. *Osiris* was the Brother of *Isis*, which Goddess had Temples erected to her at *Rome*; and it was a common Opinion that both of them had a great Influence in the Cure of Diseases.

SANADON.

¹⁵ ——— *peregrinum.*] That is, 'one who is unacquainted with your Tricks;' *qui tibi sit peregrinus.*



* THE SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Another HAND.

SELF-taught, though *Bevil* nicely can discern,
And how to treat his Betters need not learn;
Yet oft he has, and oft will condescend
To hear the Reasons of his humble Friend:

As

As if with quickest Eye he went astray,
 And of a blind Man should enquire the Way.
 Happy ! if in my Ear some Bird might sing,
 That *Bevil* said, approving, ' 'Tis the Thing.'

If to domestic Joys your Wishes tend,
 If whirling Cars and rattling Dice offend ;
 If neither Routs nor Levees you admire,
 Swift to your Villa by the *Thames* retire :
 For Bliss is not confin'd to Pomp alone ;
 Nor mean his Lot, though uninscrib'd his Stone,
 Who steals through Life, and dies with Worth }
 unknown.

But, if you rise to nobler useful Ends,
 And, the Soul's genuine Feast ! can serve your
 Friends,
 Or Country ; go to Courts, not cringing wait, }
 Mix, as you do, with Ministers of State ;
 While *Pollio* counts the Clock, and thinks you }
 late.

Could he have fed on Pulse and meagre Fare,
 Would frank *Hilario* breathe St. *James's* Air ?
 Less, less would he, who knows to win, and keep
 His Patron's Friendship, in a Garret sleep :
 Say, which is right ?—Our Verdict must agree :
 Man of the World, we give the Prize to thee.

454 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Once, on a peaceful Sabbath, I am told,
Hilario met poor *Cinna*, Cronies old !
 And thus accosts him : ‘ For an Age unseen,
 ‘ My boon Companion, why so grave and thin ?
 ‘ When to the World your Genius you display,
 ‘ What, from a Bookseller receive your Pay !
 ‘ Though, night-gown’d in a Blanket, plac’d on
 high,
 ‘ You scorn the nether World, and range the Sky,
 ‘ With all your Wit and Genius—you are wrong ;
 ‘ A solid Meal is better than a Song.
 ‘ If I must wear a Livery, let it be
 ‘ Not from the Vulgar, but from high Degree ;
 ‘ Not stoop to little Men and little Things,
 ‘ But chuse my Masters out of Peers and Kings.’

Each Station on *Hilario* graceful sat,
 If not above, yet not beneath his Fate ;
 Plain, or embroider’d, he regarded not ;
 His Manners never alter’d with his Coat.
 O ! what a Panic would poor *Cinna* seize,
 Changing for Silk his double-breasted Frieze !
 One, unconcern’d, in Frock, or Suit of Lace,
 Is seen and known at every public Place,
 And either Part can act with decent Grace.

Awkward

Awkward and shuddering t'other would appear,
Oblig'd detested Finery to wear.

' Bring back his Frieze, he'll starve,' *Hilario* cry'd,
' And let him live with Poverty and Pride.'

Armies to rout, in Field, in Council, great,
Out-number'd, conquer, or with Fame retreat;
His Glory, mounting on Ætherial Wing,
Ascends the Throne of *Jove*, with *Prussia's* King;
Yet humbler Laurels may the Muse await;
For next to Greatness, is to please the Great.

All dare not climb the Pyramid's high Top:
Who fear to venture, at the Basis stop.
What if we scale yon Heaven-aspiring Cone,
Would not you say, my Friend, 'Twas bravely
done?'

Thus, even thus, one pale at Distance eyes,
Another makes his Way, and grasps the Prize.
'Tis right; for Virtue is a barren Praise,
Unless her Fruits we gather with her Bays.

But wide the Difference (which Prudence weighs)
Whether we modest ask, or boldly seize.
His Wants who whispers soft, without Offence,
Is better heard than noisy Impudence;

456 EPISTLES of HORACE.

That dins eternal, in his Patron's Ear,
His mortgag'd Lands, and Tenants in Arrear;
A sickly Mother, an expensive Son,
By Loans distress'd, by Chancery undone.

Speak out, Impostor; thy bold Hopes relate:
'Give me, my Lord, a competent Estate.'
But if he knew with Modesty to taste,
Without the Scramble he might share the Feast.

A low Companion, by his Lord from Town
To *Buxton* or to *Scarb'rough* carry'd down,
Who mourns his rifled Trunk, and Money fled,
His Breeches stolen from beneath his Head;
Acts like that crafty Nymph, who, well advis'd,
For many a Month her Jewels advertis'd.

In vain the Vagrant, with dissembled Sores,
And painted Ulcers, for Compassion roars:
Though by *St. Patrick*, and each Saint, he swear,
You turn away your unbelieving Ear:
Stripp'd of his Vizard, glares the Knave complete,
While all the Village rings, 'A Cheat, a Cheat!'



* EPISTLE



* EPISTLE XVIII.

To LOLLIVS.

By I. P. SHARD, Esq;

Horace had already addressed the second Epistle of this Book to his young Friend Lollius (whose Education he had much at Heart) for the Improvement of his Morals. He here instructs him in the Arts which tend to conciliate the Favour of the Great; of whose Pride and Extravagance he at the same Time draws a lively Picture.

YOU scorn, my Lollius, if I judge aright,
To seem a Friend, and be a Parasite.

Not more unlike the Chaste and Wanton are,
Than a true Friend, and servile Flatterer.

Those, who the opposite Extreme admire,
Mere Slovens, both in Person and Attire;
Who rude blunt Manners virtuous Freedom call;
Into at least as great an Error fall.

On each Extreme a different Vice is seen;
For Virtue's Throne is seated in the Mean.

458 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The one, too fawning, 'midst the lower Guests,
Diverts the Table with his fulsome Jest;
Watches and dreads each Motion of his Lord,
And with feign'd Raptures echoes every Word.
The trembling School-boy thus his Lesson says,
Thus the first Actor's Part the Mimic plays.

The other wrangles with important Air,
And, arm'd with trifling Cavils, splits a Hair.
' I surely ought to know what's right or wrong;
' Hold; let me speak: No Bribe shall tye my
Tongue.'

What is it they so eagerly contest?
' Which is the nearest Way, who fences best.'

Those, who their Substance waste in Love, or
Play,
Or ' vainly squander it in living gay;
Who, eager, thirsting after Riches run,
And Poverty, as 'twere a Scandal, shun;
The wealthy Friend, though ten times worse, such
Fools

Contemns, or else commands them as his Tools;
And, like a pious Mother, cries, ' Heaven grant
' To you the many Virtues that I want!'

The

The Poor should never with the Wealthy vye ;

‘ My Wealth will all my Follies justify.

‘ Cease my Expences then to emulate ;

‘ A modest Garb best suits an humble State.’

‘ *Eutrapelus*, on wanton Malice bent,
To many a Coxcomb costly Habits sent :

With the gay Dress gay Passions strait arise ;

He sleeps till Noon ; Business neglected lies ;

He riots, wenchs, spends his small Estate,

And in a loathsome Jail repents too late.

Be not too curious ; but let nothing wrest
A Secret, once intrusted, from your Breast.

Blame not another’s Taste, nor yours commend ;
Quit your Amusements to oblige a Friend.

‘ *Amphion* saw his Brother’s Love decay ;
Guessing the Cause, he threw his Lyre away,
Such Complaisance a noble Friend requires ;
So yield Obedience to his mild Desires :

Nor, when he calls you up to hunt, refuse,
And cry, You know not how to quit the Muse,

Hunting’s a noble Exercise ; ’tis good
To whet the Appetite, and cleanse the Blood.
Since you are healthy, active, swift and strong,
To such as you such manly Sports belong.

When

460 EPISTLES of HORACE.

When in the Lifts your Skill in Arms you try,
You know what loud Applauses rend the Sky.
So great your Art, so graceful is your Air,
You far outshine the most accomplish'd there.

Ev'n when a Youth you serv'd your first Cam-
paign

Beneath that Prince, who tam'd rebellious *Spain* ;
Bade *Parthia* our imprison'd Troops restore,
Bade *Roman* Eagles deck her Fanes no more ;
Rome's Glory to complete, & now draws his Sword,
And bids the conquer'd World confess its Lord !

Though none observe more close what's just and
meet,

Yet you can trifle at your Country-Seat ;
You and your Brother different Parties take,
The *Ælian* Fight you mimic on your Lake :
Bravely you combat, anxious of Renown,
Till Victory the Conqueror's Temples crown.

With your Friend's Humour chearfully comply ;
The Favour he'll return with Usury.

If of my poor Advice you stand in Need,
Of whom, to whom, and what you speak, take
heed.

Th' Inquisitive will blab ; from such refrain ;
Their leaky Ears no Secret can retain.
Let from your Lips no Word unguarded fall ;
No Power a Word, once utter'd, can recall.

If you to visit a rich Patron go,
No strong Desire of what you meet with show ;
Perhaps he'll think no Service can repay
The trifling Boon, or send you griev'd away.

Let those you recommend be Men well-known,
Lest you should blush at Vices not your own ;
The best may be deceiv'd, but ne'er pretend
A Man whose Crimes are flagrant to defend ;
But if, well-try'd, you find he stands the Test,
With all your Power protect him, when oppress.
For, if you suffer Calumny to spread,
The near Infection you'll have Cause to dread :
Your Interest bids you quench the neighbouring
Fire ;

Neglected Flames a double Force acquire.

'To court the Great the Unexperienc'd run,
Their Smiles, as dangerous, th' Experienc'd shun.
Your Bark, with prosperous Sails, now cuts the
Deep,

Lest the Winds change its Course, these Maxims keep :

The

462 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The Gay the Grave, the Grave the Merry hate ;
The Slow the Quick, the Active the Sedate ;
The Tipler him that's sober, though he swear
His Head nocturnal Revels cannot bear.

Uncloud your Brow, and put on Looks serene ;
Reserve will seem Moroseness ; Silence, Spleen.

7 With Sages oft converse ; learn'd Authors read ;
They teach you in the Paths of Peace to tread ;
Show you how vain Desires the Soul torment,
How Wealth increases Care, not gives Content.
There you the secret Springs of Virtue find ;
There learn to still the Tumults of the Mind ;
8 Learn that true Pleasure flies the Rich and Great,
And loves to dwell in a sequester'd State.

When to 9 *Digentia's* verdant Banks I go,
Whose Streams through bleak *Mandela's* Meadows
flow,

While I there breathe my Villa's wholesome Air,
I to the Gods address this humble Prayer :

• Should you the Number of my Days increase,
• Bless them with 10 Leisure, Competence, and
Peace :

• Plenty of Books, a Year's Provision grant,

• To keep me from the anxious Dread of Want !

11 Let

¹¹ Let all-dispensing *Jove* but yield Assent,
I ask no more ; ¹² I'll give myself Content.

NOTES.

¹ *Gloria quem supra vires et vestit et unguat.*] *Plautus* has very well said, in the Prologue to his *Merchant*,

*Nec pol profecto quisquam sine grandi malo,
Præquam res patitur, studuit elegantia.*

' No Man ever runs out into an Expence for Elegance and Magnificence, beyond what his Fortune will bear, without being a considerable Loser.'

Ib. ——— *unguit.*] Under this Word were comprised Essences, Perfumes, and the Expences of the Table.

² ——— *Eutrapelus cuicumq; nocere volebat Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.*] This Stroke is admirable. The Great pretend that their Riches will atone for some Follies. *Eutrapelus* went still farther. He judged that Folly is inseparable from Wealth, and he knew no Method so likely to turn a Man's Head, as to dazzle his Eyes with a small Ray of his Fortune. *Cicero* speaks of *Volumnius Eutrapelus* in his Epistles. This Surname was given him because he was a Man of infinite Humour, delicate Wit, and knew how to rally with great Address.

SANADON.

³ ——— *Amphionis atq; Zethi.*] For an Account of *Amphion*, see the Notes on Ode XI. Book III.

Zethus was his Twin-Brother. They were the Sons of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*. Their Inclinations were so different that *Zethus* applied himself to the Care of Flocks, and *Amphion* to Music. But as *Zethus* was of a savage Temper, he could not bear the Harp of *Amphion*, and so often quarrelled with him on that Account, that *Amphion* was at last obliged to give it up.

DACIER.

⁴ *Nunc ;*

464 EPISTLES of HORACE.

4 *Nunc; et si quid abest, &c.*] Thus we are to read this Passage, referring *nunc* to *refigit*, as appears by the best Copies.

BENTLEY.

This Translation follows the Reading adopted by *Cunningham*, *refixit*, *Et nunc*. *Elzevir*, *Cambridge Edition*, *Pine*, *Dacier*, and *Cunningham*, all read *refixit*: And though the last adopted several of *Bentley's* Corrections, he rejected this. Though speaking in the *present* Tense gives frequently a greater Spirit to an Expression, yet when an Event has happened but lately, we may make Use of the *past* Tense. In order to establish *refigit*, it is necessary to place a Comma at *Nunc*;

Nunc, et si quid abest refigit } BENTLEY.

Et nunc, si quid abest refixit, } Common Editions.

Bentley meeting with *refigit* and *refixit*, had a Right to follow which MS. he pleased; but what Authority does he produce for transposing *Et nunc* into *Nunc et*? And, unless the same MS. warranted that Transposition, *refixit* seems to have the best Pretension; for how would it stand without such an arbitrary Transposition,

refigit
Et nunc, si quid abest, *Italix adjudicat armis.* SAN.

5 *Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sape videto.*] Thus this Line is commonly pointed; but *Bentley* places the Comma at *Quid*; 'Take Heed what you say, of whom, and to whom;' and confirms this Pointing by a Passage from *Cicero's* Oration against *Piso*, C. 31. *Tu quid, tu apud quos, tu de quo dicas, intelligis?* Which Sense is followed in the Translation.

This Precept is succinct, and contains important Advice. It is especially useful at Court: Every satirical Word there makes no small Wound; but he who utters it is often himself the Victim.

SANADON.

6 *Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici.*] Great Men are surrounded by a Lustre that dazzles the Eyes of most Beholders;

holders; who are induced to believe that no Happiness is equal to their Friendship, nor are able to discover that what they term Friendship must be to their Dependents an irksome Servitude. But the few who have experienced it, and who have taken the Pains to study their Manners and Behaviour, may say to Greatness as to a calm Sea, which is often worked into a Storm, *Miseri quibus intentata nites!* Take away from most Great Men their Riches and Magnificence, and nothing will remain but Pride, Luxury, Effeminacy, and Passion; Qualities very disgusting to those who approach them. So that the Son of *Sirach* gives this proper Caution to those who approach the Great, *Observe and take good Heed; for thou walkest in Peril of thy Overthrowing.*

DACIER.

[*Inter cuncta leges, &c.*] The Conclusion of this Epistle abounds with excellent Morality. *Horace*, after having suggested to *Lollius* the Means of conducting himself well at Court, gives him Advice how to act with regard to himself, i. e. how to live happily, and makes him understand that our Happiness does not consist in the Favour of the Great, but must be the Fruit of our own Reflections, and result from the Care we take to moderate our Desires. This last Part is perhaps the most valuable in all the Epistle.

[*Quid pure tranqillet, &c.*] It is not without Reason that *Horace* adds here the Word *pure*, 'that which can give us pure (or sincere) Tranquillity.' For there is a false Tranquillity, which, though it may deceive Men for a Time, can never give them full Content. Such is the Tranquillity arising from Riches, Honours, Reputation, Employments, and all those things which we call the Vanities of the World. But Virtue only can bestow such a Tranquillity as is pure, i. e. which leaves no Stings of Desire, Fear, or Hope.

DACIER.

[*gelidus Digentia rivus.*] This is a Spring of which he speaks in Epistle XVI.

466 EPISTLES of HORACE.

*Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam, nec purior ambiat Hebrus.*

It is thought to be the same Spring which is now called *Rivo del Sole*.

10 *et mihi vivam.*] That I may have my Time
to myself. This is the same Wish that he made in Satire VI.
Book II. *ut propria hac mihi munera faxis.* And that
the Sense we have there given of the Word *propria* is the true
one, may be confirmed by the following Passage in Cicero's
Epistle to *Curtius*, Book VII. Ep. 30. *Id enim est cujusque pro-
prium, quo quisque fruitur atque utitur.* That which a Man
enjoys and makes Use of may properly be termed his own.

11 *Sed satis est orare Jovem qui donat & aufert.*] Thus the
common Editions. But Bentley reads *qua ponit & aufert.* It
is sufficient to ask of *Jove* those things which he both gives
and takes away.

12 *Aequum mihi animum ipse parabo.*] Horace here
says we ought to ask nothing of Heaven but Health and a
competent Fortune. And that a prudent Mind and the right
Use of these Blessings depend only on ourselves. This was
the Opinion of the Heathens in general, and not merely of the
Stoics, if we credit *Cotta*, whom *Cicero* introduces speaking in
this manner: *Atque hoc quidem omnes mortales sic habent; ex-
ternas commoditates — a Diis se habere: Virtutem autem nemo
unquam acceptam Deo retulit. Nimirum recte: Propter Vir-
tutem enim jure laudamur, & in Virtute recte gloriamur: quod
non contingeret, si id donum à Deo, non à nobis haberemus.*
It is indeed the Opinion of all Mankind, that we are in-
debted to the Gods for all the outward Accommodations of
Life; but no-body ever imagined that God is the Author
of our Virtue. And with good Reason; for we are justly
applauded for our Virtue, and rightly make our Boast of it;
which would be absurd, if Virtue was the Gift of God, and
not derived from ourselves.

And,

And, a little after, he expresses the same Sentiment, if possible, in stronger Terms: *Judicium hoc omnium mortalium est, fortunam à Deo petendam, à se ipso sumendam esse sapientiam.*

'It is the Judgment of every Man, that we ought to intreat God for Fortune or Riches; but that Wisdom (or Prudence) must be sought only in our own Breast.'

But, notwithstanding this confident Assertion of *Cotta*, *Dacier* observes, that there always were some among the Heathens, not only Philosophers, but Poets, who maintained the contrary Opinion. 'All the Works of *Homer*,' says he, 'abound with this Truth: And the following Lines of *Callimachus*, at the End of his Hymn to *Jupiter*, are a remarkable Instance of it;

Οὐτ' ἀρετὴς ἀτερ, &c.

Wealth without Virtue cannot make us blest,
Nor Virtue without Wealth: Then grant us, *Jove*,
Virtue and Wealth to make our Bliss complete.





The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

To Mr. SPENCE,

When Tutor to the Earl of MIDDLESEX.

SPENCE, with a Friend you pass the Hours
away

In pointed Jokes, yet innocently gay:

You ever differ'd from a Flatterer more

Than a chaste Lady from a flaunting Whore.

'Tis true you rally'd every Fault you found,

But gently tickled while you heal'd the Wound:

Unlike the paltry Poets of the Town,

Rogues, who expose themselves for Half a Crown;

And still obtrude on every Soul they meet

Rudeness for Sense, and Ribaldry for Wit:

Who, though half-starv'd, in spite of Time and
Place

Repeat their Rhymes, though Dinner stays for
Grace:

And

And as their Poverty their Dresses fit,
 They think of Course a Sloven is a Wit.
 But Sense (a Truth these Coxcombs ne'er suspect)
 Lies just 'twixt Affectation and Neglect.

One Step still lower, if you can, descend
 To the mean Wretch, the Great Man's humble
 Friend;

That moving Shade, that Pendant at his Ear,
 That two-legg'd Dog, still pawing on the Peer.
 Studying his Looks, and watching at the Board,
 He gapes to catch the Droppings of my Lord;
 And tickled to the Soul at every Joke,
 Like a press'd Watch repeats what t'other spoke:
 Echo to Nonsense! such a Scene to hear!
 'Tis just like *Punch* and his Interpreter.

On Trifles some are earnestly absurd;
 You'll think the World depends on every Word.
 'What! is not every Mortal free to speak?
 'I'll give my Reasons, though I break my Neck.'
 And what's the Question? If it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen Miles to *Stains*.

The Wretch, reduc'd to Rags by every Vice,
 Pride, Projects, Races, Mistresses, and Dice,

470 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The rich Rogue shuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a Quarrel is good Husbandry,

‘ ‘Tis strange,’ cries *Peter*, ‘ you are out of Pelf ;

‘ I’m sure I thought you wiser than myself :’

Yet gives him nothing—but Advice too late,

‘ Retrench, or rather mortgage your Estate :

‘ I can advance the Sum—’tis best for both—

‘ But henceforth cut your Coat to match your
Cloth.’

A Minister, in mere Revenge and Sport,
Will give his Foe a paltry Place at Court.

The Dupe for every Royal Birth-day buys

New Horses, Coaches, Cloaths, and Liveries ;

Plies at the Levee ; and, distinguish’d there,

Lives on the Royal Whisper for a Year,

His Mistress shines in *Brussels* and Brocade ;

And now the Wretch, ridiculously mad,

Draws on his Banker, mortgages, and fails,

Then to the Country runs away from Jails.

There, ruin’d by the Court, he sells a Vote

To the next Burgesses, as of old he bought ;

Rubs down the Steeds which once his Chariot bore,

Or sweeps the Borough, which he serv’d before.

But

But, by this roving Meteor led, I tend
Beyond my Theme, forgetful of my Friend.
Then take Advice; and preach not out of Time,
When good-Lord *Middlesex* is bent on Rhyme.

Their Humour check'd or Inclination crost,
Sometimes the Friendship of the Great is lost.
With innocent Amusements still comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the *Fathers* by:
For your Reward you gain his Love, and dine
On the best Venison and the best *French* Wine.

Never in Wine or Wrath betray your Trust;
Be silent still, and obstinately just:
Explore no Secrets, draw no Characters;
For Echo will repeat, and Walls have Ears;
Nor let a busy Fool a Secret know;
A Secret gripes him 'till he lets it go:
Words are like Bullets, and we wish in vain,
When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

Defend, dear *Spence*, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a Rascal—that's the Devil.
Who guards a good Man's Character, 'tis known,
At the same Time protects and guards his own.
For as with Houses so it fares with Names,
A Shed may set a Palace all on Flames:

472 EPISTLES of HORACE,

The Fire neglected on the Cottage preys,
And mounts at last into a general Blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, some think, a Lord to know;
I wish his Tradesmen could but think so too.

He gives his Word—then all your Hopes are
gone :

He gives his Honour—then you're quite undone,

Most Folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a Temper differing from their own.

The Grave abhor the Gay, the Gay the Sad,
And Formalists pronounce the Witty mad :

The Sot, who drinks six Bottles in a Place,
Swears at the Flinchers who refuse their Glass.

Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd Man,
Comply with every Humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away

Your Time like him, and never lose a Day;
From Hopes or Fears your Quiet to defend,

To all Mankind, as to yourself, a Friend ;

And, sacred from the World, retir'd, unknown,

To lead a Life with Morals like his own.

When to delicious *Pimper* I retire,

What greater Bliss, my *Spence*, can I desire ?

Contented

Contented there my easy Hours I spend
 With Maps, Globes, Books, my Bottle, and a Friend.
 There I can live upon my Income still,
 Ev'n though the House should pass the *Quakers* Bill;
 Yet to my Share should some good Prebend fall,
 I think myself of Size to fill a Stall.
 For Life or Health let Heaven my Lot assign,
 A firm and even Soul shall still be mine.

N O T E.

The late learned and amiable Dr. *Watts* having many Years ago read over, in Manuscript, the foregoing, and some other Imitations of *Horace* by Mr. *Pitt*, expressed himself highly pleased with them; and said, he thought they were scarce inferior to those by Mr. *Pope*.

One of Mr. *Pitt's* Friends wrote the following Lines on his Translation of *Vida's Art of Poetry*:

Vida no more the long Oblivion fears,
 Which hid his Virtues through a Length of Years;
 Ally'd to Thee, he lives again; thy Rhymes
 Shall friendly bear him down to latest Times,
 And do his injur'd Reputation Right,
 While, in thy Work, with such Success unite
 His Strength of Judgment, and his Charms of Speech;
 That Precepts please, and Music seems to teach.

* EPISTLE



* EPISTLE XIX.

To MÆCENAS.

He shows the Mistakes of Poetasters and Men of no Genius, in imitating the Faults of eminent Writers, and overlooking their Beauties; and gives the Reason why his contemporary Poets affect to despise his Writings.

TO old Cratinus if you Credit give,
 • No Verses long can please, or long can
 live,

• Which Water-drinkers write.' Since to the Race
 Of frantic Poets *Bacchus* gave a Place
 Among his Fauns and Satyrs, all the Nine
 Each Morning favour of the Fumes of Wine,
 On Wine great *Homer* lavishes such Praise,
 As shows that Wine had oft inspir'd his Lays.]
 And Father *Ennius* too was said to drain
 The Goblet, ere he sung the martial Train.

3 ' Be Law the Study of each sober Soul !
' Leave Verse to those, who love the sparkling
Bowl !'

Since thus I spoke, our Bards, by Night and Day,
Have o'er their Cups maintain'd an endless Fray.
What though some Mimic copies *Cato's* Dress,
Will that the Greatness of his Mind express ?
Or will one Instance of his Worth be shown,
By lowering Looks, bare Feet, and scanty Gown ?
The *Moor*, who strove, by Eloquence and Ease,
In Speech to rival fam'd *Timagenes*,
Burst at the Disappointment. Such the Fate
Of those, who Faults alone can imitate !
There's not a Bard, but should by Chance my
Face

Be pale, would ' Cumin drink. Ye servile Race
Of Mimics, will ye still provoke my Spleen,
And make me burst with Laughter or Chagrin ?

Through Paths untrod before I led the Way,
And all the Hive their Leader will obey.

First in *Iambics* on the *Latian* Plain

I sung ; adopting both the Fire and Strain
Of keen *Archilochus* ; but ever strove

To shun that Bitterness of Style, which drove

! Ly-

476 EPISTLES of HORACE.

¶ *Lycambes* to Despair. Yet, lest my Lays
Should fail to claim an equal Share of Praise,
The *Sapphic* and *Alcaïc* Notes I join,
And temper thus the Harshness of his Line:
Nor does my Muse one virtuous Name traduce,
Or vent foul Calumny and rank Abuse.

¶ His Strains, by *Roman* Bards before unsung,
I first adapted to the *Roman* Tongue,
And hear, I own it, with unfeign'd Delight,
That Men of Taste are pleas'd with what I write.

But should you ask, why am I oft amus'd
With Praise before my Face, and strait⁹ abus'd
Behind my Back? I thus reply: No Vote
Do I e'er purchase with a thread-bare Coat.

I cannot hear and praise what Courtiers write;
Nor can I ask a Pedant, to recite
And teach his Scholars my unworthy Lay.
Hence these Complaints arise—And when I say,
'Twill but add Weight to Trifles to rehearse
'In crowded Theatres my careless Verse.'

" 'Tis a mere Joke:—For *Cæsar's* Ear," they cry,
" 'Tis all reserv'd; puff'd up with Vanity,
" You think that tuneful Numbers you alone
" Can write; no Verses please you but your own."

I dare

I dare not answer in sarcastic Guise,
 Dreading the furious Contest that might rise,
 But beg a Truce, and Leisure to revise.
 For Jests will Quarrels and Contention breed;
 Contention Rage, and Wars to Rage succeed.

NOTES.

¹ ——— *Cratino.*] For the Character of *Cratinus*, see the Notes on Satire IV. Book I. There is a humorous Passage relating to him in *Aristophanes's* Comedy called *Peace*. *Mercury* asks *Trigaüs*, the Vine-dresser, 'What is become of *Cratinus*?'

Trig. He died when the *Lacedamonians* came to besiege the City.

Mer. Of what did he die?

Trig. Of what? Why, of Grief, on seeing a Hogthead broken, the Wine running out.

² *Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt*

Quæ scribuntur aqua pectoribus.] These two Lines were, without Doubt, translated by *Horace* from *Cratinus*.

³ ——— *Forum putealq; Libonis*

Mandabo siccis; adimam cantare severis.] These Lines were probably written by *Horace* in some Satire that is not come down to us.

⁴ ——— *Iärbitam.*] '*Iärbita*,' says the Scholiast, 'was a Moor, whose Name was *Cordus*, who, attempting in vain to imitate the Wit and Pleasantry of *Timagenes*, almost burst with Despair and Vexation; *invidia quoddammodo ruptus est.*'

⁵ ——— *Timagenis.*] *Timagenes* was a Rhetorician of *Alexandria*, who, having been taken Prisoner by *Gabinus*, was carried to *Rome*, where the Son of *Sylla* purchased and set him free. He was first a Cook, then a Chairman, and at last a Teacher

478 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Teacher of Rhetoric. *Augustus* patronized him; but as he was one who spared no-body, and talked with too great Freedom, he was at last banished from the Court. Vexed at this Disgrace, he burned a History which he had written of that Prince's Life. *Seneca* has given this short Character of him: *Homo acida lingua, et qui nihilis liber erat; disertus et dicax, & quo multa improbe sed venusti dicta.*

This Picture resembles our celebrated Dr. *Swift* as much as if he had sat for it.

6 ——— *exangue cuminum.*] Thus *Perfius*, Sat. V. 55.

———— *pallentis grana cumini.*

7 ————— *Lycamben.*] See the Notes on Ode VI. Book V.

8 *Hunc.*] *Sanadon* is of Opinion that this Expression must necessarily be referred, not to *Archilochus*, but to *Alcaeus*.

9 ————— *ingratus.*] A Reader who approves a Work ought to own his Obligation to the Author for the Pleasure it gives him. But Jealousy frequently makes some repine at it, and traduce him for having produced what is really good. What Injustice! what Meanness of Spirit! SANADON.

10 *Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen & iram.*] *Horace* by this Climax (or Gradation) intended without Doubt to ridicule some bad Poets, who made an improper Use of such Figures: And probably he had in View the following Passage in one of the Comedies of *Epicharmus*:

———— *A. Ex parvoviciis, &c.*

A. A Sacrifice occasions a Feast, a Feast occasions Drinking.

B. That is what I am fond of.

A. Drinking occasions Sport, Sport Anger, Anger Law-suits, Law-suits a Judgment, and a Judgment ends in Imprisonment, Tortures, and Fines.

There is almost the same Climax in *The Wasps* of *Aristophanes*.

THE SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

To Mr. LOWTH.

TIS said, Dear Sir, no Poets please the Town,
Who drink mere Water, though from *Helicon*:

For in cold Blood they seldom boldly think;

Their Rhymes are more insipid than their Drink.

Not great *Apollo* could the Train inspire,

'Till generous *Bacchus* help'd to fan the Fire.

Warm'd by two Gods at once, they drink and write,

Rhyme all the Day, and tipples all the Night.

Homer, says *Horace*, nods in many a Place,

But hints he nodded oftner o'er the Glass.

Inspir'd with Wine old *Ennius* sung, and thought

With the same Spirit that his Heroes fought:

And we from *Johnson's* Tavern-Laws divine,

That Bard was no great Enemy to Wine.

'Twas from the Bottle *King* deriv'd his Wit,

Drank 'till he could not talk, and then he writ.

Let no coif'd Serjeant touch the sacred Juice,

But leave it to the Bards for better Use:

Let

480 EPISTLES of HORACE:

Let the grave Judges too the Glass forbear,
 Who never sing, and dance but once a Year.
 This Truth once known, our Poets take the Hint,
 Get drunk or mad, and then get into Print:
 To raise their Flames indulge the mellow Fit,
 And lose their Senses in the Search of Wit:
 And when with Claret fir'd they take the Pen;
 Swear they can write, because they drink like *Ben*.
 Such mimic *Swift* or *Prior* to their Cost,
 For in the rash Attempt the Fools are lost.
 When once a Genius breaks thro' common Rules,
 He leads a Herd of imitating Fools.
 If *Pope*, the Prince of Poets, sick a-bed,
 O'er steaming Coffee bends his aching Head,
 The Fools in public o'er the fragrant Draught
 Incline those Heads that never ach'd or thought:
 This must provoke his Mirth or his Disdain,
 Cure his Complaint, or make him sick again.

I too, like them, the Poet's Path pursue,
 And keep great *Flaccus* ever in my View;
 But in a distant View—yet what I write,
 In these loose Sheets, must never see the Light;
 Epistles, Odes, and twenty Trifles more,
 Things that are born and die, in Half an Hour.

What,

'What! you must dedicate,' says sneering *Spence*,
'This Year, some new Performance to the Prince ;
'Though Money is your Scorn, no Doubt in Time
'You hope to gain some vacant Stall by Rhyme ;
'Like other Poets, were the Truth but known,
'You too admire whatever is your own.'

These wise Remarks my Modesty confound,
While the Laugh rises, and the Mirth goes round ;
Vex'd at the Jest, yet glad to shun a Fray,
I whisk into a Coach, and drive away.





* EPISTLE XX.

He addresses himself to his Book, which, under the Allegory of a Child, he supposes weary of Confinement, and begging Leave to go abroad into the World. He shows the bad Consequences that would attend the Gratification of its Request: And at the Conclusion he gives a brief Account of his own Family, Person and Temper.

YOUR Thoughts, my Book, (with Sorrow I discern)

On *Janus* and *Vertumnus* wholly turn.

Fond of the *Solian* Binding, you detest

The modest Shelf, and close-confining Chest.

You grieve that here you are beheld by few,

And long to shine, expos'd to public View;

Not so brought up. The Height of your Desire

Attain; once seen, you never can retire.

'Wretch that I am! what have I sought!' you'll
cry;

In some dark Corner when despis'd you lie,

For if, unprejudic'd, I reason right,
Your Youth alone your Lovers will delight,
When once each vulgar Hand your Beauty soils,
The lazy Moth shall batten on your Spoils;

3 Or Packets you shall bear to *Afric's* Shore,

4 Or *Spain*; while smiles your slighted Monitor;
Like him, who down a steepy Summit drove
His stubborn As, for who his Friend would prove
Against his Will? Old Pedants too will teach,
By your kind Aid, the Rudiments of Speech,
In Alleys dark, to many a lisping Boy.

5 At Evening, when more Hearers you enjoy,
Say, that my Sire a Freeman's Right possess;
Though small my Fortune, that, beyond my Nest,
6 I stretch'd my Wings. For thus, 7 my lowly
Birth

While you confess, you will enhance my Worth,
Say, that at *Rome* with Praises I was crown'd
By 8 all the Great; in War and Peace renown'd;
9 Grey-hair'd before my Time; 10 of Stature low;
11 Fond of the Sun; and ever quick to show
Some hasty Sparks of momentary Fire:
And if, perchance, my Age they should enquire,

484 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Say, four-and-forty Winters I attain'd,
When *Lepidus* and *Lollius* Consuls reign'd.

NOTES.

Horace placed this Epistle at the Head of a Collection of his Satires and Epistles which he published when he was forty-four Years old. For his Works appeared at different Times and in a different Order from that in which we now find them.

¹ *Vertumnus Janumque.*] There was in the Forum at the End of the Tuscan Street a Statue of *Vertumnus* and another of *Janus*. All that Place was surrounded by the Shops of Book-sellers and other Tradesmen. On which Account *Horace* tells his Book that it has *Janus* and *Vertumnus* in its View; meaning that it wishes to become public. As if we should say, it has an Eye to St. James's-Street and the Palace. DACIER.

² *Soforum.*] The *Sofi* were two Brothers who were at that Time the most celebrated Book-sellers at Rome. For then the Trade of Book-seller and Book-binder were not different. It was the same Person who copied the Books, who bound them (or to speak more properly who gathered the Leaves and rolled them up) and who sold them. *Bibliographus*, *Bibliopagus* or *Compactor*, or, as *Cicero* speaks, *Chufinator*, and *Bibliopola* were one and the same.

³ *Aut fugiet Uticam.*] The Book-seller will send you to *Utica* to amuse the *Africans*; for they sent into the distant Provinces those Books which they could not sell at Rome. Our Book-sellers at *Paris* are well acquainted with the Advantage of this Resource; and, relying on it, print so many Copies of bad Books. The Provinces fail not to console the poor Author, and reimburse him for the Hazard of the Undertaking.

DACIER.

Ibid. After the Destruction of *Carthage*, *Utica* was the Capital of *Africa*. It was built by the *Phœnicians* 184 Years after the

the Siege of *Troy*. It is now called *Biserte*, and stands in the Kingdom of *Tunis*, with a large Port in a little Gulph on the Coast of *Barbary*, opposite to the Island of *Sardinia*. The *Romans* had established a regular Commerce with the *Affricans*.

SANADON.

* — *Aut unctus mittéris Ilerdam.*] Bentley reads *vinctus* instead of *unctus*; and says that he found it in all the MSS. *Horace*, some think, intended by it to tell his Book that it would serve as one of those Covers to Books and Packets sent abroad, which they called *epistographa*. For as the Books of the Ancients were written but on one Side, they made Use of the Leaves of bad Books for the Covers of Letters, and to save Paper. And, as they fastened their Letters with Silk, *Horace* employed the Word *vinctus* to signify bound or tyed-up. However *Dacier* rejects this Sense, and adheres to *unctus*.

Ibid. *Ilerda* is now called *Lerida*. It is a City of *Spain*, in *Catalonia*, on the *Segro*, and famous for the Victory which *Cesar* gained there over *Petreius* and *Afranius*, the Lieutenants of *Pompey*. It is here put for *Spain*, as *Utica* is for *Africa*.

SANADON.

5 — *Sol tepidus.*] This does not mean 'the burning Heat of the Day,' as *Dacier* interprets it; but 'a moderate and supportable Heat,' when, the Sun being on the Decline, the Air grew cool and refreshing. This was the Time at which People went abroad, and in which Men of Letters assembled at one anothers Houses, or at the Booksellers Shops, or in the public Walks, to hear any new Productions.

SANADON.

6 *Majores pennas.*] This is a Proverb, insinuating that a Man has raised himself above his Fortune. Ambition is always a Vice; but a noble Emulation to rise above our Condition by laudable Means is a Sentiment worthy of an honest Heart. And we may be justly proud of such an Endeavour. The most flattering Success is that which we owe to our own Merit. No other can do us Honour.

SANADON.

7 *Ut quantum generi.*] A fine Lesson this for those who are born of mean Parentage! It depends only on themselves to

486 EPISTLES of HORACE.

correct this unjust Appointment of blind Fortune. Diligence, Knowledge, and above all, a prudent Conduct, and Probity of Heart, are Resources easy, sure and honourable.

SANADON.

8 ——— *primis urbis.*] Those Great Men to whom Horace made himself acceptable, were Cassius, Brutus, Messala, Lollius, Pollio, Agrippa, Maecenas, Augustus, and many more whose Names we find scattered in his Poems.

9 ——— *Præcænum.*] Our Poet began to grow grey at forty Years old, and he was quite grey at fifty, as we have shown in the Notes on Ode XI. Book II. and Ode XIV. Book III.

10 *Corporis exigui.*] The Lowness of his Stature has been already taken Notice of.

11 ——— *Solibus aptum.*] The Sense which I have given to these Words is taken from Horace himself. We may observe from several Passages in his Works that he was very sensible of Cold; that he loved warm Climates; that in the Winter he went to the Sea-Coast; and that he particularly admired the Neighbourhood of *Tarentum*, because the Winter was there very mild.

12 ——— *quo duxit Lollius anno.*] Horace was born December 8, 689. Consequently he ended his forty-fourth Year in December, 733.



The



* The SAME EPISTLE Imitated.

CHARM'D with the letter'd Lustre of the Press,
 The Turkey Binding, and the gilded Dress,
 You long, my Book, on *Dodsley's* Counter spread,
 To view *Pall-Mall*, and gaze on *Tully's* Head;
 You scorn the Friend select, and private Ear,
 And pant for Glory in a public Sphere.
 For this, though tarnish'd by the * *Devil's* Hand,
 And press'd, and stamp'd, and bound by my Com-
 mand,
 You ne'er complain—Yet shun that dangerous Coast,
 Those fatal Shelves where thousands have been lost.
 Though, safe from all the Terrors of the Main,
 Their wish'd-for Port † *Pitt, Warton, Carter* gain,
 Yet think on *Creech*, whom that impetuous Wave
 Stripp'd of the Laurel which *Lucretius* gave,
 From Criticism's Rage you first shall feel
 The various Tortures of her monthly Wheel;

* A Printer's Errand-Boy, so called.

† The Translators of *Virgil* and *Epictetus*.

488 EPISTLES of HORACE.

And then, too late convinc'd, your hasty Choice
You'll mourn, strait banish'd by the public Voice
To the fam'd Shops of *Bedlam* or *St. Paul*,
The Trunk to line, or flutter on the Wall.

Then shall I smile; like him, who, when he strove
From his lame Horse's Foot a Stone to move,
Return'd th' ungrateful Kick he gave, and cry'd,
'Take Kick for Kick, and there's the Stone beside.'
To save unwilling Friends in vain is Labour try'd.

.....
The END of the FIRST BOOK.





The following Imitation being omitted in its proper Place, p. 191. the Reader, it is thought, will not be displeased at seeing it here.

* The latter Part of SATIRE II. BOOK II.
Imitated.

Quo magis his credas, puer hunc ego parvus Osellum, &c.

A Cavalier (the Men of ancient Date,
When young, remember what I here relate)
Was blest with Wealth, yet, frugal 'midst his Store.
He early learn'd the Lesson to be poor.
Twas at the Time, when taught by Cromwell's Hand
Civil Confusion overspread the Land :
He amongst others suffer'd in the Cause,
And saw his Right expiring with the Laws.
The brave old Man comply'd without a Groan,
And earn'd his Bread in spite of Wind and Sun,
Labourer in Fields, but Yesterday his own.
' And is,' he smiling said, ' the Change so great ?
I ever was before-hand with my Fate,
When Heaven around me all its Blessings strow'd,
My Heart ne'er wanton'd, nor my Bowl o'erflow'd.

' A '

490 SATIRES of HORACE.

- ‘ A Stranger to Variety and Cost,
- ‘ (Unless some Holiday would have me roast)
- ‘ I liv’d on little : Happy was my Lot !
- ‘ A Fritter in the Pan, or Bacon in the Pot,
- ‘ But if an old Acquaintance, with Delight,
- ‘ After a tedious Absence, bless’d my Sight ;
- ‘ Or a good Neighbour, in a rainy Hour,
- ‘ Kindly dropp’d in, to chat away a Shower ;
- ‘ ’Twas well : I sought not what the Shops afford
- ‘ To the sleek Citizen, or high-fed Lord,
- ‘ No wanton Sauce gave Riot to the Dish ;
- ‘ No Stream was troubled for Supply of Fish :
- ‘ A Barn-door Fowl, or Mountain Kid, went down,
- ‘ As well as Dainties from a Market-Town.
- ‘ A Sallad might be added for the Guest,
- ‘ And Golden-pippins made a second Feast.
- ‘ Perhaps, though idly, innocently gay,
- ‘ At Riddles, Questions and Commands, we play :
- ‘ Talk of old Times ; and o’er the laughing Ale,
- ‘ Uncloud our Brows, and happily regale ;
- ‘ Or toast the blithsome Lads, or tell the mirthful
- Tale :
- ‘ Wishing for Times more honest and less dear,
- ‘ A plenteous Harvest, and a fruitful Year.

Let Fortune vainly rave, by my Consent,
 Play all her Tricks, and all her Malice vent,
 Shifting her alterable Look each Day;
 And take the little that is left away:
 While I, regardless of her Female Mind,
 Laugh at the foolish Idol of Mankind.

Tell me, my Children, were ye more at Ease,
 Ere Winds disturb'd the Calmness of your Days?
 Amidst exorbitant and Rebel Grants
 Has Providence been thrifty to your Wants?
 Or, since this rough, fanatical Dragoon,
 This canting Lord, his Tyranny begun,
 Say, has our homely Food less sumptuous prov'd?
 Say, have we liv'd less happy, or less lov'd?

Trace from the Conquest, and you'll rarely find
 The same Estate to the same Blood confin'd.
 This lawless Soldier robb'd me of my Due;
 Him too the Law may in its Turn undo:
 Or grant his Title be remov'd from Doubt,
 His Heir, infallibly, will see him out.

The Farm, 'tis true, went whilom by my Name,
 Where Folks enquir'd for Goodman and his Dame:
 The Tone is chang'd; and who on Visits come
 Ask is the Colonel, or his Spouse at home.

Who

492 SATIRES of HORACE.

- ‘ Who knows, but Time in rolling-on may mend,
- ‘ And angry Fortune be once more my Friend?
- ‘ Who knows, but yet our Lands may be restor’d,
- ‘ And the pleas’d Hovel own its former Lord?
- ‘ Come then, my Boys, for Heaven is on your Side,
- ‘ With manly Sinews bear against the Tide,
- ‘ Patience our Strength, and Honesty our Guide!’



THE

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

Translated by WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

Inscribed to the Reverend

SNEYD DAVIES, M. A.
ARCHDEACON OF DERBY.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES
OF
HOMER

Translated by William Duncombe, Esq.

Inserted to the Second

SNED DAVIES, M. A.
Archdeacon of Derby.

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand.



The SECOND BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES of HORACE!

* EPISTLE I.

To AUGUSTUS.

Augustus having kindly reproached Horace for not addressing more of his Pieces to him; this, it is thought, was the Occasion of his writing the following Epistle.

WHILE you Affairs, so many and so great,
Alone dispatch; protect us by your Arms;
With Morals grace, and by wise Laws reform;
Shall I not trespass on the public Weal,
If, *Cæsar*, I too long detain your Ear?
• *Bacchus*, and *Romulus*, and *Leda's Twins*,
Though after Death they were ador'd as Gods,
Yet, while they liv'd, and strove to serve Mankind,
Destructive

496 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Destructive Wars compos'd, and Cities built,
 And planted Colonies; with Grief complain'd,
 Instead of grateful Thanks and Praise deserv'd,
 They met with Calumny and foul Reproach.

Alcides, who subdu'd the *Hydra's* Rage,
 Who all the Labours bore ordain'd by Fate,
 Found Envy could be quell'd by Death alone.

For he, who shines with Rays pre-eminent,
 Oppresses Candidates of lower Rank,
 But, when extinguish'd, will be lov'd again.

To you alive, we sovereign Honours pay,
 And Altars raise, where we invoke your Name;
 Confessing no such Prince before has risen,
 Nor shall again in future Ages rise.

But yet your People, just in this alone,
 That they acknowledge your superior Worth,
 When with each *Greek* or *Roman* Chief compar'd,
 Weigh not with equal Judgment other Things;
 All modern Writers they despise and hate;
 To Merit, till deceas'd, no Incense pay,
 No Wit admire, unless of foreign Growth.
 The *Grecian* Laws, on the twelve Tables grav'd,
 The Treaties, which the ancient Kings of *Rome*
 With *Gabin*, and the rigid *Sabines* form'd;

The

The *Sibyls* Books, and Scrolls of pristine Bards;
 (So blindly they adore Antiquity)
 They swear, on *Alba's* Top, were to our Sires
 Divinely by the Choir of Muses giv'n.

What! though we own old *Grecian* Writers best,
 Shall we from hence infer our Authors too
 Excell in Merit, as they rise in Age?
 To a short Issue then the Point is brought;
 For sure we may with equal Truth maintain,
 2 The Swan has sable Plumes, the Raven white:
 3 In every Art we shine; we paint, we sing,
 And wrestle better than 4 th' anointed *Greeks*.

If Age improves our Verses like our Wine,
 I would be glad to know how many Years
 A proper Sanction to an Author give?
 Shall he, who died an hundred Years ago,
 Among the faultless Ancients be enroll'd,
 Or with degraded Moderns take his Place?
 Fix but the Time to finish the Dispute.

ROMAN.

He, who hath died an hundred Years ago,
 May be esteem'd a *Classic* old and good.

498 EPISTLES of HORACE.

HORACE.

What if a single Month he want, or Year ?
With whom must he be rank'd ? The old and
good,
Or those whom this and every Age must scorn ?

ROMAN.

Him you may justly with the Ancients place,
Who only wants a single Month or Year.

HORACE.

I take the Grant ; and pluck out Year by Year,
As Hair by Hair the Horse's Tail was stripp'd ;
'Till his vain Reasoning, who by Years alone
Computes each Author's Merit, and esteems
Nought valuable, till sanctify'd by Death,
Eludes his Grasp, like slippery Grains of Sand.

ROMAN.

Ennius was wise and valiant ; and in him
Homer reviv'd.

HORACE.

And yet the Critics say,
His Lines, so negligent, but ill support
His idle Vaunts of *Pythagorean* Dreams.

ROMAN.

ROMAN. .

Though *Nævius*' Plays are lost, yet still his Scenes
 We quote by heart, as if but newly writ.
 Each ancient Poem is so sacred held !
 If *Accius* and *Pacuvius* you compare,
 You'll own the first sublime, the last more learn'd;
Menander's Gown *Afranius* well becomes.
Plautus excells in winding-up his Plots,
 Like *Epicharmus*, the *Sicilian* Bard.
 For Weight of Thought *Cæcilius*, but for Art,
 You'll *Terence* praise: These powerful *Rome* attends
 In the full Theatre, and oft repeats:
 These as her favourite Poets she has crown'd
 From ' *Livius*' *Æra* to the present Age.

HORACE.

Sometimes the Crowd judge right, but often wrong;
 For if the ancient Poets they admire
 Beyond all Bounds, suppose them blameless quite;
 And all the Moderns to surpass; they err.
 But if they will allow, that, in their Works,
 Some Words are obsolete, and some too harsh,
 And many Marks of Negligence appear,
 They reason right; their Verdict I approve;

500 EPISTLES of HORACE.

And righteous *Jove* the Sentence will confirm.

Far, far am I from wishing to discard
Andronicus's Plays; which, I remember,
Orbilius read to me, a little Boy,
 And made me tingle with his heavy Hand;
 But that they should be deem'd correct, and pure
 Unblemish'd Models: This, indeed, is strange.
 For if, in these, a glowing Word, perchance,
 Shines out, or one or two more polish'd Lines;
 They give a Stamp, unworthily, to all.

I'm vex'd that any Work should be condemn'd,
 Merely because 'tis new; and not because
 It is uncouthly writ, and without Grace;
 While Faults of ancient Bards are over-look'd,
 And Fame and Honours ask'd for them alone.

Should I but doubt, if *Atta's* Plays deserv'd
 To limp along the Stage with ⁹ Saffron spread,
 Scarce any Senator but would exclaim,
 That I had lost all Sense of Modesty:
 'What! dare you then condemn the Scenes, in
 which
 'Moving *Æsopus* and learn'd *Roscius* ply'd?'
 Either because they nothing can approve
 But what delighted them in younger Years;

Or

Or else, perhaps, they think it a Disgrace
Now to unlearn what they have learn'd when Boys;
And in their Sons to own a better Taste.

He, who affects to praise the *Salian* Hymns,
Ambitious to be thought alone to know
What he, no more than I, can understand,
Intends not Honour to the Bards deceas'd;
Or to exalt their Fame; but us attacks;
Us and our Works, with Envy fraught, he hates.

¹⁰ But if the *Greeks* had so absurdly judg'd,
And crush'd each mental Offspring at its Birth,
Of their learn'd Writings, what had now remain'd
For us to thumb, and read with Thought intense?

¹¹ Soon as from Wars victorious *Greece* respir'd,
Battening in Plenty, and luxurious Ease,
Now for *Olympic* Games she ardent sigh'd;
The Sculptors now of Marble, Ivory,
And Brass, admir'd; with Eyes and Heart en-
tranc'd,

Beheld the Wonders of the Painter's Hand;
Now charm'd with Music, now with Tragedy.

Thus, on her Nurse's Lap, a fondled Girl
Sporting, some Trifle with Impatience seeks,
But in a Moment casts the Toy away.

502 EPISTLES of HORACE.

We all are Children of a larger Growth :
No less inconstant in our Love or Hate.
Such are th' Effects of Peace, and prosperous Gales.

¹² The Gates of noble *Romans* were, of old,
Early unbarr'd ; and to their Clients they
Explain'd the Laws : This Custom long prevail'd.
Then might you hear the reverend ¹³ Sage instruct
Th' attentive Youths to shun Extravagance,
To ¹⁴ curb wild Lusts, and to increase their Store.

But now our Manners with the Times are
chang'd ;
All glow for Fame, and would be Authors deem'd.
The hoary Sires with Boys carouzing, sup,
(Their Heads with Myrtle crown'd) and Catches
sing.

E'en I myself, who Poësy abjure,
Out-lye the *Parthians* ; and, before the Sun
Shines out, call for my Papers, Pens and Desk.

Pilots alone attempt to steer a Ship ;
None dare, unlicens'd, Hellebore prescribe ;
Nor any, but ¹⁵ Musicians touch the Lyre.
The Smith laborious tends his Forge alone.
But now all scribble Verse, both high and low ;
Learn'd and unlearn'd, in Country and in Town.

Revolve

Revolve we now the happy Fruits that spring
From this slight Fault, this pleasing Lunacy.

Rarely does Avarice taint the Poet's Heart :
Verses he loves ; in these spends all his Time ;
Laughs at the Flight of Slaves, Losses and Fires ;
Forms no base Scheme to cheat his Friend or
Ward ;

Lives on coarse Bread, and vegetable Fare ;

¹⁶ Unapt for War, yet ¹⁷ useful to the State,
If you will grant small things may great support.

¹⁸ He forms the stammering Tongue to Sounds
distinct ;

Turns from Discourse obscene the tender Ear ;
And strengthens riper Minds with Morals sage ;

Tames Envy, Rage, and every Passion wild ;

Illustrious Deeds recounts ; the rising Age

Instructs by known Examples ; ¹⁹ cheers the poor ;

And cordial Counsel to th' afflicted gives.

Had not the Muse bestow'd a Bard, whence
should

²⁰ The Boys and Virgins chaste have learn'd their
Hymns ?

²¹ The Choir implores, ²² and feels the present
Gods !

504 EPISTLES of HORACE.

It draws down Showers from Heaven by lenient
Prayer;

Averts Diseases, and each dreaded Plague;

Verse can the Gods of Heaven and Hell appease!

²³ Our hardy Hinds of old, with little blest,

Soon as their Corn was hous'd (who still had kept

This happy Day in view) with festal Joys,

Reliev'd their Mind and Body, long fatigu'd;

And, ²⁴ with their sturdy Boys and faithful Wife,

(Who shar'd their Labours, and their Pleasures
share)

Earth with a Swine, with Milk *Sylvanus* sooth'd;

And offer'd to their ²⁵ *Genius* Flowers and Wine,

The *Genius* who suggests how transient Life!

²⁶ Hence first, among the Clowns, the Custom
rose,

In Verse alternate, rustic Taunts to pour;

And, as the Season annually return'd,

They still indulg'd the sportive Vein, unblam'd;

Till by degrees the harmless Joke was turn'd

Into keen Malice, daring to attack

The Names of worthy Men without Controul,

Those, whom th' envenom'd Tooth had wounded
deep,

Loudly

Loudly complain'd ; and others join'd the Cry,
Though yet untouch'd, and made the Cause their
own.

At length it was ordain'd by Law, that none
Presume, in Song or Libel, to defame
His Neighbour's Character on Pain of Death.

The Bards, thus check'd by Fear of Chastisement,
To Flattery warp'd the Muse, to give Delight.

21 Now conquer'd *Greece* subdu'd her Conqueror,
And into savage *Latium* brought her Arts.

The rough *Saturnian* Metre charm'd no more ;
And Elegance expell'd the Style uncouth.

Yet Traces of those rude and barbarous Times
For many Years remain'd, and still remain.

Late we began to read the *Grecian* Bards ;
Nor till the second *Punic* War was o'er,

Could *Rome*, blest in the Arms of Peace, enquire
What worthy Strains by *Thespis* were compos'd,

And what by *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* :

And then we try'd their Pieces to translate,
Not unsuccessful ; for the *Roman* Muse,

Happily bold, bursts forth in Tragic Strains,
But cannot brook Restraint, and hates the Toil

To file and polish every rugged Line.

It

506 EPISTLES of HORACE.

It may, perhaps, be thought an easier Task,
To paint the Manners fit for *Comedy*,
As they are chiefly drawn from common Life ;
And yet a nicer Pencil it requires,
As each Spectator is prepar'd to judge,
Whether the Characters are just, or not ;
Nor are Mistakes so readily forgiven.

Observe, how *Plautus* well sustains the Parts
Of an enamour'd Youth, a crafty Pimp,
A Father doating on his hoarded Bags ;
But Parasites alone *Doffennus* paints ;
His flattern Muse shuffles along the Stage ;
Could but the Bard put Money in his Purse,
(His only Wish) 'twas all the same to him,
Whether his Plays were well compos'd or ill.

Whom fickle ^{as} *Glory* in her Chariot bears,
To try the Stage, a cold Spectator kills,
A warm puffs up. So small, so slight a thing
Cheers or dejects the Heart, that thirsts for Fame!
Farewell these Trifles ! if the Palm refus'd
Afflicts my Soul, or giv'n elates with Pride.

Another thing, that chases off the Stage,
And terrifies the sanguine Bard, is this ;
Th' illiterate brutal Crowd (whose Number far

Exceeds

Exceeds the Virtuous, Noble, and Polite)
 Oft, in the Middle of an Act, demand
 To see the Gladiators, or a Bear ;
 For in such Shows the Populace delight :
 And, if the Knights presume to thwart the Whim,
 'To Arms,' they cry, and stun the House with
 Noise.

And now the Knights themselves are better
 pleas'd
 To gratify th' ²⁹ uncertain Eye than Ear.

For four long Hours, or more, the Action stops,
 While routed Squadrons fly along the Stage ;
 Then captive Monarchs drag their ponderous Chain ;
 Chariots and Litters pass ; and Cars and Ships,
 Of polish'd Ivory, conquer'd Cities bear.

Democritus, if now alive, would burst
 With Laughter, at the Follies of the Pit,
 When, gaping, it devours with eager Eyes
 3^d The Panther and the Camel's Monster-brood,
 Or the 3^d white Elephant ; and would behold,
 With greater Glee, their Humours than the Show ;
 Admiring those, who try their Skill in vain,
 To make deaf Asses listen to their Tale.
 What *Stentor's* Voice so loud as to be heard,
 When

508 EPISTLES of HORACE.

When Shouts are echo'd from the Theatre?
Garganus, you would think, with Tempests roar'd,
 Or the wild Billows of the *Tuscan* Sea;
 With so much Clamour they behold these Sights,
 And foreign Riches, lavishly display'd!
 Soon as an Actor on the Stage appears,
 Bedawb'd with Gold, in tawdry Splendor dress'd,
 An universal Clap runs round the House.
 'Has he yet spoken?' No. 'What then delights?'
 The gay Embroidery of his purple Robe.

But, lest it should be thought I would condemn,
 With envious Spleen, an Art I will not try,
 I gladly give to worthy Tragic Bards
 The Praises which their Merits justly claim.

He, who afflicts my Breast for others Woes,
 Provokes and sooths, and with false Terror fills;
 Like a Magician hurries me away;

³² Now sets me down at *Athens*, now at *Thebes*;
 This is the Man, whom I a Poet deem;
 He fully knows the Mystery of his Trade.

³³ But yet, great Prince, employ some Thoughts
 on those,
 Who to the Reader's Judgment rather trust,
 Than to the proud Spectator's blind Caprice;

If

If you would fill the ³⁴ Pile magnificent,
 Worthy *Apollo*, which to him you rear,
 With chosen Books, and in the Poets raise
 A Zeal ³⁵ with greater Care to trace the Paths
 Which lead to lofty *Pindus*' verdant Brow.

Indeed, we Poets many Faults commit
 Injurious to ourselves: As when a Scroll
 We put into your Hands, employ'd, or tir'd;
 When with our Friends we quarrel, if they blame
 A single Line; when we, unask'd, repeat
 What we before repeated; and complain
 The Graces in our Works are over-look'd;
 Or when we hope, that soon as *Cæsar* knows
 We scribble Verse, he, of his own Accord,
 Will graciously invite, a Pension give,
 And dictate to our Muse some favourite Theme.

Yet be it *Cæsar*'s Praise to weigh with Care
 What Writers shall to future Times transmit
 His various Worth, approv'd in War and Peace,
 Pure and unfully'd by degrading Hands.

To *Claudian* great *Alexander* gave
 A Royal Present for some paltry Lines.
 And yet, as Ink the fairest Paper stains,
 So, worthless Verse pollutes the fairest Deeds.

But

510 EPISTLES of HORACE.

But the same Monarch, who so dearly bought
Those wretched Lines, by his Decree ordain'd,
None but *Apelles* should his Picture draw,
Nor any, but *Lysippus*, carve his Statue.
But if this Critic-King, who judg'd so well
Of Arts dependent on the Eye, had been
To judge of Books, and of the Muses Gifts,
(So ill his Taste) you would almost have sworn,
Bæotia's foggy Clime had giv'n him Birth.

Bnt *Virgil*, *Varius*, (Bards belov'd by You)
Dishonour'd not their generous Patron's Choice.
Th' Applause which that Distinction crown'd has
shown,

How nice your Judgment, and how worthy they!

³⁶ Not moulded Brass more lively can express
The Hero's Form, than Poets in their Works;
His Manners trace the Features of the Mind.
If to my Will but equal were my Powers,
I would no longer grovel on the Ground,
In humble Verse, but boldly sing your Deeds;
The various Climes and Rivers you have pass'd;
Hills curb'd by Forts, and barbarous Realms sub-
du'd;

Ev'n *Parthia* dreading *Rome* beneath your Sway;

O'er all the World the Rage of War restrain'd,
And *Janus* barr'd, the Pledge of lasting Peace.

But nor the Majesty of *Cæsar* brooks

A flimsy Work; nor dares my bashful Muse
Attempt a Task so far beyond her Strength.

A foolish Fondness hurts the Man we love,
And chiefly when display'd in fulsome Verse.

For with more Ease we learn, and longer hold,
What we deride, than what we reverence.

No Thanks to him, by whose untoward Zeal
I stand abash'd, the Butt of Ridicule.

I would not be expos'd to View in Wax,
A hideous Form; nor prais'd in hobbling Verse;
Left Bard and Patron, in an open Box,
Be carry'd to the Street, where Spice, Perfumes,
And Frankincense are sold, with all such Trash,
As commonly is wrapt in worthless Leaves.

NOTES.

NOTES.

This Epistle may be divided into four Parts. In the first, the Poet canvasses the Dispute between the Ancients and Moderns. In the second, he shows that the Love of Novelty is the Mother of all the fine Arts, and especially of Poetry. In the third, he treats of the Stage, and the Difficulty of succeeding there. And, in the last, he points out to Princes how much it is their Interest to encourage an Emulation among *Epic* and *Lyric* Poets and others, whose Province it is to transmit their great Deeds to Posterity in the fairest Light.

The Whole is interspersed and enlivened with various Reflections, no less entertaining than useful, on the Rise and Progress of Poetry, and on the Manner in which the *Romans* criticized their Poets.

SANADON.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into two Mistakes; one, 'that *Augustus* was a Patron of Poets in 'general;' whereas he not only prohibited all but the best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Pratores ne paterentur nomen suum obsolescere*, &c. The other, 'that this Piece was only 'a general Discourse of Poetry;' whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the Town, whose Humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly, against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shows (by a View of the Progress of Learning and the Change of Taste among the *Romans*) that the Introduction of the polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great Advantages over their Predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever Extravagances were left on the Stage were owing to the ill Taste of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many Respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this great Prince, by writing with a decent Free-

dom

dom towards him; with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character. POPE.

By several historical Facts, referred to in this Epistle, it appears that it could not have been written sooner than the Spring or Summer of the Year of Rome 744, when *Horace* was, according to *Sanadon*, in his fifty-fifth Year, and about two Years before his Death. *Virgil* and *Varius* were both dead.

Mr. *Addison* observes, that *Horace* here surprizes us with his Pomp. He appears like a King, who visits *incognito*, with a Mixture of Familiarity and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Descriptions and Sentiments seemingly unpremeditated, by a Sort of Inspiration, it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural Style of a Letter.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. N^o 618.

¹ *Romulus et Liber pater. &c.*] *Horace* very judiciously praises *Augustus* for the Colonies he founded, not for the Victories he won; and therefore compares him not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized Mankind.

WARBURTON.

² *Nil intra est olea, nihil extra est in nucis dura.*] There is nothing hard in the Heart of an Olive, or on the Outside of a Walnut: A proverbial Saying, importing a flagrant Contradiction to Reason and Common Sense.

³ *Venimus ad summum Fortune.*] This is thought to be an Irony, levelled at the Judgment of the Populace, who probably talked in this Strain; which Interpretation is espoused by the Critics. But if it was *Horace's* real Opinion that the Romans excelled the Greeks, it ought to have been thus translated;

At Fortune's Height our Empire is arriv'd;

In the politer Arts we rival Greece,

No less than in each manly Exercise.

And this is the obvious Construction of the Words by a *Metonymy*, *pars pro toto*.

And, in this Sense, it was, surely, a proper Compliment to a Prince, who piqued himself on the Encouragement he gave to

VOL. II.

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514 EPISTLES of HORACE.

the liberal Arts. It can scarce be imagined that a *Roman* would yield the Preference to the *Greeks* in so robust an Exercise as Wrestling.

To this it may be said, that the Fact is false; for the *Greeks* did really excell the *Romans* in those Arts.

Allowing this to be the Case, why might not *Horace* be willing to flatter the Vanity of the Emperor in this Instance, as we know, he actually did in many others? And thus of late Years, the *French* Writers have prostituted their Pens in Honour of *Lewis XIVth's Golden Age*.

A learned *French* Author, in his Defence of the *French* Language, has these Words: 'We may now say at *Paris* what *Horace* formerly said at *Rome*, and perhaps with less Truth than we can

Venimus ad summum Fortuna; pingimus atque Psallimus; et Inclamamus Actoris doctius antio.

It appears from hence, that he thought *Horace* seriously intended to give the *Romans* the Preference to the *Greeks* in these Arts. But if these Lines are to be taken as ironical, we must then suppose *Horace* insinuating to the Emperor, that the *Roman* Empire was not arrived at the Height of Power. *Non venimus ad summum Fortuna*; and that the Singers whom he caressed and encouraged were but pitiful Performers in Comparison of the old *Greek* Minstrels.

Would a Man of Address, and a polite Writer, make his Court in this Manner?

After

Nil oriturum aliis, nihil ortum tale fidentes,

what Flattery could be too gross for him? In that famous Confession which we find in *Virgil*, *Aeneid* VI. ver. 847.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aëa, &c.

though he allows that other Nations may excell the *Romans* in Statuary, Oratory, and Astronomy, he does not mention any of the manlier Arts.

Dacier allows the Poet to be in Earnest when he says, *Venimus ad summum Fortuna*: And indeed this is demonstrable from the Conclusion of this very Epistle. But then he understands the following Words, *pingimus, &c.* ironically; as appears by his

his Notes. However, he has justly translated the Passage in question, 'We are arrived to the Height of Fortune; and in Painting, Music, and the Exercises of the *Palestra* we far surpass the *Greeks*.'

Sanadon leaves the Text, and wrests the Words to his own pre-conceived Opinion, as Commentators frequently treat the Scripture.

The Sentiment of *Horace* here, stripped of its ironical Dress, according to the Critics, amounts to this:

'Our Empire has not attained to the Height of Fortune. We are excelled by the *Greeks* in the manly Exercises of the *Palestra*, no less than in the politer Arts. Whoever presumes to contradict this may with equal Reason deny that the Swan is white, and the Raven black.'

Upon the whole, we determine nothing; but refer the Matter to the Reader's own Judgment.

4 ——— *unctis*.] This is by no means a general unmeaning Epithet: But is beautifully chosen to express the unwearied Assiduity of the *Greek* Artists. For the Practice of anointing being essential to their *Agonistic* Trials, the Poet elegantly puts the attending Circumstance for the Thing itself. And so, in speaking of them as *Uncti*, he does the same as if he had called them the industrious, or exercising *Greeks*; which was the very Idea his Argument required him to suggest to us.

HURD.

5 ——— *caudaque pilos ut equina*

Paulatim vello.]

Horace here alludes to an Action of *Sertorius*, related by *Plutarch* in his Life of that General. When he commanded in Spain, Part of his Army engaged the Enemy, contrary to his Orders, and were defeated. The next Day he reviewed his Forces, and caused two Horses to be brought out before them, one old and battered, the other young and vigorous. To the former he set a lusty young Man, and bid him pluck off the Tail. He took the whole together with both his Hands, and pulled with all his Might; but to no Purpose. Then he set a decrepid old Man to the young Horse, and gave him the like Orders; who plucking off Hair by Hair soon stripped it.

516 EPISTLES of HORACE.

‘Thus you see, says he, that what cannot be effected, by Diet
‘of Force, may be easily compassed by little and little, with
‘Patience and Perseverance.’

6 *Miraturq; nihil nisi quod Libitina sacravit.*] The Fame of an excellent Author is, as it were, sealed by Death. From the Time that he ceases to be our Contemporary our Jealousy subsides, and he enters into full Enjoyment of the Right that he has to our Esteem. *Pliny* very well observes on this Subject, in speaking of *Pompeius Satrius*, *An si inter eos quos nunquam vidimus, &c.* ‘If he had flourished among those Authors whom we have never seen, we should not only enquire after his Books, but we should search out for Statues and Pictures of him. And shall the Honour and Happiness we enjoy, by having him amongst us, grow languid for that very Reason? Surely it is an erroneous and an ill-natured Way of Thinking, not to admire a Man who is worthy of Admiration, because we can see him, speak to him, hear him, and embrace him, and because we have not only an Opportunity of praising his Works, but loving his Person.’

Book I. Epist. XVI. Translated by the Earl of CORKE.

7 — *Livi scriptoris ab ævo.*] *Livius Andronicus*, a Grecian, was the first who wrote a regular Play for the Roman Stage. He lived about the Year of Rome 514. His Works are lost.

8 *Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulet Atta Fabula.*] *Titus Quinctius* was surnamed *Atta*, on Account of his being crippled in his Feet: And the Critics tell us, that *Horace* here puns on his Name. ‘*Scaliger* was the first,’ says *Dacier*, ‘who discovered the Delicacy of this Verse.’

9 — *crocum.*] The Ancients covered their Theatres with all Sorts of Flowers, and in the Middle of the Stage were hidden Pipes from which perfumed Waters were discharged so copiously, that they trickled down all the Steps of the Theatre.

10 *Quod si tam Graüs novitas invisa fuisset.*] The second Part of the Epistle begins here, and it is naturally connected with the first.

¹¹ *Ut primum positis nugari Gracia bellis.*] Though Peace is no doubt attended with some Inconveniences; yet if a Prince has Wisdom enough to encourage Commerce, to promote the Sciences, the fine Arts, the Culture of Lands, and every thing that tends to procure the Happiness of his Subjects, he will find Peace the Source of a Glory, so much the more valuable, as it is uncommon. Woe to that State whose Ministers delight in War! Those who advise War, have commonly an Interest diametrically opposite to that of the People. When therefore Horace says, that Peace introduced Effeminacy among the Greeks, he speaks according to the vulgar Ideas of Heroism, and can only mean that the Greeks degenerated from their ancient Valour. What he here mentions was rather an Inconvenience than an Evil, and if it had been one, Peace was only the Occasion, not the Cause of it, and it might have been easily prevented by those who then governed Greece.

SANADON.

Mr. Pope has thus beautifully imitated and improved upon the Original :

In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd,

In every Taste of foreign Courts improv'd,

'All by the King's Example liv'd and lov'd :

Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excell,

Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell ;

The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,

And every flowery Courtier writ Romance.

Then Marble, soften'd into Life, grew warm,

And yielding Metal flow'd to human Form :

Lely on animated Canvas stole

The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting Soul.

¹² *Roma dulce diu fuit & solenne reclusa*

Mane domo vigilare.] After having treated of the Inconstancy of the Greeks, he mentions that of the Romans. The Custom of which he here speaks subsisted even in the Time of Cicero; on which Account Horace very properly uses the Word *diu*.

518 EPISTLES of HORACE,

¹³ *Majores audire minori dicere.*] *Majores*, 'the old Men,' on whom Age had conferred Authority and Experience; *minori*, 'to the young People.'

¹⁴ ——— *minui damnesa libido.*] They did not consult those able Lawyers merely on Questions of Property, but on all the Duties of Civil Life and Morality. They were the Casuists of those Times, as appears by *Tully de Officiis*.

¹⁵ ——— *Quod medicorum est Promittunt medici.*] Thus the common Editions. But *Bentley* reads here *Quod meliorum est Promittunt melici*; which is followed in the Translation.

¹⁶ *Militia quamquam piger & malus.*] He speaks this with Allusion to himself, and to make *Augustus* smile; because he had run away and lost his Shield at the Battle of *Philippi*. Otherwise he could not but be sensible that the Character of Poet and Soldier were by no means inconsistent; witness *Tyrtæus*, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, &c.

¹⁷ ——— *utilis urbi.*] Poetry is an Art which was invented for the Instruction of Mankind, and consequently must be useful. *Horace* seems here to have had in his Thoughts the second Scene of the fourth Act of *The Frogs* of *Aristophanes*, where that Poet has treated of the same Subject, and where he says, 'that the Poets are to be admired only on Account of the excellent Precepts which they have given to Mankind, in order to make them virtuous.'

DACIER.

¹⁸ *Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem,
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatisq; & invidiæ corrector et ira.*]

Mr. *Pope* has, with great Propriety, applied these Lines to Mr. *Addison*:

He from the Taste obscene reclaims our Youth,
And sets the Passions on the Side of Truth,
Forms the soft Bosom with the gentlest Art,
And pours each human Virtue in the Heart.

¹⁹ ——— *inopem solatur et agram.*] The Poet consoles the Poor and the Sick, by inspiring them with a Contempt for Riches, and with Strength to bear Pain. For, as *Plutarch* says, 'Philosophy no less than History is the Object of Poetry, Poets do not merely propose to instruct us in Politics. Their Aim is also to subdue our Passions, and to set us free from the dreadful Apprehensions of Death.'

²⁰ ——— *castis cum pueris.*] Poetry is not only useful to Men, inasmuch as by correcting the Heart and regulating the outward Conduct it renders them fit for Society; but it is also of great Service in regard to Religion. For it calls down the Blessing of God upon every Individual, and upon the whole Empire. *Horace* speaks thus on Account of the solemn Hymns which were addressed to the Gods at the *Secular Games*, and on all important Occasions, as in Times of Pestilence, Drought, or Famine. Those Prayers were in Verse, and were sung by Choirs of Boys and Girls of Quality, and never by professed Singers. *Horace* had a View here to his *Secular Ode*.

²¹ *Poscit opem chorus.*] Mr. *Pope* has been very happy in applying that Part of this Epistle which relates to the Conduct and Behaviour of the *Roman Parterre*, or Pit, to the Manners of the present Times; but it may be doubted whether he has succeeded so well in his Imitation of this Passage.

The *Roman* Poet here writes with the Gravity of a Christian Divine: The *English* one, in his burlesque Imitation, ridicules Part of the established Worship of his Country.

That the Reader may judge impartially, we will give him Mr. *Pope's* Sentiments in plain Prose, and stripped of his alluring Harmony.

'The Charity Children implore your Help in pathetic Strains.

'The Psalms of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins* delight the Country Clowns. These cheer their leisure Hours, and assist them in their Business. In these they pray for Peace, and sing down the Pope and the Turk.'

Now it happens that the Anthems sung by these Children are really pathetic; nor do our Country Clowns ever make such a Use of the Psalms as our facetious Bard pretends,

520 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The Ridicule does not naturally arise from the Subject; but That is dressed out in a Fool's Cap, and then laughed at.

22 — *et præsensia numina sentit.*] He here alludes to the Benediction at the End of his *Secular Ode*, which was sung by the two Choirs jointly:

*Hæc Jovem sentire Deosque cunctos
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.*

23 *Agricola prisca.*] He is going to prove that Poetry is the Daughter of Religion, and that it had its Rise in the Assemblies which the first Men (who were all Shepherds and Husbandmen) held in Honour of the Gods after Harvest, to give them Thanks for the Corn which they had just brought home, and of which they offered to them the First-fruits. As Nature is always and in every Place the same, Poetry had the same Origin in *Greece* that it afterwards had in *Italy*. On which Account, *Maximus-Tyrius* says in the same manner as *Horace*, *Advaiors n. uer.*, &c. 'The ancient Poetry of the *Athenians* consisted in Chorusses by Men and Boys: They were probably *extempore* Verses sung by Husbandmen, who assembled with the whole Village to rejoice after the Housing of their Corn.'

DACIER.

24 *Cum sociis operum & pueris.*] Bentley and Sanadon read, after many MSS. *Cum sociis operum pueris*, which is followed in the Translation.

25 *Floribus & vino Genium.*] It was a happy Invention of the primitive Mortals to make a God of their own Genius, who was to be honoured and appeased by Feasts and Sacrifices. These Sacrifices were not lost; they immediately found their Account in them. They consisted of Flowers, Cakes, and Wine: Blood was never spilt on those Occasions. It would have been thought unjust to sacrifice Beasts to a God who was the Guardian of Life, and the greatest Enemy of Death. When Men were more polished they added Perfumes. Thus *Tibullus*, in *Elegy II. Book II.*

*Ipsæ suos Genius adsit visurus honores,
Cui decorent sanctas mollia farta comas.
Illius puro distillent tempora nardo,
Atque satur libo sit, madeatq; mero.*

Implor'd, thou tutelary God, descend,
And, deck'd with flowery Wreaths, the Rites attend;
Then, as his Brows with precious Ungents flow,
Sweet sacred Cakes and liberal Wine bestow!

GRAINGER.

²⁶ *Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem.*] Bentley and Sanadon read here *inveſta*. Tibullus has fully explained this Origin of the Greek Poetry in Elegy I. Book II.

*Agricola assiduo primum satiatuſ aratro
Cantavit certo ruſtica verba pede;
Et ſatur arenti primum eſt modulatuſ avenæ
Carmen, ut ornatoſ diceret ante Deoſ.
Agricola et minio ſuffuſuſ, Bacche, rubenti
Primuſ in expertâ duxit ab arte choroſ.*

The Ploughman firſt, to ſooth the toiliſome Day,
Chanted, in meaſur'd Feet, hiſ ſylvan Lay;
And, Seed-time o'er, he firſt in bliſſome Vein
Pip'd to hiſ Houſhold Godſ the hymning Strain.
Thence too thy Choruſ, Bacchuſ, firſt began;
The painted Clown firſt laid the Tragic Plan.

GRAINGER.

²⁷ *Gracia capta.*] Here begins the third Part of the Epistle, in which he treats of the Theatre.

²⁸ ——— *ventoſo Gloria curru.*] Theſe Words have a happy Air of Ridicule heighten'd by their Alluſion to the Roman Triumph. They have a great Beauty too, taken in a more ſerious Light, as repreſenting the Poet a Slave to Fame or Glory,

Quem tulit ad ſcenam — Gloria,

as was the Cuſtom in their Triumphs. WARBURTON.

522 EPISTLES of HORACE.

²⁹ ——— *ad incertos oculos.*] He calls those Eyes uncertain, which, being greedy to see every thing, know not which Way to turn themselves; and are no sooner fixed on one Object than they fly to another.

³⁰ — *Panthera genus confusa camelo.*] ‘The mixed Progeny of a Camel and of a Panther, or Leopard:’ It was called a *Carraffa*. Pliny describes it in Book VIII. Chap. 18.

There is a Species which partakes of both these Animals. The *Ethiopians* call it the *Nabis*. It has the Neck of a Horse, the Feet and Legs of an Ox, the Head of a Camel, a red Skin with white Spots; on which Account it is called *Camelo-Pardalis*, the *Camel-Leopard*. *Cæsar*, when Dictator, first showed one of them at *Rome* in the *Circensian Games*.

³¹ ——— *Elephas albus.*] The Elephant is an Animal very fit to entertain the Populace on Account, of its Docility and the many Tricks it performs. The Magistrates, therefore, took great Care to adorn the Sports with them. The white Elephants were always the most scarce and most valued. We know the bloody Wars which a white Elephant occasioned in the *Indies*.
DACIER.

³² — *Modo me Thebis, modo penit Athenis.*] This is to be understood of different Plays; for the Laws of the Theatre did not allow such a Change in one and the same Piece.

³³ *Verum age, et his.*] Here begins the fourth Part of this Epistle, in which the Poet would recommend the Lyric and Epic Poets to the Protection of *Augustus*, from whence he naturally slides into a just Encomium on that Prince.

³⁴ — *munus Apolline dignum.*] The *Palatine Library*, then building by *Augustus*.

³⁵ *Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.*] The Protection of Princes is the greatest Incentive to the Diligence of Poets, and often of more Avail than that of *Apollo*.

Et spes et gratia studiorum in Cæsare tantum.

DACIER.

¹⁶ *Nec magis expressi vultus per aënea signa.*] Horace, as if the Spirit of these inimitable Poets, *Varius* and *Virgil*, had at once seized him, here breaks away in a bolder Run of Verse, (ver. 248. to 250.) to sing the Triumphs of an Art, which expressed the Manners and the Mind in fuller and more durable Relief than Painting, or even Sculpture, had ever been able to give to the external Figure: And (from ver. 250. to the End) apologizes for himself in adopting the humbler Epistolary Species, when a Warmth of Inclination and the unrivalled Glories of his Prince were continually urging him on to the nobler, Encomiastic Poetry. And with this Apology the Epistle concludes.

If the general Opinion may be trusted, this, which was one of the last, is also among the noblest of the great Poet's Compositions.

HURD.

If the Reader is curious fully to understand the Plan and artful Contexture of this Epistle, he will do well to read with Attention this Author's judicious and elegant COMMENTARY and NOTES on it.



• EPISTLE



* EPISTLE II.

To JULIUS FLORUS.

*In Excuse for his not having written to him, Horace
says: it is much better to employ our Time in mo-
delling our Lives, than in composing Verses.*

O Florus, Friend of Nera good and brave,
What if a Man should offer you to Sale

A Boy, at Gabii or at Tibur born,

And thus accost you : ‘ He is neat and clean ;

‘ Sound, I will warrant him, from Head to Foot.

‘ Pay down but twenty Pounds, and he is yours ;

‘ He’ll fly, like Lightning, at his Master’s Nod ;

‘ Is skill’d in Greek, and fit for any Art ;

‘ Like plyant Clay you’ll mould him to your Hand.

‘ Besides, he rudely sings a merry Catch.

‘ You might be jealous, should I say too much.

‘ Though poor, I live on what I have ; nor need

‘ I part with him ; my little is enough.

‘ None but myself would with such Candor deal

‘ He

• He once, but once, was faulty; and to man
• The Scourge, took to his Heels, and ran away.
• Now buy him, or refuse; just as you please.

You pay the Price, and bear him off content.
The Boy escapes; you heavily complain,
And for the Purchase-money sue the Man;
But with what Right let your own Heart be Judge;
For from the Master you had learn'd his Fault.

Now to apply, and bring this Story home.

• I fairly told you, when you went from hence,
That I was lazy, and unfit to write,
Left you should chide, because no Letter came.

But what avails it, if you still complain?

You would not, surely, break the Law we made

With joint Consent? It seems, you blame me too;

• As if defrauded of the promis'd Verse.

• A Soldier, in *Lucullus*' Wars, had lost

(After a tedious March, while sound he slept)

The little Gold, which he had hoarded up.

Now angry with himself, and all Mankind,

A very Tyger grown, wild he attacks

A Royal Fort, and takes it, Sword in Hand,

Replete with Stores, and strongly fortify'd.

This rais'd his Credit, and he justly gain'd

526 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Part of the Spoils, and some Reward besides.
 Soon after this, the *Prætor* wish'd to storm
 Another Fort; (no matter for the Name)
 He singles out this Man, and thus accosts
 In Words that might a Coward's Courage raise:
 'Go, where your Virtue leads; go prosperous forth,
 'Sure to receive the Honours you deserve:
 'Why do you falter?' What was his Reply?
 ('Though rude in Speech, the Fellow was no Fool')
 "Most noble Captain, I am satisfy'd;
 "Bid him go conquer, who has lost his Purse."

3 It was my Fortune to be bred at *Rome*,
 4 Instructed there, how fatal to the *Greeks*
 The fell Resentment of *Achilles* prov'd:
 5 *Athens* then show'd a little more than this,
 And taught me 6 to distinguish Right from Wrong;
 And 7 search for Truth 8 in *Academy's* Grove.
 Me, quite unskill'd, from that delightful Seat
 The Tide of Civil War bore into Arms,
 Too weak to cope with mighty *Cæsar's* Force.
 From whence *Philippi* sent me soon away,
 Stripp'd of my Plumes, with House and Fortune lost;
 Impatient Want first made me scribble Verse.
 But now I have enough, and crave no more,

What

What Hellebore could ever ⁹ purge my Brain,

¹⁰ If I should rather chuse to write than sleep?

¹¹ Each Year some Joy steals with it as it flies;

Time has already robb'd me of my Sports,

The Joys of *Venus*, Revellings and Play;

And now the Pilferer would snatch my Verse.

What would you have me do, when of three Guests

¹² No single Dish can suit the Taste of each?

¹³ What you approve disgusts the other two;

Nor can those two agree among themselves.

One for *Heroics*; one for *Satire* asks:

A third the *Lyric* Muse alone can please.

What! ¹⁴ can you think it possible for Me

To write at *Rome*, amidst such Noise and Care?

One wants me for his Bail; another calls

T' attend, at ten, the Reading of his Play,

Postponing all Affairs. The House of one

On Mount *Quirinus* stands; the other lives

At the most distant Part of *Aventine*;

Yet both of these am I oblig'd to see.

How wide the Distance too full well you know.

'The Streets are clear; compose then as you walk.'

Yes; here a Builder with his Workmen hies,

Bearing large Logs of Timber; there a Crane

528 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Up-heaves a ponderous Stone, or massy Beam.
Hearses and Waggon's now dispute the Way;
Here runs a miry Sow; there a mad Dog.
Go now, and meditate sonorous Verse!

The Bards all love the Woods, and hate the
Town,

15 True Sons of *Bacchus*, pleas'd with Sleep and
Shade.

Amid such ceaseless Din by Day and Night,
You cannot, sure, expect that I should trace
16 The narrow Paths the ancient Poets trod,
Or aught produce, that merits your Regard.

The Wit, to Books and Study who has giv'n
Sev'n tedious Years in *Athens'* calm Retreat,
Stalks forth, a walking Statue, and excites
(Grown grey with Cares) the Laughter of the
Crowd.

Can I then, here in Town, by Business tost,
And bandy'd to-and-fro from Place to Place,
Cherish a Hope such Verses to compose
As may be fit to grace the *Latian* Lyre?

17 At *Rome* two Brothers liv'd, a Lawyer one;
And one taught there the Art of Rhetoric;
They flourish'd on each others Parts and Skill:

A *Gracchus* this, and that a *Scaevola*.

Nor from this Frenzy are we Bards secure ;
 I *Lyrics* write ; another *Elegy* ;
 My Verses he commends as all divine ;
 His Lines I praise as polish'd by the Muse.
 Mark in *Apollo's* Temple how we strut,
 While all around we cast our Eyes, and see
 The Shelves and Niches vacant, where we hope
 Our Works shall live, preserv'd to future Times.
 Pursue us at a Distance, and observe
 What prompts our Pride, and in what Style we talk ;
 While each on each the Laurel-Wreath confers.
 Aiming to wound, we slyly ward the Blow ;
 Like *Samnites*, brandish Foils from Morn till Night.
 At length, *Alcaeus* I depart, in his
 Account ; but who, d'ye think, is he in mine ?
Callimachus, be sure ; or, if he please,
Minnermus he shall stalk with Head erect.

I many things must bear whene'er I write,
 And humbly court the Suffrage of the Crowd,
 To keep in Peace the fretful Race of Bards ;
 But, when the Fit is past, and I am calm,
 I stop my Ears to all their senseless Din.
 The Writers of bad Verse are ridicul'd,

530 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Yet they rejoice, and triumph in their Works;
And, if you hesitate, or silent stand,
Blest in themselves, applaud the happy Thought.

But he, who hopes to write a finish'd Piece,
Must exercise the Censor's irksome Task,
And dare degrade whatever Words he finds
To fail in Weight, or Dignity, or Grace,
Unwilling though they quit the darling Seat,
And in his own Scrutore securely sleep.
Old Words he must revive, discreetly bold,
And bring to Light the nervous Phrases, us'd
By our redoubted Sires, in pristine Days,
Which now lie cover'd in a Heap of Dust;
And new invent, which Custom will confirm.
Copious and clear, like a pure Stream he flows,
Enriching *Rome* with Tides of Eloquence.
The Stragglers he brings back; and those too rough
With Culture smooths; the lifeless cuts away;
Yet polishes each Line with so much Ease,
It seems th' Effect of Chance, though wrought with
Toil:

As he, who in the *Pantomime* now moves
A *Satyr* light, and now a *Cyclops* rude,
Was form'd by Art, though Nature it appears.

Much

Much rather for a Dotard would I pass;
Be happily deceiv'd, and with my Faults
Content, than deem'd a Wit, and rack'd with Spleen.

18 At *Argos* once there liv'd a Citizen,
A Man of some Account, who thought he heard
Tragedians act their Part with wond'rous Skill;
In empty Theatres he us'd to sit,
Well-pleas'd, alone, and loudly clapp'd his Hands;
In all things else he show'd a sober Mind;
A civil Neighbour, hospitable Friend,
Mild to his Wife; nor would he curse his Slave;
If he by chance had broke a costly Jar;
Knew how to shun a Rock, or open Well.
But when his Friends had call'd the Doctor in,
And purg'd his Brain with Hellebore; restor'd,
And in his perfect Senses, he cry'd out,
' What have ye done? Alas! you have destroy'd,
' Not sav'd my Life. Blasted is all my Joy!
' The sweet Delusion of my Mind is lost!

19 O Wisdom! let me now pursue thy Paths;
Discarding Trifles, fit for Boys alone;
Let me, instead of scanning empty Verse,
Now learn to scan the Tenor of my Life,
To smooth and harmonize my jarring Soul.

532 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Thus then I reason, when at home retir'd ;
 20 If still the more you drink, the more you thirst,
 Strait to the Doctor you relate your Case ;
 But if the more you gain, you covet more,
 You dare not this to any Friend impart.
 If, by the Root or Herb prescrib'd, your Wound
 Is unasswag'd, you will not always use
 The Root or Herb, which had been try'd in vain.
 But you have heard, that wicked Folly quits
 The Man, on whom the Gods have Wealth be-
 stow'd ;
 And now more rich, but not a Jot more wise,
 You follow still the same deceitful Guides.

If Riches could confer or Wit or Sense,
 And from your Breast expell Desires and Fears,
 With Reason might you blush, if you could find
 A Man on Earth more covetous than you.

21 If That be ours we purchase with our Coin,
 Possession too must make some things our own ;
 And thus the Lawyers teach : Agreed. So then
 Yon' Field, which feeds you, is your Property ;
 22 And when the Bailiff of rich *Orbus* sows
 The Seed, which springing yields you Corn for
 Bread,

What

What does he less than own you for his Lord?
 You pay the Price, and in Return receive
 Baskets of Grapes, Fowls, Eggs, or Casks of Wine,
 For your own Use; and thus you piece-meal buy
 Th' Estate, which cost two thousand Pounds, or
 more.

What Difference, if you pay, for what you eat,
 This Hour; or bought it many Years ago?
 The Purchaser of fair *Aricia's* Fields
 Pays for the very Herbs, on which he dines,
 Though he thinks otherwise; pays for the Wood,
²³ Pil'd on the Hearth, to make his Kettle boil:
 And yet he calls that spacious Tract his own,
 To where the Poplar ²⁴ ends Disputes; as if
²⁵ That could belong to any Man which hangs
 On the fleet Wing of every wavering Hour,
 Prepar'd by Gift, or Sale, or Force, or ²⁶ Death,
 To quit its Lord, and pass to other Hands?

²⁷ Since Nature then no endless Tenure grants,
 But one Heir drives another off the Stage,
 Like Wave impelling Wave; O! what avail
 Your stately Villas, and your Piles of Plate?
 Why to *Lucania's* Forests should you join
Calabria's Fields, since ruthless *Pluto* claims

534 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Both High and Low, nor heeds the Charms of
Gold?

Jewels, and Marble, *Tuscan* Statues, Plate,
Pictures, and Ivory, and purple Robes,
Some not possess, and some not ev'n desire.

Why of ²⁸ two Brothers one should still delight
To loiter and to play; and Baths prefer
To ²⁹ *Herod's* Gardens, and his wealthy Palms;
The other toil, from Break of Day till Night,
(Restless, though rich) to mellow and improve
The shrubby Ground with Fire and with the Share,
That ³⁰ *Genius* knows, who guides our natal Star;
³¹ The God of Human Nature! With each Man
Who dies, of changeful Face; now white, now
black.

For Me, I shall not scruple from my Store
(Though small) freely to use what suits my Taste,
Regardless, though my ravenous Heir should scowl,
Because I leave not more than has been given.
Yet nicely will I weigh the Difference
Between a generous Man and Prodigal;
Between the Sordid and th' Oeconomist.
'Tis one thing sure, profusely not to spend;
Another, to receive with open Heart,

And

And entertain a Friend ; and, like the Boys
On Festivals, to snatch the short-liv'd Day.

³² Let but uncleanly Want from Me retire ;
I care not then, if down the Stream of Life
In a small Skiff or stately Barge I sail.

Nor am I hurry'd by too strong a Blast,
Nor always struggle against Wind and Tide.
In ³³ Power, Wit, Person, Virtue, Birth, Estate,
Behind the first, yet still before the last.

‘ But why all this of Avarice to Me ?
‘ You cannot say, I’m tainted.’ True. What then ?
Have you with That discarded every Vice ?
From vain Ambition is your Bosom free ;
From Anger, and the slavish Fear of Death ?
And do you laugh at Dreams, and magic Charms,
At Witches, ³⁴ Miracles, and nightly Ghosts ?

³⁵ Do you with grateful Mind each Birth-day
greet ?

Pardon your Friends, and at th’Approach of Age
Grow wiser, milder, better by Decay ?

What boots it that a single Thorn is drawn,
If many more are left to give you Pain ?

But ³⁶ if you know not how to live, give up
Your Part to those, who act more gracefully.

536 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Enough have you indulg'd, and eat and drank
Enough; 'tis Time for you to quit the Board,
Lest playful Youth, whom Follies more become,
Should mock, and drive you reeling from the Feast.

NOTES.

Horace in this Epistle excuses his not writing by the natural Indolence of his Temper; says that being now easy in his Circumstances, he has no Temptation to versify; touches on the Difficulty of writing Poetry at *Rome*; rallies the Vanity and Impertinence of his Brother-Poets; and intermixes useful Reflections, which are enlivened by apt Stories. While he seems to speak only of himself and his own Infirmities, the Satire is artfully pointed at the Vices of his Friend.

Epistle III. of Book I. was also addressed to *Julius Florus*, and (as some think) Ode XIV. of Book II. *Horace* was born A. U. C. 689. This Epistle was written, as *Sanadon* conjectures from various Circumstances, in 732. Consequently he must then have been about forty-three or forty-four Years old.

Dacier, on the contrary, supposes that he was fifty-six Years old. So widely do these learned Critics differ!

^a *Dixi me pigrum.*] This is the first of the seven Reasons which *Horace* offers, to excuse his not having written to *Florus*. 'I am,' says he, 'a lazy Fellow, and so I told you.' The same Excuse may serve in a Sense, a little different, for most Scholars. They are able to write very well, and can do it better than most others. But it is a Mortification to them to throw away that Time in writing of Letters, which is precious to them, and which they know how to employ more usefully and more agreeably. Besides, *Horace* loved his Ease, and was an Enemy to all Constraint. SANADON.

^a *Luculli*

² *Luculli miles.*] *Plutarch*, at the Beginning of his Life of *Pelopidas*, relates a Story of one of the Soldiers of *Antigonos* parallel to this. To end a Life, which was a Burden to him through a bad State of Health, he exposed himself to the greatest Dangers; but after his Health was restored by his General's Care, he became more tenacious of a Life, which was now agreeable to him.

DACIER.

This is *Horace's* second Excuse. A Poet who is in easy Circumstances should only make Verses for his Amusement.

SANADON.

³ *Romæ nutriti mihi contigit.*] *Horace* came to *Rome* for the first Time in 696, when he was but seven or eight Years old, and studied Humanity under *Orbilius*.

SANADON.

Mr. Francis says, by Mistake, that he was seventeen or eighteen Years of Age when he first came to *Rome*.

⁴ ——— *atque doceri*

Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.] This Circumstance is more happily applied in *Mr. Pope's* Imitation than in the Original :

Bred up at home, full early I begun

To read in *Greek* the Wrath of *Peleus' Son* ;

And very properly introduces, a few Lines after,

——— Thanks to *Homer*, since I live and thrive.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ.*] *Horace* gives here a strong Proof of the Care his Father took in his Education, and of the Expence he was at on his Account. After having caused him to be sufficiently instructed at *Rome*, he sent him to *Athens* ; to which Place the Senators commonly sent their Sons.

DACIER.

⁶ ——— *curvo dignoscere rectum.*] *Dacier* labours in vain to find out Geometry here. The Poet's Words do not convey the Idea (as he pretends) of strait and curve Lines : *Rectum*, when it is put (as the Grammarians speak) substantively, is always taken in a moral Sense ; and consequently we must

538 EPISTLES of HORACE.

must annex the same Idea to *curvum*, which here stands for *pravum*.

SANADON.

In the same manner Mr. *Pope* has rendered it,

The better Art to know the Good from Bad.

7 ——— *querere verum*.] He does not say that he had learned to find Truth in the *Academy*, but only to seek it.

DACIER.

8 ——— *inter sylvas Academi*.] 'The Grove of *Academus*.' It was an House encompassed with Temples, Porticos, and Statues, with stately Walks adjoining. It belonged to *Academus*, or *Echademus*, who consecrated it. *Plato* afterwards held his School there; and from thence it was that the Philosophers of his Sect were afterwards called *Academicians*. This *Academus*, whom Posterity has ranked with Heroes, lived at the Time of *Theseus*. Long afterwards, the *Lacedæmonians*, having burnt and pillaged all *Attica*, spared the Gardens of *Academus*, in Honour to their Founder, and as an Acknowledgment for the Services he had done his Country.

DACIER.

9 ——— *expurgare cicuta*.] *Sanadon*, after *Cunningham* and a MS, reads *expugnare*.

10 *Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus*.] If a Person, who is conscious he has suitable Talents, writes now-and-then an occasional Copy of Verses, it may be considered as a laudable Amusement. But a Poet by Profession is a poor Business indeed! Surely he had much better (unless compelled to write by cruel Necessity) give himself up, as *Horace* here speaks, to Silence and Sleep, than load the Press, and tire his Readers.

SANADON.

11 *Singula de nobis anni*.] The third Reason which prevents his writing Verses, is his Age. He was then forty-four Years old. This Paragraph is short, but touched with Grace. *Turpe senex vates*, says *Ovid*.

SANADON.

12 *Denique*

¹⁵ *Denique non omnes.*] The fourth Reason which deters him from writing Verses, is the Difference of Taste; some delighting in *Lyrics*, others in *Iambics*, &c.

¹⁶ ——— *renuis quod tu, jubet alter.*] Thus *Bentley* and *Cuningham* read these Words.

¹⁷ *Præter cætera, me Romæ poemata censes
Scribere posse?*] A fifth Reason is the Perplexities he met with at *Rome*, where his Life was spent in a perpetual Hurry.

¹⁸ *Ritè cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis & umbrâ.*] The Intemperance of Poets is here not the obvious, but the secret Meaning. For *Bacchus* was the Patron of the Drama as well as of the Bottle; and Sleep was courted for Inspiration as well as to relieve a Debauch.
WARBURTON.

¹⁹ ——— *contracta sequi vestigia vatum.*] Thus the common Editions. But *Cuningham* and *Sanadon* read *cunctata*, i. e. *incerta, dubia, in quibus detegendis cunctari necesse fuerit.*

Dr. Tunstall reads *confracta*. According to this Reading it ought to have been translated *craggy*, or *tangled Paths*.

²⁰ *Frater erat Romæ.*] The fifty-four Verses that follow contain the sixth Reason that *Horace* alledges to justify his Indolence.

²¹ ——— *Fuit haud ignobilis Argis.*] This Story has been well modernized by the ingenious Authors of the *Connaisseur*.

A Wight there was, whose mad distemper'd Brain
Convey'd him every Night to *Drury-Lane*;
Pleas'd and transported in th' ideal Pit,
At fancy'd Tragedies he seem'd to sit.
Now to his Wits by sage *Monro* restor'd,
No Thanks but Curses on his Friends he pour'd:
'Ye Fools,' he cry'd, 'the dear Delusion lost,
'My Pleasure fled, you've cur'd me to my Cost;
'Seiz'd with such Whims, with Frenzy so diverting,
'Cruel to close the Scene, and drop the Curtain!' N° 88.

²² *Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis.*] After having indulged himself in Raillery, the Poet here assumes a serious Air.
This

This Conclusion is the seventh and last Reason which he offers, and he has probably placed it at the End, that it might give him an Occasion of offering some moral Rules to the Consideration of his Friend *Florus*. 'It will be of infinitely more Service,' says he, 'to employ ourselves in regulating our Lives and Conduct, than in composing or scanning of Verses.'

This is admirably expressed by Mr. *Pope*:

To Rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to smoothe and harmonize my Mind,
Teach every Thought within its Bounds to roll,
And keep the equal Measure of the Soul.

²⁰ *Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ.*] This Reasoning is borrowed from *Aristippus*. 'He, who has a craving Appetite, eats a great deal, drinks a great deal, and yet does not thrive, consults his Physician, and asks him for a Remedy; but he, who having five fine Beds, requires ten; who having ten rich Tables, purchases ten more; who having large Possessions in Land, and Treasures in Money, yet is unsatisfied, and always empty; this Man, I say, does not think it necessary to put himself into the Hands of a Philosopher, who may discover to him the Cause and Cure of this mental Malady.'

PLUTARCH of *Avarice*.

²¹ *Si proprium est, &c.*]

If there be Truth in Law, and Use can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.

POPE.

For what has been said on the Meaning of the Word *proprium*, see the Notes on Satire VI. Book II. and Epistle XVIII. Book I.

²² *et villicus Orbi*

Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus.]

I chuse rather to read *daturus* than *daturas*; for that denotes the Intention of the Labourer, who does not work for his Master, but for him that may purchase the Corn; who becomes thereby his true Master. Mr. *Bentley*, however, prefers *daturas*; but the Reasons he offers for that Preference will never convince any-body.

DACIER.

Our

Our learned Critic is here mistaken; for *Cunningham* and *Sanadon* adopt the Reading recommended by *Bentley*; and *Sanadon* adds these Reasons. 'The Reading which I prefer is vouched by the most ancient MSS. and by several learned Editors. It very well describes the View and Intention of the Labourer: It is also more correct, more figurative, and more elegant.'

²³ *Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefaciat ahenum.*] *Sanadon* reads here *gelidum*, and refers it to *ahenum*.

²⁴ ——— *vicina refugit jurgia.*] The same Critic reads here *refigit*.

²⁵ *Sit proprium quicquam puncto quod mobilis hora.*] A modern Idea (the magnetic Needle) has here supplied Mr. *Pope* with Expression much superior to his Original:

Estates have Wings, and hang in Fortune's Power,
Loose on the Point of every wavering Hour.

²⁶ ——— *forte supremâ.*] *Bentley* and *Sanadon* read here *morte supremâ*.

²⁷ *Sic quia.*] An ancient Copy, followed by *Sanadon*, reads *Sed quia*.

²⁸ *Cur alter fratrum.*] He alludes here to *Mitio* and *Demea*, whose Characters are so strongly marked and distinguished in *Terence's* Play called the *Adelphi*.

²⁹ ——— *Herodis palmetis pinguibus.*] *Herod* was King of *Judea*, and was a rich and magnificent Prince. He died in the Year of *Rome* 752, two Years after the Birth of our Saviour.

DACIER.

Persius also takes Notice of the Splendor of *Herod*, in *Sat. V.* ver. 180.

— At cum
Herodis venere dies, unctâq; fenestrâ
Disposita, pinguem nebulam vomuere lucerna,
Portantes violas, &c.

When

542 EPISTLES of HORACE.

When Flowers are strow'd, and Lamps in Order plac'd,
And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's Day. ————— DRYDEN.

Strabo, in his sixteenth Book, gives a very good Description of his Country. '*Jericho*,' says he, 'stands in a Plain, surrounded with Hills in the Form of an Amphitheatre. Near it is a Plantation of fruitful Trees, but chiefly of Palms. It extends in Length an hundred Furlongs, well watered, and abounding with Villas. Hither Strangers resort, to see the Palace of *Herod*, and his Palm-tree Gardens.'

He adds, that 'a great Revenue accrued to him from the Produce of those Trees;' 'on which Account, *Dacier* says, '*Horace* applies to them the Epithet *pinguibus*;' (fat) though perhaps this may rather be on Account of the Balsam trickling from them.

³⁰ *Scit Genius*.] The *Genius* is nothing but the Mind or Temper of the Person himself. *Persius* says the same thing:

————— *Geminos, Horoscope, varo*
Producis Genio —————

In Minds and Manners Twins oppos'd we see
In the same Sign, almost the same Degree.

————— DRYDEN.

³¹ *Natura Deus humana*.] 'From whence this Variety of Inclinations arises is only known,' says *Horace*, 'to the *Genius* who attends our natal Star, the God of human Nature; *Natura Deus humana*.'

In Mr. *Francis*'s Translation it runs thus:

But whence these Turns of Inclination rose,
The *Genius* this, the God of Nature, knows.

But the God of Nature means, in *English*, 'the Supreme Being,' or 'the Maker and Governor of the Universe,' which cannot be applied to the *Genius*, nor was so intended by *Horace*. *Dacier* had before translated it in the same manner: '*C'est un secret, qui n'est su que du Gentle qui preside à la naissance des hommes, qui est le Dieu de la Nature*.'

Mr. *Greene*'s Version of it is very just:

Why

Why of two Brothers one his Pleasure loves,
Prefers his Sports to *Herod's* fragrant Groves,

That Genius only knows, who still does wait
On each Man's natal Star, and guide his Fate,
Our Nature's God.

³² ——— *domus procul.*] A MS. and two good Editions have preserved *procul, procul.* *Domus* has no Business here, and spoils the Metaphor. This Reading has been adopted by *Bentley* and *Cunningham.* SANADON.

We prefer the Reading proposed by *Dr. Tunstall*, viz. *Pauperies immunda modò procul absit.* *Domus* and *modus* are often confounded.

³³ *Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re.*] We have in this single Line all the good things which a Man can wish for; Virtue, Health, Wit, Beauty, Birth, and Fortune. *Horace* says that 'in respect to all these things, as he was not in the first Rank, so neither was he in the last.' This is what he said before in Epistle II. Book I.

Nec tardum operior, nec præcedentibus infuso.

³⁴ ——— *Miracula.*] *Horace* had learned from the School of *Epicurus* to make a Jest of Miracles, and to ascribe every thing to Nature, and nothing to God. The Reader may consult our Notes on the latter Part of Satire V. Book I.

³⁵ *Natales gratè numeras?*] 'Do you reckon the Days from your Birth with a grateful Mind?' That is to say, 'When your Birth-day arrives are you not mortified to see the Number of your Years increased, and to think that your End approaches, and that you must soon quit the Stage of Life?'

³⁶ *Vivere si rectè nescis.*] 'If you know not how to live well;' that is to say, 'If you know not how to enjoy Life by tasting all its lawful Pleasures, and without corrupting it by the Cares and Anxieties which Ambition, Desire and Fear excite.'

DACIERS

Ibid.

544 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Ibid. There is a Time for us to retire, as there was for us to appear. An infirm, peevish old Man, weary of himself and of every thing else, can scarce be seen in the World but as an Object of Compassion and Raillery. We must allow the young to enjoy the Advantages of Youth: We ought to be contented with the calm Pleasures of Reading, and express our Gratitude to those who have Complaisance enough to bear with us, and even not covet more of their Conversation than is necessary to temper the Irksomeness of Solitude, till we pass for ever into the Silence of the Grave. 'If we old Men were wise,' says *St. Evremont*, 'we should have as great a Dislike for others as others have for us; for when we can no longer bear a Part in Conversation, the End of our Agreeableness should be the Beginning of our Retreat.' SANADON.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.



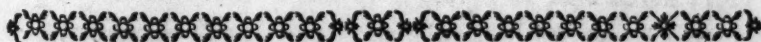


THE
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OF THE
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OF
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COMMONLY CALLED
THE ART OF POETRY.

Translated by the SAME HAND.

INSCRIBED TO
ISAAC PACATUS SHARD, Esq;



VOL. II.

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Inscribed to
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Vol. II. No. 1

THE
ART OF POETRY.

Addressed to

L. PISO, and his Two SONS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whatever Work we undertake should be all of a Piece, and consistent with itself; else, though some Parts of it may be beautiful, it will, upon the whole, be ridiculous. Unity of Design. To chuse a Theme suited to our Genius. Method. With what Restrictions it is allowable to coin new Words, and revive old ones.

After a short Account of the various Metre proper for different kinds of Poetry, he lays down more particular Rules for the Conduct of the Drama. Language, or Style. Passions. Brief Rules for Actors. Manners and Characters. Safer to form a Play on an old Subject, than to invent a new

one. In planning an Epic Poem, to follow the Example of Homer. The Manners to be carefully marked. A Description of those proper for every Stage of Life. The Office of the Chorus.

Of the Changes in the Roman Stage and Music. Of Satire. Satire beneath the Dignity of the Tragic Muse. Rules for the decent Conduct of Farce. The Greek Originals to be studied. The Rise and Progress of the Grecian Drama. Defects of the Roman Poets. He advises them to correct and polish their Works from Year to Year; rallies those who pretend to Inspiration without Art or Study. A large Stock of Knowledge the only Source of good Writing. The Characters and Manners of greater Importance than Diction and Colouring. The Grecian Education more proper than the Roman to form a Poet. Farther Directions to Play-writers. Some Faults excusable. No Medium in Poetry; yet all pretend to be Poets, and many without Study or Application.

The ancient Poets were Priests and Prophets, and their Office highly honoured: How beneficial to Society.

Here the Poet, transported by his Subject, rises above the common Epistolary Style.

Genius, Art, and Study, all necessary to constitute a Poet.

The Tricks of the Roman Nobles to catch Applause.

A young

A young Man should submit his Poems to the Correction of a judicious Friend. He concludes the whole with a humorous Description of an empty Poëtafter.

TO a Man's Head suppose a Painter joins
A Horse's Neck, with various Plumage
spread

O'er various Limbs ; or should he draw, above, A
A female Face, and a foul Fish below :
Would you not laugh at such a motley Piece ?
Trust me, my Friends, such is the Book, where join
Things incoherent as a sick Man's Dreams,
Nor Head nor Foot, that to one Form belongs.

" Poets, you'll say, and Painters are allow'd
" The Liberty to feign whate'er they please."
'Tis true : This Leave we ask, and freely give ;
But not to reconcile Antipathies,

To couple Doves with Snakes, with Tygers Lambs.

' Some that, at first, have promis'd mighty
things,

Yet, in their tawdry Work, have tack'd alone

* A purple Shred or two, which widely shine :

*N. B. The Lines marked thus * are taken from Lord Roscommon.*

550 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Diana's Altar, and her Grove; a Stream,
That through delightful Meadows swiftly runs,
The rapid *Rhine*, or *Iris'* watry Bow,
In florid Lines they paint. Yet here, perhaps,
They ought not to be plac'd. You might as well
A Cypress draw, when You receive a Price
To paint the Horrors of a Storm, and show
A shipwreck'd Sailor buffeting the Waves.

Why sinks your stately Palace to a Cot?
Chuse as you will the Subject of your Piece,
But let that Piece be simple still and one.

O Sire, and Youths deserving such a Sire!
Most Poets are misled by specious Forms:
3 One strives to be concise, and is obscure;
4 Another studies to be smooth, and sinks;
He that affects to soar, with Fustian swells;
3 Who fears to rant, creeps languid on the Ground;
And he, who loves the Marvellous, will paint
In Woods the Dolphin, and in Streams the Boar.
The very Fear of Faults, if void of Art,
Will into Faults the cautious Bard betray.
The meanest Sculptor in th'*Æmilian* Square
On Brass can grave the Nails or flowing Locks,
Unhappy in the Whole, because unskill'd

To

To join the Parts, and make them harmonize.

But I no more like such a one would write,

Than, with a Nose of hideous Size, appear

With jetty Eyes, and Hair of jetty Hue.

They, who compose, should still a Subject
chuse

Proportion'd to their Strength; and know what
Weight

Their Shoulders will sustain, and what refuse.

Nor Eloquence, nor Method will forsake

Those who are Masters of the Theme they treat.

In this (or I mistake) consists the Force

And Grace of Method, to assign a Place

For what shall now be said, and what postpon'd,

And reassum'd with greater Elegance.

Let him, who plans a Poem, and aspires

To Praise, adopt this Thought, and that reject.

Be sparing and reserv'd in coining Words;

Yet will he never fail to please, who Words

Of new Invention can with Grace apply,

Smooth on the Tongue, and easy to the Mind:

This Licence with Discretion you may use;

For things abstruse, and novel Arts require

New Phrases, to our rustic Sires unknown.

These will be prais'd, if from the *Grecian* Stock

552 EPISTLES of HORACE.

They spring, and without Force are grafted here.

Shall *Virgil*, or shall *Varius* be deny'd

What was to *Plautus* and *Cecilius* given?

If from my slender Store I can produce

A few new Words, shall it in Me be deem'd

A Crime, when *Cato's* and old *Ennius's* Style

Enrich'd our Tongue, and gave new Names to
things?

It ever was, and will be still allow'd,

‘ To coin new Words, well suited to the Age.

‘ Words are like 7 Leaves; some wither every
Year;

‘ And, every Year, a younger Race succeeds.

Ourself, and all our Works, to Death we owe.

The Royal *Lucrine* Mole, by *Cæsar* rais'd,

Protects our Navy from the Northern Storms:

The Lake long barren, fit for Oars alone,

Now feels the Plough, and feeds the neighbouring
Towns:

The *Tyber*, that before licentious roll'd,

And swept away the Harvest, has been taught

A happier Course; yet these, and all the Works

Of Man shall die! Who then can vainly hope,

That Words, more frail, for ever shall endure?

Many

Many that now are lost, again shall live;
And many drop, which we in Honour hold.
So Custom wills, to whom alone belongs
The Power despotic over Words and Speech.

Homer first taught the World in *Epic* Verse
To sing heroic Deeds and mournful Wars.

9 In Verse of various Length, *Complaints* at first
Were taught to sigh; now *Joy* and *Pleasure* smile.
But who invented simple *Elegy*,
Critics dispute; and still the Suit depends.

Rage with *Iambics* arm'd *Archilochus*,
A kind of Verse invented by himself.
10 This Foot the *Sock* and lofty *Buskin* took,
Adapted to the Stage and Dialogue,
And fit to quell the Clamours of the Pit.

To 11 sounding Strings the *Lyric* Muse records
Gods, and the Sons of Gods, the Victor-Horse,
The Wrestler, pining Youth, and Joys of Wine.

Shall He be honour'd with a Poet's Name,
Who knows not how to make a proper Draught,
Or to adjust the Colouring of his Piece?
What! shall I, falsely bashful, rather chuse
To live in shameful Ignorance, than learn?

Still

554 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Still let your Style be suited to your Theme:
 The Comic Muse abhors a lofty Verse;
 And Tragedy a low and creeping Style.
¹² Yet sometimes Comedy exalts her Voice;
 And ¹³ angry *Chremes* chides in tumid Phrase.
¹⁴ Tragedians, too, in humble Words complain.
¹⁵ *Peleus* and *Telephus*, when Exiles both
 And poor, dismiss their big and sounding Words,
 Else would they strive in vain to move the Heart.

¹⁶ 'Tis not enough that Plays are tersely writ,
 And elegant; let them be tender too,
 And each Affection raise, or qualify.
 Our Passions sympathize with what we see.
¹⁷ If you would have me weep, first weep yourself:
 Then Your Misfortunes, *Telephus*! and Yours,
 O *Peleus*! wound and touch me to the Soul.
 If ill you act your Part, I sleep or smile.

Ev'n in the Face the Passions should be read.
 A Countenance dejected waits on Grief;
 Joy shows a chearful Air; and Anger frowns;
 Important Truths a Look severe attends.
 Nature first forms the Motions of the Soul
 Within, to Fortune's ever-shifting Course;
 Now swells with Mirth; then kindles into Wrath;

Or

Or sinks us to the Ground with Heart-felt Woe;
 And what we feel is by the Tongue express'd.
 † The *Roman* Knights, and ev'n the Populace
 Will justly hiss that Actor off the Stage,
 Whose Gesture and whose Looks belye his Words.
¹⁸ Wide is the Difference between the Style
 A God or Hero speaks; an ¹⁹ old Man sage,
 Or fiery Youth: Nor must the ²⁰ noble Dame
 Talk in the Language of her faithful Nurse.
²¹ Observe the Husbandman, and Merchant vague,
 The savage ²² *Colchian*, and *Assyrian* false,
Argives polite, and untaught *Thebans* rude:
 How various are the Manners of each Class!

Tradition trace, or things consistent feign.
 If you *Achilles* bring upon the Stage,
 Draw him, as *Homer* has already drawn,
 Wrathful, impatient, cruel, insolent;
 Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms.
²³ *Medea* must be fierce; and ²⁴ *Ino* weep;
²⁵ *Io* a Vagrant paint; ²⁶ *Ixion* false;
Orestes wild, and haunted by the Furies.

But if you dare to tread unbeaten Paths,
 And introduce new Characters, be sure
 To

556 EPISTLES of HORACE.

To make them still consistent, and the same,
From the first Opening to the closing Scene.

Not small the Task on a new Theme to write ;
And 'twill be more discreet from *Homer's* Works
To borrow, than your own Invention trust.
An antique Piece you may so well improve,
' That with some Justice it may pass for yours ;'
But then you must not trace it Step by Step,
' Nor Word for Word too faithfully translate ;'
Nor to your Muse such rigid Laws prescribe,
As will your Genius cramp ; which once impos'd,
You cannot then without a Fault transgress.

Begin not, like the vaunting Bard of old,
' *Troy's* famous War, and *Priam's* Fate, I sing.
' In what will all this Ostentation end ?
The Mountain labours, and behold a Mouse !
Far better he, whose Plan is always good :
' Muse ! sing the Man who, after *Troy* was burn'd,
' Such various Realms and various Manners saw.
The first presents a Flash, and sinks in Smoke ;
27 But this from Smoke bursts in a Blaze of Light,
Prepar'd to 28 show us glorious Miracles,
29 *Scylla* with barking Dogs, *Antipates*,
Charybdis' Gulph, and *Polyphemus*' Den.

He does not the Return of *Diomed*
 From *Meleager's* Death begin ; nor trace
 The *Trojan War* from *Leda's* double Egg ;
 But hastens to th' Event, and swiftly bears
 His Reader to the 'midst of things at once,
 As if appriz'd of what had pass'd before :
 Each Circumstance he artfully omits,
 Which he despairs to polish and adorn ;
 The true and fabulous so nicely blends,
 That all the Parts harmoniously cohere.

You, who attempt to entertain the Pit,
 Hear what the People will with Me expect.
 If you would have th' applauding Audience stay
 From the Beginning till the Curtain falls,
 You must of every Stage the Manners mark,
 And how our Tempers vary with our Years.

30 The Child, who but begins to speak, and walk
 With steady Step, is fond of idle Play
 With his Companions ; easily provok'd,
 But soon appeas'd ; and changes every Hour.

The beardless Youth, freed from his Tutor's Yoke,
 Delights in Horses, Hounds, and Exercise ;
 ' Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof ;

Profuse

558 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Profuse of Money ; slothful to provide
Things useful ; proud, impetuous, fickle, vain ;
Hating to-morrow what he loves to-day.

With alter'd Mind, a Man of riper Years
For Wealth and Honours toils ; he cultivates
The Friendship of the Great ; with Forecast wise,
Slow to pursue what he may wish undone.

Many the Evils that attend on Age :
The old Man heaps up Wealth he dares nor use ;
Procrastinates ; and is in Action cold ;
Tardy to hope, listless, and clings to Life ;
Suspicious, fretful, never to be pleas'd ;
Extolls the Manners of the sober Youths,
Who in his Childhood liv'd ; and sternly chides
The wild Excesses of the present Race.

As Life advancing many Blessings brings,
Our ebbing Years will many take away.
We must not therefore give the Parts of Age
To Youth ; nor those of Youth to Infancy ;
But yield to each its proper Cast of Thought.

The Business of the Stage is all compriz'd
In Action or Description. What we hear
More slowly moves the Heart than what we see.

But

But Decency requires that many things,
Unfit for Sight; be wrought behind the Scenes,
Which Eloquence pathetic will relate.
³¹ *Medea* must not shed her Children's Blood;
Nor wicked *Atræus* human Entrails boil
Upon the Stage; nor *Progne* to a Bird,
Nor *Cadmus* to a Snake, be there transform'd.
Things so incredible would shock the Sight.

³² A Play, which hopes again to be requir'd,
Should of five Acts consist, nor more, nor less.

Bring in no God, unless some weighty Cause,
And worthy heavenly Aid, his Presence asks.

Three Actors only in one Scene must speak.
The *Chorus* bears a single Actor's Part;
But it must nothing sing between the Acts,
But what may aptly suit, and aid the Plot.
The Virtuous it supports with kind Advice;
Delights to sooth the Storms of swelling Rage;
Applauds the Banquet of a temperate Meal;
Loves Justice, Band of all Society,
And ³³ wholesome Laws, and ³⁴ Peace with open
Gates;

Reveals not Secrets; and implores the Gods,
To raise the Wretched, and to quell the Proud.

The

560 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The Flute, of old, was slender, small and plain,
 Had but few Stops, nor was it bound with Brass,
 Nor, like the Trumpet, loud; yet its soft Notes
 Aided the warbling Choir; able to fill
 The little Theatre with Melody:
 The People there (so few they might be told)
 Chaste, frugal, temperate, contented met.
 But when our Sires out-stretch'd their conquering
 Arms,
 Enlarg'd the ample Walls of powerful Rome,
 And on each festal Day carouz'd with Wine
 Without Restraint; licentious Manners grew,
 And chang'd our Music and our Poësy.
 The Hind and Citizen, the Man of base
 And generous Birth, confus'dly blended sat.
 What could such Judges taste but Show and Sound?
 The Minstrel to the ruder Flute now join'd
 Luxurious Tones, while in a richer Dress
 He trail'd his lengthen'd Robe along the Stage.
 Then too were added to the solemn Harp
 More sprightly Sounds; ³⁵ and swelling Eloquence
 Burst forth in Rants unknown to chaster Times.
 The *Chorus*, to display important Truths,

And

And teach the Crowd approaching Destiny,
 Dark, as the *Pythian* from the *Tripod* sung.
 He, who contended for a worthless Goat,
 In Tragic Style at first, soon introduc'd
 The rough and naked Satyrs on his Stage,
 ' And jok'd, when Decency would give him Leave,
 For the Spectators, who, on Holydays,
 Lawless assembled there and flush'd with Wine,
 Were only to be drawn, and kept together,
 By Arts like these, and grateful Novelty.
 On this Condition then, we will allow
 The drolling Satyrs Laugh; and that they turn
 Things serious into Pleasantry; that he,
 Who lately shone a Hero, or a God,
 Array'd in purple Robes and Royal Gold,
 Shall not adopt the Language of the Stews,
 Nor while he shuns a low and creeping Style,
 In Fustian soar, and vainly catch the Clouds.

The Tragic Muse, disdaining trivial Verse,
 Will rarely with the wanton Satyrs mix;
 As the chaste Matron, on a festal Day,
 Reluctant dances, by the Priest compell'd.

Were I, my Friends, to write satiric Farce,
 All broad and vulgar Words I would avoid;

562 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Yet not so far indulge the Tragic Strain,
 As to make ³⁶ *Davus*, and bold *Pythias* speak
 In such a Style as might *Silenus* suit,
 Giving sage Lessons to his * Pupil-God.
 From a known Fable I would draw my Plan;
 So easily the Language too should flow,
 That every one shall hope to do the same,
 Till by repeated Tryals, 'twill be found,
 That it requires much Labour, Thought and Care.
 So much may Method and Connexion raise,
 And ev'n to common Subjects Beauty give!

If right I judge, let not the rural Gods,
 From Forests brought, in such smooth Phrases speak
 As if they all their Lives had pass'd at Court;
 Nor ever rally in ³⁷ a Style too soft;
 Nor babble things impure and scandalous;
 For Men of Fortune and high Birth despise
 What the base Vulgar crown with loud Applause.

* * * * *

Not all who hear can judge of Harmony,
 And *Rome* is too indulgent. Shall I then,
 On this depending, without Study write,
 Nor strive to polish and adorn my Lines?

* BACCHUS.

Or, thinking every one will mark my Faults,
 With timid Caution ne'er transgress a Rule?
³⁸ Censure by this, indeed, we may escape,
 Not merit Favour. But here lies the Art,
 To steer the middle Course, and shun Extremes.

But you, my Friends, take my Advice, and read
 The ³⁹ *Greek* Originals both Day and Night.
 The Jest of *Plautus*, and his Numbers too,
 Our Sires have prais'd; ⁴⁰ with too much Patience
 sure,

(I scarce forbear to use a harsher Name)
 If You and I know how to scan a Verse,
 And can distinguish coarse from liberal Wit.

Thespis, 'tis said, invented Tragedy,
 And in a Cart his Plays and Actors bore;
 On these alone they acted then and sung;
 Their Faces with the Lees of Wine besmear'd.

But *Æschylus* the decent Robe and Mask
 Added; and rais'd a little Stage with Planks,
 Taught them to bellow, and in Buskins stalk.

With great Applause then ancient Comedy
 Appear'd; but her licentious Speech requir'd
 The Curb of Law, and justly was restrain'd:
 Dumb grew the Choir, not suffer'd to defame.

The *Roman* Bards have nothing left untry'd ;
 Nor small the Honours they have gain'd, who dar'd
 Forsake the *Grecian* History, and teach
 The Muse, in Persons of our own, to rise
 Majestic ; or in lighter Scenes to sport :
 And *Rome* in Eloquence would now excell
 No less than Arms and Valour, could her Sons
 Bear the slow Toil, to polish and correct.

But you, from great *Pompilius Numa* sprung,
 No Poem with your sacred Sanction vouch,
 But what, by Length of Time and many a Blot,
 Is to the Summit of Perfection wrought.

Genius, if we believe *Democritus*,
 Is far more excellent than Art ; and He
 All, but the Mad, excludes from *Helicon*.
 Most Poets, therefore, never trim their Nails
 Or Beards ; shun Company, and hate the Baths.
 That Man, no doubt, deserves a Poet's Name,
 Whose Head was never shorn by Barber's Hand ;
 Whose Brain defies the strongest Hellebore.

- O my unhappy Stars ! for in the Spring,
- If Physic had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
- None would have writ with more Success than I.

But

But I am satisfy'd with common Sense.

Me, as a ⁴¹ Whetstone, then let others use ;
Though blunt itself, it gives the Steel an Edge ;
Though I compose not, I may teach the Bards,
Where to collect their Wealth ; what will improve ;
Is fit or not ; where Art or Error leads.

A comprehensive Mind, with Knowledge fraught,
Is the true Source and Spring of writing well.

If then you study the ⁴² Socratic Lore,
This Knowledge you will readily obtain ;

And, when the Theme is fully understood,

⁴³ Words from your Pen will flow without Con-
straint.

⁴⁴ The Man, who knows the various Offices,
We owe our Country, Parents, Children, Friends,
And how a Judge or General should act,

⁴⁵ Will justly paint what's suitable to each.

⁴⁶ The Lives of Men and Nature still consult,
And then your Characters will all be just.

⁴⁷ A sentimental Play, with Manners true,
Though void of Beauty, Art, or polish'd Style,
Will sometimes greatly please, and fill the Pit
Sooner than sounding Trifles, void of Thought.

366 EPISTLES of HORACE.

The Muse her Wit and Eloquence bestow'd
 On 4^s Greece, inflam'd with Love of Praise alone,
 The Roman Youth are train'd to frugal Arts,
 To multiply, divide, and subdivide;
 To *Plutus*, God of Wealth, their Vows they pay,
 Taught to despise *Apollo's* barren Wreath.
 When once the Rust of Avarice corrupts
 The tender Mind, in vain shall we expect
 To see a Poem fit to be preserv'd
 With 4^o Oyl of Cedar, in a Cypress Case,

Poets design to profit, or delight,
 Or useful things in pleasing Verse convey,
 When Morals you instill, be brief; and then
 Your Precepts will be readily retain'd.
 Whatever is superfluous, slips away.
 Fiction should always wear the Face of Truth,
 Tempt not our Faith by things incredible;
 Nor bring upon the Stage that Child alive,
 Who 5^o had by wicked *Lamia* been devour'd,
 The Aged will explode an idle Tale;
 And Stories too severe disgust the Young.
 But he who joins Instruction with Delight,
 Profit with Pleasure, gains the Praise of all:

For

For such a Work shall live, pass o'er the Seas,
And bear to future Times the Author's Fame!

Yet there are Faults which Pardon may deserve,
Not every String obeys the Master's Hand,
Nor always can the Archer hit the Mark.

So, in a Work where many Beauties shine,

⁵¹ I will not cavil at a few Mistakes,
Which Inadvertence sometimes may commit,
Or human Nature could not wholly shun.

What then? suppose a Copyer should transcribe
The same Words wrong, though often told his
Fault;

Or a Musician the same jarring Strings

Repeat? Who could abstain from Ridicule?

So he, who trips at every other Line,

May justly be compar'd to ⁵² *Chærilus*.

For when he stumbles on a shining Verse,

' I smile to see it in such Company,

' And wonder by what Magic it came there;

But fret whenever honest *Homer* nods:

Yet in long Works we will excuse a Nap.

Pictures and Poems are in this alike,

Some are seen best at Distance, some when near:

568 EPISTLES of HORACE.

That Picture loves the Shade ; but this the Light,
And challenges the Critic's piercing Eye ;
So in poetick Works, some must be read
Slightly alone, and with a transient View :
That once has pleas'd ; this will for ever please.

Though by thy Father's Voice, from early
Youth,

Taught what is right, and with a Genius blest,
Yet thou, the eldest *Piso*, mark my Words :
In other things a Mean may be allow'd ;
The Man who cannot like ⁵³ *Messala* plead,
Nor Depth of Learning like ⁵⁴ *Cassellius* boast,
May practise ; and is held in some Esteem.

But Gods, nor Men, nor ⁵⁵ venal Pillars grant
The Name of Poet to the middle Class.
As at the genial Board, a jarring String,
Or Poppy with *Sardinian* Honey mix'd,
Or Shells of ropy Oyl disgust the more,
Because these Niceties we well can spare ;
Thus Poësy, invented but to please,
Must highly entertain, or not at all ;
Be excellent, or execrably bad !

The

The Man, who is unskill'd in martial Arms,
 To guide the *Trochus*, or to hurl the Quoit,
 Forbears the Lifts to enter; lest the Ring
 Should hoot him from the Field with just Contempt.
 But every Dolt presumes to scribble Verse.
 Why not? Is he not free? Of liberal Birth?
 Perhaps possesses too a Knight's Estate;
 Unblemish'd with the Stain of any Vice?

But, ⁵⁶ *Piso*! You will nothing speak or write,
 Unless *Minerva* smiles: Such is Your Sense!
 Your Judgment such! But if, in Time to come,
 You aught compose, submit it to the Ear
⁵⁷ Of learned *Metius*; to your Sire and Me;
 And keep it for nine Years conceal'd at home:
 While in your own Scrutore, you may correct;
 But, publish'd once, it cannot be recall'd!

Orpheus, the ⁵⁸ Priest and Prophet of the Gods;
 From filthy Food and Murder first reclaim'd
 A savage Race of Men: Hence was he said
 To tame the Tyger's and the Lion's Rage.
 Thus, when ⁵⁹ *Amphion* built the Walls of *Thebes*,
 The Stones, 'tis said, obey'd his magic Lyre,
 And follow'd, as his Song harmonious led.

570 EPISTLES of HORACE.

⁶⁰ It was, of old, the Province of the Bard,
Public from Private, Sacred from Profane,
To separate ; quell vagrant Lust ; and keep
The Marriage-bed immaculate ; to build
Cities and Towns ; and ⁶¹ Laws to carve on Wood :
From hence were Poets and their Works esteem'd
⁶² Divine. ⁶³ Illustrious *Homer* after these,
And then ⁶⁴ *Tyrtæus* rose, with martial Song
Who rous'd the manly Soul to great Exploits.

In Verse were Oracles reveal'd : ⁶⁵ In Verse
Were Nature's Secrets taught : The Grace of Kings
By Verse procur'd ; and the ⁶⁶ Dramatic Muse
Reliev'd their Minds from irksome Cares of State.
E'en great *Apollo* deigns to strike the Lyre,
And all the Muses in the Chorus join.

' Then blush not, noble *Piso*, to protect
What Kings have honour'd, and the Gods inspire !

⁶⁷ If to compose a Poem worthy Praise,
Be more th' Effect of Genius or of Art,
Is yet a Question : But I neither see,

⁶⁸ What can mere Art, devoid of Nature's Wealth,
Nor Genius, uninform'd, effect alone ;

They

They ask each other's kindly Aid ; nor can,
Without the strictest Union, gain their End.

Who, swift of Foot, would win th' *Olympic*
Prize,

Has done and suffer'd many things in Youth ;
Borne Heat and Cold ; and carefully abstain'd
From Wine and Love's soft Joys. The Minstrel too,
Who sings the *Pythian* Hymns in *Phæbus*' Praise,
First learn'd his Art, and fear'd the Master's Frown.
But each now cries, " What charming Lines I
write !

" I'll with the foremost press ; Plagues, seize the
last !

" What shall I sneak, and own my Ignorance

" With Front abash'd ? Not I ; forbid it, *Jove* !"

As Cryers call to Sales the Passers-by,
The noble Poet, rich in Lands and Coin,
Tempts all the Indigent to praise his Works ;
And if he treats with hospitable Cheer
The hungry Wits ; and sometimes gives in Bail,
To snatch 'em from the Bailiff's harpy Paw,
He must be lucky, if he can discern
A true Admirer from a Sycophant.

If you have giv'n, or promis'd ought to give,

Beware,

572 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Beware, that you invite not such a Man,
 Brim-full of Joy, to hear your Poem read;
 For, at each Line, transported he will cry,
 "How charming all! divine! incomparable!"
 Here he turns pale; and there the friendly Drops
 Will trickle down his Cheeks; and, sometimes too,
 In Ecstasy he dances round the Room.
 ' As those, that truly grieve at Funerals,
 ' Are not so loud, as Slaves who weep for Hire;
 Thus Friends appear less mov'd than Flatterers.

Princes are said to prove by copious Cups
 The Truth of him they would adopt for Friend;
 For Wine unmask the Soul. Whene'er you write,
 79 Take Heed, you be not caught by *Reynard's*
 Wiles.

To sage ⁷¹ *Quintilius* when a youthful Bard
 Read o'er a hasty Piece, he'd frankly say,
 "I prythee, Friend, correct this Word, or that."
 If he reply'd, it was not in his Power,
 And that he had attempted it in vain,
 "Then blot it out; and those unpolish'd Lines
 "On your poetic Anvil forge again."

But if he found him readier to defend,
 Than to correct his Faults, he said no more;

But

But left him then, unrivall'd, to admire
His own dear Person, and his darling Muse.

A Man discreet and good with Freedom blames
An empty Line, and censures one that's harsh;
Strikes out th' unpolish'd Verses with his Pen;
Cuts off vain Ornaments; and bids you throw
More Light on Passages obscure, or dark;
Makes you explain what seems equivocal;
And sets his Mark on Words that must be chang'd;
A very *Aristarchus*! nor will say,
“For Trifles why should I displease my Friend?—
Trifles, like these, to serious Mischiefs lead,
When once You stand the Butt of Ridicule.

The Wise avoid a Poet in his Fits,
As they would shun th' infectious Leprosy,
The Plague, a moon-struck Wretch, or foaming
Dog;

The Boys pursue, and hoot him through the Streets:
If, while he bellows out his fustian Lines,
He, like a Fowler busy to ensnare
The Mearl, should fall into a Well or Ditch,
And cry aloud for Help; there may he cry;
For none would lend a Hand to help him up.
Who knows, but that on Purpose he leap'd down?

And,

574 EPISTLES of HORACE.

And, if a Rope were dropp'd, to draw him out,
He there perversely would resolve to stay.

‘Hear how an old *Sicilian* Poet died:’

Empedocles, ambitious to be thought
A God immortal, down the burning Jaws
Of *Ætna* leap'd.—Then let us not dispute
The Right of Bards, to die whene'er they please.
For why should it be deem'd a greater Crime
To kill that Man, who would be glad to live,
Than to keep him alive who longs to die?
Suppose the Gulph had thrown him out alive,
He would not be content to be a Man,
But for his Godship plunge a second Time.

It is not clear to Me, in just Revenge
For what Offence (Incest or Sacrilege)
With this poetic Rage he is possess'd,
(That he's possess'd, no Mortal will deny)
And, like a baited Bear, broke from the Stake,
The Learned and Unlearned puts to Flight;
But if some hapless Wretch he chance to meet,
He worries him to Death with rumbling Verse;
Sticks, like a Leach; nor drops, till full of Blood.

NOTES.

NOTES.

The present Title of this Poem, *viz.* THE ART OF POETRY, was probably given to it by the Grammarians, as *Gerrard Vossius* has shown in the Preface to his *Poetical Institutions*.

After the *Poëtics* of *Aristotle*, I know no critical Work, in all Antiquity, more excellent than this, or more profitable to be studied. All the Rules *Horace* here lays down are so many Truths drawn from the Nature of the things of which he treats; and we can scarce deviate from any one of them, without deviating at the same time from Reason and good Sense.

Julius Scaliger, it must be owned, was of a very different Opinion: 'If you ask,' says he, 'what my Opinion is of *Horace's Art of Poetry*; I answer; that it is an Art, taught without Art.'

But *Scaliger* was a prejudiced Person; for he had himself written an *Art of Poetry*, on which he too fondly doated. And it must be confessed that this Work is not without Merit. A beautiful Method, a fine Order, and an extensive Knowledge, are displayed in it; the Style is noble, concise, and suitable to the Subject. But it errs fundamentally, proceeding on a false Taste, and treating of Trifles, which are rather the Province of a Grammarian than a Poet. We find in it no Precept for the nobler Poësy; no Path traced out for the Poets; no Aid for a Genius that seeks Instruction; nothing to raise and cherish Enthusiasm in the Mind; nothing that can show him wherein the Riches of Poësy consist:

*Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque Poëtam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.*

Whereas all these Points are admirably treated by *Horace*.

Some single Precepts of *Horace* are of more Value than *Scaliger's* bulky Volume. This may be compared to those large Doses of Physic, which rather load than relieve the Patient; whereas the Precepts of *Horace* are like those admirable Essences, the very Smell of which revives the Spirits in a Moment, and restores Health and Strength; or rather, they may be compared to that sovereign *Panacëa*, described by *Callimachus*, distilling from the Locks of *Apollo*;

Where-e'er these precious Drops, ambrosial, fall,
All things revive, and wear Immortal Bloom!

' This

576 EPISTLES of HORACE.

'This Piece,' says *Sanadon*, 'ought to be considered as one of the most valuable Remains of Antiquity that have been transmitted to us. The high Encomium *M. Dacier* has given it is very just. And it must be owned, to his Honour, that this learned Academician has explained it with great Care and Success. By the Help of *Aristotle's Poëtics* and his own judicious Commentaries upon them, he has not only placed in the clearest Light those Precepts of *Horace* which seemed to be obscure, but has even traced the Source of those very Precepts, and has disclosed the mysterious Causes, of which the harmonious Impressions have produced in different Ages Master-pieces in every kind of Poetry. This is a Justice which I think myself obliged to render him at the Conclusion of this Work; wherein I have had the Rashness to trace his Steps, in order to increase, (if possible) by my weak Efforts, the Esteem our Poet deserves, to whom he has done Honour by his learned Labours.'

Mr. Hurd, in his Commentary on this Epistle, has endeavoured, with great Acuteness, to prove an Unity of Design throughout the whole Piece, in Opposition to the Opinion of all the Commentators. It will at least convince the Reader of his own Learning and Ingenuity. But as to the main Question, we can only say, with one of the Interlocutors in *Tully's Tusculan Disputations*, *Nescio quemodo, dum lego ejus eum librum, assentior: Cum posui librum, et lego Epistolam ipsam, assentio illa elabitur.*

And yet it is but Justice to own, that he has shown, in general, the Connexion and Dependence of one Part with another in a clearer Light than any other Commentator.

— aut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.]
Virgil's Picture of *Scylla*, in the third Book of the *Aeneid*, perhaps gave Occasion to the Monster here drawn by *Horace*:

Prima hominis facies, ver. 426, &c.

Above her Waist a Virgin's lovely Breast

And Face is seen; below, a monstrous Whale,

With barking Wolves, and with a Dolphin's Tail.

Ater piscis, a black Fish, to signify a large, or frightful Fish. Thus it is explained by *Porphyrus*; *Atrum piscem*, i. e. *belluam marinam*,

marinam, pisces, a black Fish, i. e. a Sea-Monster, or Whale.

² *Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter Affuitur pannus.]*

Descriptions, like an *ignis fatuus*, are apt to mislead little Geniuses. Their solemn Beginnings, which seem to promise something great and marvellous, often conclude with a shining Description of a Wood, of the Altar of *Diana*, of a Spring, of the River *Rhine*, or of the Rainbow. These Descriptions are tack'd into the Poem like Remnants. They are, indeed; Remnants of Purple; but they are childish or extravagant, because improperly introduced. We should never indulge ourselves in such Descriptions, when the Subject calls us another Way.

Id. Aut flumen Rhenum.]

Horace had probably been often tired with Descriptions of the River *Rhine*, in Poems occasioned by the Victories gained by *Augustus* on the Borders of it.

The Poets of *Granta* were thus rallied by a Brother-Bard, on the frequent Use they made of *Camus*, or the River *Cam*, in their Collection of Poems, presented to the Chancellor on the new Building, 1754:

How is my Spleen provok'd, old *Cam*, to see

That every petty Bard can conjure Thee!

Another *Proteus* stand'st thou here confess'd,

In different Forms and different Colours dress'd.

O rise to Life, great *Faustus*! and impart

To Me thy Power, thy Wand, and Magic Art,

That *Cam* may peaceful in his Cave remain,

Condemn'd no more to help each rhyming Swain.

But, notwithstanding this Raillery, the Concurrence of several Persons in the same Train of Thinking, without having previously consulted one another, is an Argument, that such Thoughts are natural.

Brevis esse laboro,

Obscurus, fo.]

Brevity is undoubtedly a great Beauty; but it is very difficult to be concise, and not obscure; and we ought in the first place

578 EPISTLES of HORACE.

to study Clearness, or Perspicuity; *Virtus prima, perspicuitas*. Without this, every other good Quality in Discourse or Writing is useless.

4 — *Seclantem leviam nervi
Deficiunt animique.*]

An ancient Manuscript and two old Editions read *lenia*: And this Reading is adopted by Bentley.

5 — *professus grandia turget.*]

As those, who aim at Simplicity, are apt to creep; those, who affect the Sublime, frequently launch out into Extravagance and Fustian; we have an Instance of this in *Gorgias*, who styled *Xerxes* the *Persian JUPITER*; and in him who called *Brutus* the Sun of *Asia*. *Clitarchus* is also quaint and puffy in that Passage, where, speaking of the Bee, he says, ‘She feeds on the Mountains, and flies into the Clefts of Oaks.’ One would think he was speaking of a Lion, a Boar, or an Eagle; for these Phrases may be more properly applied to them than to such an Insect as the Bee.

6 — *Quam pravo vivere naso, &c.*]

The Nose is the most conspicuous Part of the Face. Suppose a Woman has a well-made Forehead, a fine Mouth, beautiful Eyes and Hair, but a bad Nose, she will be deemed ugly. It is the same with a Poem. Though the Descriptions and Incidents are beautiful, and the Figures happily employed, it will be still a very bad Poem, if it offends against Simplicity and Unity.

7 *Ut sylva foliis prunis mutantur in annos, &c.*]

Diomedes, the Grammarian, cites this Line in the following manner,

Ut folia in sylvis, &c.

This Reading is more simple; the other figurative. *Horace* seems to have had here in View that fine Similitude of *Homer* in *Iliad VI*, where he compares the Generations of Men to the successive Rise and Fall of the Leaves on the Trees in Spring and Autumn;

Like

Like Leaves on Trees the Race of Man is found,
Now green in Youth, now withering on the Ground;
Another Race the following Spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So Generations in their Turns decay;
So flourish these, when those are past away. POPE.

8 ————— *Mortalia facta peribunt.*]

The greatest Works of Mortals shall perish; we cannot therefore think it strange, that Words should change and vary, die and revive again! *Servius Sulpicius* made use of the same Turn of Thought in an Epistle he sent to *Cicero* to comfort him on the Death of his Daughter *Tullia*:

‘On my Return from *Asia*,’ says he, ‘as I was sailing from *Ægina* towards *Megara*, I cast my Eyes on the Countries around me. *Ægina* was behind, *Megara* before me; *Piræus* on the right, *Corinth* on the left: All which Cities, once so famous and flourishing, now lie buried in their Ruins. Struck with this Object, I thus began to meditate: “What! shall we poor Mortals, whose Life is but a Span, grieve and repine, if one of our Friends is killed, or dies; when we see the Carcasses (as it were) of so many noble Cities lie here exposed before our View. Collect thyself, *Servius*: Remember thou wert born a Man!”

Cicero’s Epistles, Book IV. Epistle V.

9 *Verfibus impariter junctis querimonia primum.*]

Elegy was at first only employed to lament the Loss of some amiable Person, and seems to have taken its Rise from the Complaints on the Death of *Adonis*. But not long after it sung the Joys and Grievs of Lovers.

Boileau has happily comprized all its Uses in the following Lines;

La plaintive Elégie, &c.

The plaintive *Elegy*, in tender Style,
With Hair dishevell’d, weeps a Funeral-Pile:
She paints the Lover’s Torments and Delights:
She soothes a Mistress, threatens and invites.

Sir WM. SOAME.

580 EPISTLES of HORACE.

¹⁰ *Hunc socci cepere pedem, grandesque cothurni.*
The *Sock* and *Buskin* are here put for *Comedy* and *Tragedy*: They were the different Sorts of Shoes worn by the Actors of each. *Iambic Verse* was employed in *Dramatic Poetry*, as being the best adapted for *Dialogue* and *Conversation*.

¹¹ *Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum, &c.]*
The Objects of *Lyric Poetry* were of four kinds. 1. Hymns. 2. Panegyrics, or Encomiums. 3. Lamentations. And, 4. The *Bacchic Verses*. The *Hymns* (which also include the *Dithyrambics*) were employed to celebrate the Praises of the Gods; *Panegyrics* for Heroes, Kings, and all those who conquered in the *Grecian Games*. *Lamentations*, to bewail the Misfortunes and fatal Effects of Love. And the *Bacchic Verses* treated of Love, Sports, and festal Joys. But *Ode* is the general Term which comprehends each of them.

¹² *Interdum tamen et vocem Comædia tollit.]*
Tragedy and *Comedy* are nothing but Imitations of human Actions. Therefore the Style must be adapted to the Subject spoken of, and to the State and Condition of the Speaker. A Father provoked would speak ill in *Comedy*, if his Style was not more raised and noble than when he speaks without Passion. And, on the other hand, a Person in *Tragedy*, afflicted and in Distress, would appear ridiculous, if he should pour forth his Complaints in swelling Words and studied Phrases. See the Notes on *Satire IV. Book I. At pater ardens sedit, &c.*

¹³ *Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.]*
Chremes assumes a tragical Tone, when, being thoroughly provoked, he says to his Son, in the fifth Scene of the fifth Act of the *Self-Tormentor* of *Terence*,

— Nay, wert thou from my Head deriv'd,
As, from the Brain of *Jove*, *Minerva* sprung,
I would not, *Clitipho*, on that Account,
Wink at thy infamous Debaucheries!

And, in the *Adelphi*, *Demea's* Exclamation, in the first Scene of the fifth Act, is very lofty.

'What shall I do? Where shall I go? To whom shall I complain? O Heaven! O Earth! O Seas of mighty *Neptune*!

But

But *Comedy* is allowed to raise her Voice under any violent Passion no less than in Anger; as the Examples of the best Writers clearly show. In *the Eunuch* of *Terence*, *Charea*, transported with Joy, utters things worthy a Place in *Tragedy*. But it requires great Skill and Discretion to perform this with Success.

DACIER.

We have many Instances of the like kind with those here quoted in *English* Comedy, particularly in the Plays of Sir *Richard Steele*. See *the Funeral*, Act II, Scene the last, where Lady *Charlotte* (naturally of a meek Temper) being told by Lady *Brumpton*, that she must carry a Knapfack after her Lover, the young Lord *Brumpton*, whom that Lady had caused his Father to disinherit, inveighs against the Wickedness of that vile Woman with all the *Pathos* and Violence of *Tragedy*. See also several Scenes in *the Conscious Lovers*, and the fifth Act of *the Lying Lovers*.

14 *Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*]

Longinus has determined, in general, that the Great and Sublime Style is improper, when we would excite Compassion.

15 *Telephus et Peleus, &c.*]

These were two Princes, with whose Story we are but little acquainted. It appears only, that having been expelled, and banished from their Kingdoms, they went into *Greece*, in the Habit of Beggars, to implore Aid and Assistance. The two Plays, of which *Horace* here speaks, were written by *Euripides*. This is evident from *the Frogs* of *Aristophanes*, where *Euripides* is introduced speaking of himself, as the Author of them.

16 *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.*]

‘It is not sufficient,’ says *Horace*, ‘that the Style of a *Tragedy*, its Colouring and Ornaments are fine and beautiful; it must also raise the Passions, and touch the Heart.’ A Play, therefore, is *pulchrum, beautiful*, by the Style and Ornaments of it; and *dulce, sweet*, or *tender*, by exciting the Passions. *Plato*, on this Account, calls *Tragedy the most entertaining and heart-affecting Poësy*.

17 *si vis me flere, dolendum est*

Primum ipsi tibi.]

This Maxim is undoubtedly true. *Cicero* has explained it at

582 EPISTLES of HORACE,

large in his second Book *de Oratore*. It is impossible to affect an Audience, or the Spectators, if an Orator, or Player, does not himself seem at least to feel those very Passions, which he would excite in others.

Il faut dans la douleur, &c.

In Sorrow, you must humble Measures keep;
And, to excite our Tears, yourself must weep.
Those noisy Words, with which ill Plays abound,
Flow not from Hearts, that are in Sadness drown'd.

BOILEAU.

We need only remember the Story of an ancient Player, who, in *Sophocles's* Tragedy of *Electra*, used to perform the Part of that Princess. He had lost an only Son, whom he tenderly loved. After the first Transports of his Sorrow were over, and he was a little compos'd, he came on the Stage again; but, instead of the Urn, with the supposed Ashes of *Orestes*, he bore in his Hands the real Urn and Ashes of his Son; and, embracing it, uttered these Words;

O sacred Urn, which hold'st his sad Remains,
Whom I, of all Mankind, most dearly lov'd!

These Lines, spoken with a faltering Accent, and accompanied with Tears, which flow'd from a Heart-felt Grief, produced a natural Sympathy in the Minds of all the Spectators.

Horace here only retails the Precept which *Aristotle* had before given in his *Poëtics*. But the Philosopher has done more than the Poet; for he has added to the Reason of the Precept the Means of executing it. See the eighteenth Chapter of his *Poëtics*.

† *Romani tollent equites peditesq; cachinnum.*]

Dr. *Bentley* is much mistaken in reading *equitesque patresque*.

1. It would not have been decent for the *patres*, 'the Senators,' *tollere cachinnum*, 'to set up a loud Laugh.' 2. The Sentiment is thus weakened, *Horace* intending to express an Enormity in Dramatic Action; which all would discover, and not only those of Fashion and Taste. 3. The original Distribution of Roman Citizens into *equites* and *pedites* subsisted *domi* as well as *militia*, *at home* as well as *abroad*. See *Livy*, V. 7. *Cicero de Legibus*, III. 3.

Dr. TUNSTALL.

¹⁸ *Intererit multum Divusne loquatur an Heros.*]

Some read here *Davus* for *Divus*. We were at first inclined to believe

believe this the true Reading. The Contrast between a Hero and a Slave is easy and natural; but, on farther Reflection, we think it cannot be admitted; because *Horace* is here treating of the Characters in Tragedy. The ancient Writers introduced Gods on the Stage, as may be seen in the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles*.

¹⁹ *Maturusne senex, &c.*]

There ought to be a great Difference between the Language of a sedate Man, mature in Years, and that of a giddy young Fellow, who is a Dupe to his Passions, and rejoices in his Whores, his Hounds, and Horses.

²⁰ ——— *An matrona potens, an sedula nutrix.*]

Horace here alludes to the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides*, where *Phædra* and her Nurse talk in a very different Strain.

²¹ *Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli.*]

These low Characters have made some think, that *Horace* is here speaking of Comedy; but they are mistaken. It is no uncommon Thing to see Merchants, Shepherds, and Husbandmen, introduced in Tragedy.

²² *Colchus, an Assyrius, &c.*]

In order to make the Players speak in Character, it is not sufficient to regard their Condition, their Age and Profession; we must also have their Country before our Eyes; for, as *Aristotle* observes, a *Macedonian* speaks differently from a Native of *Thrace*; and the Manners and Humours of different People are commonly as different as their Habits.

Des siecles, &c.

Of Ages and of Climes the Manners know;
From different Climates different Customs grow.

BOILEAU.

²³ *Sit Medea ferox, invictaque.*]

This was her true Character. She was a celebrated Sorceress, After she had been deserted by *Jason*, who married *Creüsa*, the Daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*, she slew, with her own Hands, both the Sons she bore him. She had sent a rich Robe and a royal Wreath as a Present to her Rival, which were so prepared, that they consumed her, as soon as she put them on, *Creon*, distracted with Grief, threw himself on her Body, but could not disengage himself. The fatal Robe stuck to his

584 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Flesh, and he died in the same Tortures as his Daughter. The Tragedy of *Euripides* on this Subject is a noble Performance.

24 ————— *Alebilis Ino.*]

Ino, the Daughter of *Cadmus* and *Harmonia*, being married to *Athamas*, who had a Son by a former Wife, corrupted an Oracle to declare that he must be sacrificed to *Jupiter*. But soon after she was justly punished for her Perfidy; for *Athamas*, in a Fit of Lunacy, slew *Leärchus*, the eldest of the Children he had by her, and would have sacrificed her, with his other Boy, *Melicertes*, if she had not saved herself and him, by leaping into the Sea, with the Child in her Arms. We may learn from these Circumstances, that *Ino* must be full of Complaints for the Calamities of her Children. *Euripides* had written a Play on this Subject, from which some Lines are quoted by *Plutarch*.

25 *Perfidus Ixion.*]

The Fable says, that *Ixion*, being taken up into Heaven, fell in Love with *Juno*, whom he attempted to violate, but embraced a Cloud in her Form. *Jupiter*, incensed, threw him down to Hell, where he lies extended on a Wheel, which is for ever turning. *Æschylus* had written a Play on this Subject; and after him *Euripides*. *Plutarch* relates, that some Persons having blamed the Poet for the Choice of his Subject, and called *Ixion* a wicked Man, and one that was accursed by the Gods; 'True,' said he; 'and for that Reason I would not quit him, till I had nailed his Hands and Feet to a Wheel.' *Aristotle* reckons these among the pathetic Pieces. *Eustathius* gives an ingenious Interpretation of this Fable of *Ixion* in his Notes on the first Book of the *Iliad*.

26 ————— *Io vaga.*]

Io, beloved by *Jupiter*, and changed into a Heifer by *Juno*, travelled into *Egypt*, where she recovered her former Shape, and was worshipped under the Name of *Isis*.

Ia. ————— *Tristis Orestes.*]

Tristis does not here signify only *sad*, or *sorrowful*, but *melancholy*, *furious*, *lunatic*; a Man plunged by Grief into Despair. Thus *Horace*, in another Place, applies this Epithet to Anger, *tristes ut ira*.

²¹ *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat*]

A Work which opens pompously, but soon flags and sinks, is like a Fire of slight combustible Matter : It flames at first ; but falls at once, and evaporates in Smoke. It is a Fire of Straw. But a Work which begins simply, and improves as it proceeds, still gaining on our Affections, may be compared to a Fire with Piles of solid Logs. It smokes and smoulders at first, and is slow to kindle ; but bursts out into a Flame at last, which warms, cherishes, and gives a constant Heat.

²² — *Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat*]

Horace here calls the Stories which Homer relates of *Antiphates*, *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, and *Polyphemus* the *Cyclop*, &c. *splendid Miracles*. *Longinus*, in that Chapter where he compares the *Odyssey* with the *Iliad*, speaks no less favourably of these Passages : ‘ *Homer’s* Genius,’ says he, ‘ like the Ocean, whose very Shores, when deserted by the Tide, mark out how high it sometimes rises, shows plainly, when ebbing into all those fabulous Adventures of *Ulysses*, how sublime it once had been. You will perceive, by this, that I have not forgot the Tempests in the *Odyssey*, nor what *Ulysses* tells us of *Polyphemus*, and some other Passages.’

LONGINUS, translated by Dr. SMITH.

These are the very same Stories here applauded by *Horace*.

Longinus shows, a little farther in the same Chapter, how great a Value he set even upon some incredible Tales in the *Odyssey*. After having mentioned the Stories of shutting up the Winds in a Bag ; of the Men metamorphosed into Swine ; of *Jupiter’s* being nursed by Doves ; of *Ulysses* fasting ten Days, &c. ‘ It must, indeed, be allowed,’ says he, ‘ that these are Dreams ; but then they are the Dreams of *Jupiter*.’

²³ *Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin*.]

Antiphates was King of the *Lastrigons*. They were Cannibals. See the tenth Book of the *Odyssey*.

Scylla and *Charybdis* were two dangerous Whirlpools in the Straits of *Sicily*. *Homer* describes them as two horrible Monsters. See the twelfth Book of the *Odyssey*.

Polyphemus was King of the *Cyclops*, a Race of one-eyed Giants, who dwelt in that Part of *Sicily* which is near the Promontory of *Lilybaeum*, over-against the Island *Capraria*.

This

586 EPISTLES of HORACE.

This is one of the finest Stories in *Homer*. The Description he gives of that People in the ninth Book of the *Odyssey* is highly entertaining.

³⁰ *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer.*]

Horace here gives us a brief but lively Description of the four Ages of Man, viz. Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. These Draughts are no less useful to *Epic* and *Comic*, than to *Tragic* Poets. They are chiefly abstracted, but with great Judgment, from the second Book of *Aristotle's Rhetoric*.

We will lay before the Reader a Summary of what has been offered on this Subject by that great Philosopher.

The Manners of YOUTH.

‘ *Youth* is prone to Lust, and devoted to Pleasure; thinks nothing difficult which tends to gratify its Appetites; is fickle, inconstant, and soon tired of what it doated on.

‘ Whatever it desires, it desires with Ardour; but this Ardour is soon extinguished.

‘ *Youth* is hot and passionate, open, frank, credulous; full of Hope; generous, brave, presumptuous, compassionate; a great Scoffer; susceptible of Shame; loves its Friends without Design, and from the Pleasure alone which this Commerce yields; it sacrifices Wealth and Interest to Honour.

‘ The Faults of *Youth* are greater than those of any other State; and when it resents Affronts, it is not so much to hurt others, as to vindicate its own Honour.’

The Manners of AGE.

‘ *Old Men* are hard to be pleased, irresolute, spiteful, suspicious, peevish, covetous, fearful. They neither love, nor hate, in the Extreme. They are narrow-souled, and infinitely fond of Life; ever complaining; and they prefer Interest to Honour. They have no Sense of Shame. They are slow to Hope, and great Talkers; passionate; insensible to Pleasure, rather through Impotence than Virtue.

‘ They pay an absolute Deference to their own favourite Maxims; but allow nothing to Custom and the Fashion of the World. When they resent, it is always in order to hurt.

‘ They are compassionate; but this Compassion arises from the Consciousness of their own Weakness, and not from Humanity.’

Youth

Youth and *Age* would do well to study these lively Models, in order to be on their Guard, and to shun those Faults to which each State is most obnoxious.

A just Account of the Works of *Aristotle* may be seen in the *Essay on the Writings of POPE*, p. 168—171.

Mr. *Pope* has drawn an elegant Picture in Miniature of the four Stages of Man's Life;

Behold the CHILD, by Nature's kindly Law,
Pleas'd with a Rattle, tickled with a Straw.
Some livelier Play-thing gives his YOUTH Delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite.
Stars, Garters, Gold, amuse his RIPER STAGE;
And Beads and Prayer-Books are the Toys of AGE:
Pleas'd with *this* Bauble still, as *that* before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor Play is o'er.

Essay on MAN, Epistle II.

³¹ *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*]

Medea is a fine Subject for Tragedy; nor does *Horace* here advance any thing to the contrary. He only lays it down as a Rule, that she must not kill her Children on the Stage. Yet *Seneca* has broken this Precept in his *Medea*. But no judicious Poet will follow his Example. To see human Blood spilled upon the Stage, can be agreeable to none but a fierce and savage People who are lost to all Sense of Humanity.

There is an *English* MS. Tragedy on this Subject. The known Genius and Talents of the Author, and the Time he has taken to polish it, give us Reason to hope, that it will not be inferior to the applauded Plays of the Ancients.

D.

³² *Neve minor, neu sit quinto produciior actu,
Fabula.*—————]

That every Dramatic Poem should be divided into five Acts, was a Rule so religiously observed by the Ancients, that not a single Instance can be produced to the contrary.

Marcus Antoninus, in Allusion to this Custom, compares Life to a Play. He is comforting a young Man on his approaching End; who answers him, 'I have not yet finished my five Acts: I have played but three.' "True," says this wise Emperor, "you have only played three. But know, my Son, that three Acts, in the Oeconomy of human Life,
" make

588 EPISTLES of HORACE.

"make a complete Piece; or any smaller Number, that the great Master of the *Drama* shall appoint."

33 ————— *Ille salubrem*

Iustitiam, legesque —————]

The *Chorus* in *Oedipus* gives striking Examples of this Precept; v. g. 'Violence is the Mother of Injustice: Violence, after heaping Crime upon Crime, becomes Necessity.' And, in another Place, 'A powerful God guards the Laws, who punishes Injustice, and who never grows old.'

34 ————— *Et apertis otia portus.*]

As in this elegant Passage of *Euripides*, where the *Chorus* thus addresses itself to PEACE:

O happy PEACE! thou lovely Queen
Of Wealth! here turn thy smiling Mien!
For thy Approach I pant, I glow;
Whence can this tedious Absence flow?
I fear that Age with Snow will spread
The scanty Honours of my Head,
Ere I once more with Wonder trace
Thy pleasing Form, so full of Grace;
Thy Choirs, thy Feasts with Olive crown'd;
And hear thy heavenly Strains resound.

J. D.

35 *Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps.*]

Headstrong Eloquence uttered an unusual Style. Horace is here speaking of the *Greek Chorus*, as he had already spoken of the *Roman*. He says, that the Verses of their *Chorus* underwent the same Change as their Music; and that instead of its original Simplicity, it affected an extravagant Eloquence, and was so stiff and obscure, that the Language of the *Chorus* was scarce different from that of the Prophets, who pronounced the Oracles.

This single Word, *præceps*, shows that what Horace here says, is not an *Encomium*, but a *Censure*. For *facundia præceps* is a bold, rash Eloquence; in a word, what the Rhetoricians call *μετεωρον*, a *soaring into the Clouds*; and which they oppose to *υψηλον*, *sublime*. Thus *Longinus*, κα υψηλα, αλλα μετεωρα.

The Reader may see, in the *Opuscula* of Monsieur *Werenfels*, a judicious Discourse on what that learned Writer calls *METEORS of Style*, or the *false Sublime*.

36 *Davusina*

³⁶ *Davusne loquatur, an audax—Pythias.]*

Davus, a Slave in a Comedy of *Menander* and *Terence*.

Pythias, a female Slave, who bubbled old *Simo* out of his Money in a Comedy of *Lucilius*.

Ib. —Silenus.]

Silenus was the Tutor, and Foster-Father of *Bacchus*. He is represented by the Ancients as an old Man, wrinkled, bald, flat-nosed, and with a long Beard.

³⁷ *Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus inquam.]*

Horace says, 'that too tender and polite Verses ought not to be put into the Mouths of Satyrs.' *Euripides* seems to have fallen into an Error of this Kind, in the following *Chorus*:

Maxime, &c. audet, &c.

How blest is He, who in the Shade

On a soft flowery Couch is laid,

Near flowing Wine, and in his Arms

With Transport clasps his Fair One's Charms!

Perfum'd with Odours, he is doubly blest'd,

Who thus reclines, caressing and caress'd!

The *Chorus* here speaks in the Style of *Anacreon*.

*** Twelve Lines are here omitted, as they wholly relate to the Metre of the Ancients, and therefore could not be made intelligible to an English Reader.

³⁸ *Vitavi denique culpam,*

Non laudem merui—]

Horace says, that a Poet who polishes his Verses, and observes all the Rules, may hereby avoid Censure, but cannot deserve Praise. The mere shunning of Faults will not entitle us to Praise: Much more is required.

³⁹ *Vos exemplaria Græcæ, &c.]*

These Greek Originals, whom *Horace* here recommends, are *Homer* and *Plato*, for the Characters and Passions; the *Tragic* and *Comic* Poets for the Disposition of the Parts, Regularity and Wit; and especially the Writers of the Old Comedy, who were more precise and copious than those of the New.

590 EPISTLES of HORACE.

40 ————— *nimum patienter utrumque.*]

It must be allowed, that *Plautus* is not correct in his Verses, which, on that Account, he styles *numeros innumeros*, in his Epitaph, written by himself. It must be allowed too, that there are, in his Comedies, flat, low, and often extravagant Railleries; but he has also some that are fine and delicate.

Cicero recommends him, on this Account, as a Model for Raillery. It is not the Intention of *Horace* to condemn this Judgment of *Cicero*, but to restrain it within proper Bounds. This Subject has been very well handled in the Preface to the Translation of three of his Comedies. Nothing can be added to it. I would say more in its Praise, were I not restrained by the Goddess, *cui vincla jugalia cura*.

41 ————— *fungar vice cotis.*]

Plutarch ascribes this Saying to *Socrates*, who being asked, how he, who was not eloquent himself, could teach others Eloquence, replied, 'Whetstones cannot themselves cut, but they impart to the Steel a Capacity of cutting.'

Horace here says expressly, that he wrote nothing, meaning that he neither composed a *Dramatic* or *Epic Poem*. On this Account he does not regard himself as a Poet.

42 *Rem tibi Socratica poterunt ostendere charta.*]

Horace would in vain have taught his Pupils, that Learning and Good Sense are the Source of good Writing, if he had not at the same time instructed them where to procure them. For that Purpose, he here refers his Scholars to the *Academic Philosophers*, the Disciples of *Socrates*, who treat Morality more rationally than all the rest. In the fifth Book of *Cicero de Finibus*, *Piso* makes an elegant Encomium on the old Academic Philosophy, which then comprized the *Peripatetic*, as taught by *Aristotle*. It ends with these Words, *Ab his Oratores, &c.* 'By These have been formed Orators, Generals, and Legislators; and, to descend to things of less Importance, from their Schools, as from an Academy of every Art, have issued Mathematicians, Poets, Masters of Music, and Physicians.'

But *Horace* here confines himself to Morals, which are the most necessary for a Poet, in order to form his Characters.

Il.

Ib. ——— Socratica ——— charta.]

Horace here calls them 'the Papers of Socrates.' In Ode XXI. Book III. speaking of *Messala Corvinus*, he uses the Phrase *Socratici sermones*, 'the Discourses of Socrates.'

⁴³ *Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.]*

It is here asserted by Horace, that 'when we fully understand the Subject we treat of, Words will be found with very little Difficulty.' A Position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical Precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true. If Words were naturally and necessarily consequential to Sentiments, it would always follow, that he who has most Knowledge must have most Eloquence, and that every Man would clearly express what he fully understood; yet we find that to think and to discourse are often the Qualities of different Persons; and many Books might surely be produced where just and noble Sentiments are degraded and obscured by unsuitable Diction.

DR. HAWKESWORTH. ADVENTURER, N° 138.

⁴⁴ *Qui didicit, patrie quid debeat, et quid amicis.]*

Morality treats of all the Duties which can connect Mankind: Without the Knowledge of this, it is impossible to draw just and probable Characters. But this Science is more extensive than is commonly imagined, and must not be a single Day's Study.

⁴⁵ *Reddere persona scit convenientia cuique.]*

He ascribes to every Person the Manners suitable to his Character. He will not make a General talk like a common Soldier, a God like a Peasant, a Senator like the Mayor of a Country Town.

⁴⁶ *Respicere exemplar vite morumque jubebo.]*

By this *exemplar vite morumque*, Horace means NATURE. Nature is the only Source and Original of all the different Characters and Manners which we see on the Stage of the World. A Poet must not fix his Eyes on a single Person, but, in all Cases, consider what Nature requires from such a Character, in such Circumstances.

592 EPISTLES of HORACE.

Il. Doctum imitorem.]

He calls the Poet a Copyer; for Poetry is only the Imitation of Nature, as Aristotle has shown in his Poetics.

47 *Interdum, speciosa locis, morataque rectè*

Fabula.

He says, that a Play, in which there are just Sentiments, and where the Manners are well distinguished; though in other respects without Beauty, and the Lines rough and unharmonious, will sometimes succeed better, and please the Pitt more than Verses impotent of Matter, and sounding Trifles.

Il. Speciosa locis, 'Beautiful by the Sentiments.' Horace here means by *locis* what the Rhetoricians call the Common Places of Philosophy; that is, the Stores or Collections from whence moral Sentiments are drawn.

48 Horace always refers us to the Grecian Writers, as to the Source of what is beautiful and good.

49 ——— *Linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso.]*

The Booksellers used to anoint their Books with Oyl of Cedar. This preserved them from Moisture and the Worms. They were also kept in Cypress Cases, which had the same Effect.

50 *Neu prænse Lamie vivum puerum extrabat alvo.]*

Horace here condemns some Poet of his Time, who had introduced, in a Comedy, a Woman called *Lamia*, from whose Belly a Child was taken out alive, which she had devoured.

51 *Non ego paucis*

Offendar maculis.]

This is a candid and good-natured Rule. Writings may be compared to Men. Those are the best, who have the fewest Faults, and of the smaller kind. Perfection is not the Lot of human Nature:

Nam vitius nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est,

Qui minimis urgetur.

52 ————— *Fit Chærilus ille.*]

This is the same *Chærilus*, who was mentioned in Epistle I. Book II.

53 ————— *abest virtute disert*

Messala.]

This is the same *Messala Corvinus*, a great Orator, who was mentioned in Ode XXI. Book III.

54 ————— *nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus.*]

Cascellius Aulus was one of the greatest Lawyers of those Times, a Man of Learning, Eloquence, and Wit.

55 *Non Di.* ————— *non concessere columnæ.*]

Those Gods were *Apollo*, *Bacchus*, and the Muses who presided over Poetry. *Columna* has here the same Sense as *pila* in Sat. IV. Book I. And the old Commentator says, it signifies the Pillars where the Poets fixed Advertisements of the Place where, and Time when, they would publicly recite their Works. Perhaps it means the Pillars where the Booksellers exposed their Copies to Sale. See the Remark on the 71st Verse of the IVth Satire.

56 *Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.*]

Horace here addresses himself to the eldest of the *Pisos*, as to a Person of mature Age, and capable of judging for himself.

57 ————— *In Meti descendat judicis aures.*]

He speaks here of *Spurius Metius Tarpa*, an excellent Critic, and one of the Judges, whose Office it was to examine the Merit of poetical Works. *Horace* mentions him in Satire X. Book I.

————— *Hæc ego ludo,
Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, judice Tarpa.*

This Sort of Judges, or Academicians, first established by *Augustus*, were continued many Years after the Decease of that Emperor.

594 EPISTLES of HORACE.

⁵¹ ————— *Sacer, interpretæque Deorum.*]

He calls *Orpheus* sacred, and the Interpreter of the Gods, because he was a Priest, and had instituted the *Orgies*, or Festival in Honour of *Bacchus*. He is also styled a Priest by *Virgil*,

Nec non Threïcüs longâ cum veste Sacerdos.

In his long Robe the *Thracian* Priest was seen.

The Hymns, which pass under his Name, were not written by that ancient *Orpheus*, who lived in the Time of *Moses*, above fourteen hundred and fifty Years before our Saviour; but by *Onomacritus*, who was contemporary with *Pisistratus*. We have a noble Imitation of them by Mr. *HUGHES*, in his Ode to the Creator of the World.

Horace, fearing he might have discouraged *Piso*, by what he had advanced on the Difficulty of Poësy, and on the great Care every one should take to know his own Talents, before he ventures to write Verse, here gives him an Eulogium on that Art, and displays the Honours which were paid to the first Poets, *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, &c. Is there any-thing in this, but what is very natural, and well-connected?

⁵⁹ *Dictus et Amphion, Thebana conditor arcis.*]

Cadmus built *Thebes* above fourteen hundred Years before the Birth of our Saviour. *Amphion*, twenty-five or thirty Years afterwards, encompassed it with Walls, and built a Citadel there; and, because by his Harmony, or, as others say, by the Force of his Eloquence, he prevailed on the Citizens and Peasants to apply themselves to this Work, the Fable was invented that the Walls and Citadel were raised by the Sound of his Harp.

⁶⁰ ————— *Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,*

Publica privatis secernere.]

The first Poets were, properly speaking, Philosophers. They made use of Poësy to instill their Precepts on the Minds of Men, which taught them to distinguish Things holy from profane, private from public; to moderate their Passions; to practise domestic Virtues, be good Oeconomists, build Cities, obey the Laws, &c.

This was the first Age of Poësy.

⁶¹ *Leges*

61 ——— *Leges incidere ligno.*]

The first Laws of the *Greeks* were written in Verse, and carved on *Wood*. The *Romans* engraved their Laws on *Copper Plates*.

62 *Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus, atq;
Carminibus venit.*]

We see here, that the first Poets were esteemed on Account of their being a public Blessing, and reforming the Manners of Men. If Pleasure or Amusement had been the Source and End of Poësy, it could never have been so highly honoured.

63 ——— *Post hos insignis Homerus.*]

After this first Age of Poësy, moral and political Subjects being sufficiently inculcated, Commonwealths established, and Obedience enforced by Rewards and Punishments, the Poets took another Course. They sung the Exploits of Heroes, to elevate the Courage of Men, and make them capable of serving their Country. *Homer* and *Tyrtaeus* began this second Age.

64 *Tyrtaeusque.*]

This Warrior-Bard lived near the twenty-fifth *Olympiad*, about six hundred and fourscore Years before our Saviour; and, consequently, but a little while after *Homer*.

He was the *Spartan* General in the War against the *Messenians*. Some of his Fragments only are now extant. There is a spirited Translation of them by Mr. *Hughes*. See his Poems, Vol. I. p. 141.

65 *Et vita monstrata via est.*]

This is not to be understood of Philosophy and Morality; for then *Horace* would contradict himself; since he has already told us, they were the first Care of Poësy. He treats here of Physics. He says, that in the second Age of Poësy, they began to unfold in Verse the Secrets of Nature, and the Manner how she acts. *Vita pro Naturâ*: Life stands for Nature, who gives Life to every thing.

66 ——— *Ludusq; repertus,**Et longorum operum finis.*]

He speaks here of Tragedies and Comedies, which were acted on solemn Festivals, as has been already observed.

566 EPISTLES of HORACE.

67 *Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est.]*

Though it should be allowed, that Nature alone is preferable to Art alone, it is at least certain that Art, joined to Nature, improves and strengthens it. Nature gives Ease; Art Method and Security. On which Account *Cicero* says, *Ars certior quàm Natura*; 'Art is a surer Guide than Nature.' But nothing perfect can be produced by either of them alone. *Longinus* has very well said, that 'how free soever Nature may seem to be, yet she does not act by Chance, and is no Enemy to Rules.' Nature without Art is rash and blind: She may be compared to a Vessel, which floats without a Pilot, and cannot be saved but by a Miracle: And Art without Nature is rude, barren and dry. *Horace*, therefore, has Reason to maintain, that they stand in Need of one another's Aid, and never ought to be divided. But let it be remembered, that as Art is never so perfect as when it imitates Nature, so Nature never succeeds so happily as when it conceals Art.

68 *Nec rude quid possit—ingenium.]*

He calls *Genius*, simply considered, *rude*; because there is always something wild in it, till tamed by Art.

69 *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam.]*

He proves, by sensible Examples, that the Help of Art is necessary in every thing. All the Wrestlers not only took great Pains to succeed, but, long before the Day of Tryal, abstained from every thing which is commonly called Pleasure. He who contendeth at the public Games, saith *St. Paul*, is temperate in all things.

Those who have read *Plato* know in what manner the Wrestlers lived. One of the Ancients has said, that, 'by the Decree of the Gods, nothing can be purchased without Labour.' This is more true of Poetry than of any corporeal Exercise. There never will be an excellent Poet without Study and Pains.

70 *Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.]*

Learn to distinguish the true Friend from the Fox, or Flatterer.

Horace here alludes to the Fable of the Fox and CROW, which *Nasimus* quotes entire in his Commentaries. It is one of those,

those, in which *La Fontaine* has surpassed the Ancients, by the Simplicity and native Beauties he has mingled with it.

71 *Quintilio si quid recitares; 'Corrige, sodes,
'Hoc, aiebat, & hoc.'*]

He means the Poet *Quintilius Varus*, an intimate Friend of *Virgil* and *Horace*. The latter had addressed to him Ode XVIII, Book I. and lamented his Death in Ode XXIV. He had been dead some Years when *Horace* wrote this Epistle.

72 *Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.*]

Cunningham, and, before him, *Guyet* and *Ménage*, instead of *male tornatos*, read *male formatos*. 'It seems improbable,' say these Critics, 'that so correct a Writer as *Horace* would mingle, in one and the same Verse, Metaphors taken from different Arts; as he must have done, if he had said, "Recommit those ill-turn'd Verses to the Anvil." He ought rather to have said, "Those ill-forg'd Verses to the Anvil;" or, "Those ill-turn'd Verses to the Chizzel,"

73 *Dum cupit Empedocles.*]

Empedocles was a philosophical Poet. He had written three Books 'on the Nature of Things,' which are frequently cited by *Aristotle*. He had also written 'An Account of the Expedition of *Xerxes*.' But his Daughter, or Sister, burned that Work after his Death. He lived near the eightieth *Olympiad*, about four hundred and fifty Years before our Saviour. *Lucretius* has honoured him, in his first Book, with this Encomium;

His Lines, employ'd on Nature's Works, declare
His Wit was strong, and his Invention rare.
His Judgment deep and sound: Whence some began,
And justly too, to think him more than Man.

CREECH.

But if we can scarce think him derived from human Race, much less should we think him capable of so great a Piece of Madness, as to throw himself headlong into the flaming Gulph on the Top of Mount *Ætna*. It is surprizing that *Horace* should give into this idle Tradition, when *Timæus* expressly asserts, that he died in *Peloponnesus*; and *Néanthes*, that having

598 EPISTLES of HORACE.

fallen from his Chariot, he broke his Leg, and died of a Mortification.

That learned and ingenious Critic, Mr. *Dacier*, from whose copious Collections we have extracted the greater Part of the foregoing Remarks on this Epistle, concludes in this manner; "It is the Humour of most Men to be swayed more by Numbers than by Reason: But, for my own Part, who know that, in critical Matters, we ought to regard Reason alone, I have dared to shake off the Shackles of Authority; and, without implicitly giving into any one's Opinion, have endeavoured to follow *Horace*, and to distinguish what he has really said from those things which have been imputed to him.

As I have taken the Liberty to examine the Sentiments of former Commentators, and frequently scruple not to blame them occasionally, I shall not be in the least offended, if others point out and correct my Faults. Faults there must undoubtedly be, and probably many, in so long a Work as this which has been often interrupted, and written at different Intervals. But I will thank the kind Hand which discovers my Mistakes, and correct them with Pleasure. My only Aim has been to find out Truth, which never injures any one: But those, who obstinately persist in Error, will always suffer by it."

We shall wind up the Whole with the just Character given of the ancient *Romans* in a noble Poem, which, we think, may be styled, THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

TURN next to *Rome*! Is that the Clime, the Place,
Where, on his laurel'd Throne, with tuneful Choirs
Of Arts surrounded, great *Augustus* reign'd?
And (greater far) her venerable Band
Of elder Heroes (Fame's eternal Theme!)
In splendid Huts, and noble Poverty,
Brave for their Country liv'd, and fought, and died.

Heaven! what firm Souls! who knew not Gold had Price,
Nor Luxury, nor Baseness knew. They, they,
The Demigods of *Rome*! whose Master-Voice,
Whose awe-commanding Eye more Terror struck,
Than Rods, and Lictors, and *Prætorian* Guards.
Could the pure crimson Tide, the noblest Blood
That ever flow'd, to such Corruption turn?

She

She ends, like her long *Appian*, in a Marsh,
 Or *Jordan's* River pouring his clear Urn
 Into the black *Asphaltus*' limy Lake.
 Patrons of Wit, and Victors of Mankind,
 Bards, Warriors, Worthies, (Revolution strange!)
 Are Pimps, and Fiddlers, Mountebanks, and Monks;
 In *Tully's* Hive, rich Magazine of Sweets!
 The lazy Drones are buzzing or asleep.

But we forgive the Living for the Dead;
 Indebted more to *Rome* than we can pay:
 Of a long Dearth prophetic, she laid in

A Feast for Ages. O thou Banquet nice,
 Where the Soul riots with secure Excess:
 What Heart-felt Bliss! what Pleasure-winged Hours
 Transported, owe we to her letter'd Sons!
 We, by their Aid, along the *Tyber* stray,
 Their Temples trace, and share their noble Games;
 Enter the crowded Theatre at Will;
 Mix in the *Forum*; hear the Consul plead;
 Are present in the thundering Capitol,
 When *Tully* speaks. At softer Hours attend
 Harmonious *Virgil* to his *Mantuan* Farm,
 Or *Baia's* Shore. How often drink his Strains,
 Rural or Epic, sweet! How often rove
 With *Horace*, Bard and Moralist benign!
 With happy *Horace* rove, in fragrant Walks
 Of Myrtle-Groves, by *Teverone's* Cascade!
 Hail, precious Pages! that amuse and teach,
 Exalt the Genius, and improve the Heart.

Ye sage Historians, all your Stores unfold:
 Reach your clear steady Mirror; in that Glass
 The Forms of Good and Ill are well pourtray'd.

But chiefly Thou, Divine Philosophy,
 Shed thy blest Influence; with thy Train approach
 Of Graces mild: Far be the Stoic Boast,
 The Cynic Snarl, and churlish Pedantry.
 Bright Visitant, 'if not too high my Wish,
 Come in the lovely Dress thou once did'st wear
 At *Plato's* Table; or in studious Walks,

600 EPISTLES of HORACE.

In green * *Frescati's* academic Bowers,
The Roman feasting his selected Friends.
Tamer of Pride ! at thy serene Rebuke
See crouching Insolence ! Spleen and Revenge
Before thy shining Taper disappear.
Tutor of human Life ! auspicious Guide !
Whose faithful Clue unravels ev'ry Maze,
Whose Skill can disengage the tangled Thorn,
'And smoothe the Rock to Down ; whose magic Pow'rs
Controul each Storm, and bid the Roar be still.

* *Tusculum, near Frescati.*

The END *of the* ART of POETRY.



VARIOUS



VARIOUS READINGS,

Communicated by

RICHARD MEADOWCOURT, M. A.

Prebendary of WORCESTER.

Chiefly collected from the best EDITIONS.

Lib. Serm. Ver.

- I.— 3.— 128. **P**ro quò, lege qui.
— 4.— 141. Pro veniat lege veniet.
— 5.— 87. Nomen oppiduli est, Equus Tutius.
— 6.— 18. Pro nos MSS. plures, Cruquius, Bentleiusq;
legunt vos.

— — 122, 123. Sic interpunge
— post hanc vagor aut ego, lecto
Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet, ungor olivo.
Lecto & scripto sunt ablativi participiorum
lectus et scriptus.

- 9.— 55. Quidam recte legunt poscit pro possit.
— 10.— 27. Legend. cum Bentleio,
Scilicet oblitos patriæq; patrisq; Latini.

- II.— 1.— 9. Legend. cum Rutgersio irriguumve.
— 20. Pro cui male, &c. plures codices exhibent
qui.
— 84. Pro laudatur, Rutg. & Bent. legunt laudatus.
— 85. Pro latraverit, lege cum Rutg. & Bent.
laceraverit.

- 2.— 28. Pro honor, plures MSS. exhibent color.

— 79. pro

- 27. *Pro affigit, plures MSS. Talbot. & Bent. habent affligit.*
- 3.— 5. *Sic distingue—huc fugisti sobrius; ergo*
 — 69. *Editiones cum notis var. & in us. Delph. exhibent Anerii, pro a Nerio.*
- 123. *Sic interpunge—*
Dis inimice senex custodis? ne tibi desit:
—Sensus est, Si custodis hæc ut ebibat
beres, attamen ne tibi desit, ne fraudare
teipso. Quantulum enim, &c.
- 246. *Sic lege & interpunge—*
Quorsum abeunt? sanin? creta an car-
bone notandi?
- 4.— 74. *Pro invenior plures MSS. habent inveni,*
ut Talbot testatur.
- 6.— 24. *Quidam codices exhibent urges. Talbot.*
- 7.— 86. *Sic distinguend.*
Fortis, et in seipso totus; teres, &c.

Epist.

- I.— 2.— 10. *Lege cum Talb. & Bent.*
Quod Paris, ut salvus, &c.
- 52. *Leg. cum Bent. podagrum.*
- 6.— 22. *Leg. Mutus, et (indignum quod sit) Talb.*
et Bent.
- 16.— 15. *Pro etiam (si credis) amænæ, lege, ex*
conjecturâ, et jam, si credis, &c. Sen-
sus est, hæc latebræ amænæ sunt hæc
tempestate, vel autumnno, vel ipsâ hyeme.
- 16.— 27. *Tene magis salvum, &c. Hæc et se-*
quentia ad, Augusti laudes, &c. de-
sumta sunt è Varii panegyrico in Au-
gustum.
- 43. *Talbot è vet. cod. reponit, Quo res*
sponsore.
- 18.— 15. *Pro alter rixatur, leg. rixator.*
- 111. *Sic lege & distingue,*

*Sed satis est orare Jovem, quæ donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes, &c.*

- II.—I.— 31. *Leg. oleâ. Bent. recte.*
— 53. *Annon commode vitetur falsus hujus loci
sensus si legatur—
Nævius in manibus nonne est?*
— 144. *Lege memores brevis ævi, ut Sat. 6. 97.
Vive memor quam sis brevis ævi.*
— 2.— 80. *Pro contacta, leg. non tacta. Bent.
cunctata—Cuningham.*
— 152. *Leg. donarint.*
— 171. *Leg. refugit, pro refugit. Talbot recte.*
— 199. *Lege, Pauperies immunda domo procul
absit, pro domus.—immunda procul,
procul absit. Bent. & Cun.*

De Arte Poeticâ.

- 59. *Legend. fide codicum, procudere nomen.*
— 120. *Legend. cum Creech,
— aut sibi convenientia finge
Scripta: inbonoratum si forte, &c.*
— 172. *Lege Spe lentus—pavidusque futuri. Bent.*
— 178. *Lege moraberis, ut 132.
— Non circa vilem moraberis orbem.*
— 330. *Lege cum Talbot—An hæc animos, &c.*
— 407. *Sic interpunge—
Sit tibi Musa, lyra solers & canter Apollo.*





VARIOUS
READINGS and CORRECTIONS,

Proposed by

JAMES TUNSTALL, D. D.

Serm. I. 1. 38, &c.

— *CUM* te neque fervidus aestus

*Demoveat lucro, nec hiems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
Nil obstat tibi.*—Thus far is addressed to the supposed
Dialogist, the covetous Man, whose several Pleas are
afterwards recited and confuted. The Pleas are as fol-
low: *Dum ne te sit ditior alter*, i. e. *inquis*; which
Word is to be understood in all the rest;

Quod si comminuas vilem redigatur ad assem.

Millia frumenti tua iriverit area centum.

— *At suave est ex magno tollere acervo.*

At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus

Aut alius casus lecto te adfixit; habes qui

Adsideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te

Suscitet, ac natis reddat carisq; propinquis.

Horace's Answer to the last Allegation is to be thus
read and pointed:

Miraris, cum tu argento post omnia ponas,

Si nemo præstet quem non mercaris, amorem;

** Ac, si cognatos, nullo natura labore*

* The common Reading is *ar.* Dr. Bentley reads *an.*

*Quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareq; amicos,
Infelix operam perdas; ut si quis asellum
In campo doceat parentem currere frænis?*

“ Since you value Money above every thing else, do
“ you wonder that you do not *make new* Friends; And
“ that you will lose your Labour, should you endeavour
“ to *retain* those whom Nature has provided you with-
“ out any Pains of yours; just as it would be lost La-
“ bour, should a Man attempt to overcome the greatest
“ Reluctances or Incapacities of Nature.”

v. 46. *Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus ac meus—*

Hoc is here used *demonstratively*, as the Grammarians say. In *English*, By *this*, By *thus much*, i. e. By nothing, or the most insignificant Quantity.—*plus hoc*.

Serm. III. ver. 38, &c.

*Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amica
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ:
Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus—*

* *Ac, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire.*

These Lines, which are answered by *Horace* to what had been objected from ver. 24. *Stultus et improbus hic amor est*—ought to be thus pointed and read.

57. ————— *probus quis
Nobis cum vivit, multum demissus homo; illi
Tardo ac cognomen pingui damus.—*

So distinguish.

84. ————— *Paullum deliquit amicus;
Quod, nisi concedas, habere insuavis.—*
Quod is put absolutely, *As to which*.

* The common Reading is *et*.

90. ————— *mensæve catillum*

Evandri, manibus tritum, defecti — So distinguish.

This *Evander* was a Potter, and the Dish was both a little one, and sufficiently worn with Use; and therefore the throwing it down is numbered among very small Offences.

Thus Ep. I. XX. *Contrectatus ubi manibus* —

II. I. — *tereretq; vitrum publicus usus.*

121. ————— *Cum dicas esse pares res,*

*Furta latrocinii, et magnis parva; mineriis
Falce* —————

Permittant homines; — So distinguish.

Serm. IV. ver. 70.

Non ego sim Caprii neq; Sulci, cur metuas me.

‘I would not be like *Caprius*, that you may be afraid of me.’

79. ————— *Hoc studio pravus fatis, i. e. versus.*

87. ————— *E quibus unus amet quavis, i. e. in parte;* for any Fault or Thing without Distinction.

109. ————— *Albi filius, i. e. because he was not contented;*
Barus, i. e. because he was not frugal. Distinguish,

————— *parce, frugaliter; atq;*

————— *male vivat filius? atq;*

Barus inops, magnum — velit?

Serm. V. ver. 57.

————— *Ridemus. Et ipse,*

Messius, accipio, caput et movet — Above, ver. 15.

Avertunt somnos: absentem —

Certatim. Tandem. —

Serm. VI. ver. 17.

————— *Quid oportet*

Nos, (i. e. philosophos) facere —

38. *Tunc Syri—tradere Cadmo?* Thus the People expostulate with *Tillius*. He answers, *At Novius—uno*. The People again, *Hoc tibi—tenet hoc nos*.

37. ——— *Ad hæc [i. e. in quibus sum] nunc Laus illi debetur.* ———

‘ I could not have blamed my Father, had I been a Cryer ; but considering the Condition I am in, he merits Commendation and Gratitude from me.’

Serm. VIII. ver. 45.

Horruerim voces furiarum et facta duarum, i. e. Candide et Sagane.

Serm. IX. ver. 10.

Dicere nescio quid puero : cum sudor ad imos Manaret talos. O te, Bolane, cerebri Felicem, aiebam tacitus ; cum quidlibet illo Garriret ; vicos, urbem laudaret. Ut illi Nil respondebam ; misere——

27. ——— *Haud mihi quisquam :
——— adoleverit ætas.*

It is much out of Character that *Horace* should say all this ; but a great Heightening of the Satire to make the Impertinent say it.

69. ——— *Vin’ tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere ?——*

‘ Will you despise the sacred Institutions of the Jews ?
Nulla mihi, inquam, religio est, i. e. oppedere. ‘ I make
no Conscience of despising them.’

Serm. X. ver. 27.

*Scilicet oblitus patriæq; patrisq; * Latina
(Cum Pedius causas exsudet Publicola atq;
Corvintus patriis) intermiscere, petita*

* Dr. Bentley reads *Latini*. It was before *Latine*.

Verba foris, malis; Canusini more bilinguis:

Atqui ego——

‘You a Greek, Hermogenes or Demetrius, would mix Latin, i. e. to you foreign Words; but I, a Native of Italy, when I would write Greek Verses,’ &c.

Lib. II. Serm. I. ver. 1.

*Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere. Opus sine nervis altera, quicquid
Composui, pars esse putat——*

Opus sine nervis,

i. e. ‘Much ado without Execution.’ Though *opus* will well stand in the other Punctuation; below, *Primus in hunc operis componere—morem. Tendere opus, as tendere iter.*

5. ——— *ne faciam, inquis,*

Omnino? Versus, aio.———

31. ——— *neq; si male gesserat, i. e. arcana, negotia propria et privata.*

49. ——— *si quis se iudice certet*———

This is the right Reading. *Quibus est inimicus* are to be understood from the foregoing Verse.

54. ——— *Nil faciet sceleris pia dextera. Mirum!*

Here Trebatius cuts Horace short, when the latter had said, that *Scæva*’s pious right Hand would not do Violence to his long-lived Mother. This is wonderful, says Trebatius. Horace proceeds, *Ut neq; calce lupus quemquam.*

Serm. II. ver. 29.

*Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hac magis illa;
Imparibus formis, deceptum te patet——
Hac magis illa forma.*

39. *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem, ait, (i. e. jejunos stomachus.) Harpyiis gula
——— digna rapacibus. At vos.*

‘But

‘ But ye, delicate People, say of such a Stomach,
‘ *Harpyiis, &c.*’

65. *Mundus erit [sapiens, erit] qui non offendet sordibus.*

123. *Post hoc ludus erat : Culpa potare magistra,
Et venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.*

Culpa seems to be the Wife of *Ofellus*, whose *Oeconomy* and *Manner of Life* the Poet all along describes.

Culpa potare magistra explicuit.

Serm. III. ver. 11.

*Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?
Eupolin, Archilochum comites educere? Quin tu
Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ.*

Contemnere miser. —————

Quin tu is the Reading of the Scholiast upon *Perfius*,
Sat. III. So Serm. L. l. 30. — *Quin per mala præcepta
fertur* — II. 4. 61. — *Quin omnia mavult* — I. ver. 71. —
Quin ubi se a vulgo.

43. *Quem mala stultitia, et quoicunq; inscitia veri
Cæcum agit,* —————

Quemcunq; is flat after *quem*. *Quoicunque* or *quocunque*,
‘ whithersoever, whatever Way, in whatever Extreme.’
ver. 50. —————

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit —————

88. ————— *Credo*

*Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidiſſe. Quid? Ergo
Sensit, eum summam patrimoni inſculpere ſaxo
Heredes voluit, (quoad vixit) —————
Et quicquid volet) hoc, veluti virtute paratum,
Speravit magnæ laudi fore.* —————

123. *Dis inimice senex, custodis? Ne tibi desit, (i. e. in-
quis.)*

This is the covetous Man's Reason for hoarding up his Money, that he may have to supply his Occasions. Damascippus, or Stertinius, answers,

Quantulum enim summe—Quare

Si quod vis (i. e. ne tibi desit) satis est—Quod vis instead of *quidvis*, which seems here to make Horace reason from Premises, which the other would hardly allow of.

132. *Incolumi capite es? quid? Enim neq; tu—*

Enim here signifies *why truly*, and seems to have Place in the Beginning of the Sentence, Ep. I. 18.

Ambigitur quid? Enim Caster sciat an Docilis plus. Enim neq; tu— are supposed to be answered. *Enimvero dicis te neque hoc facere Argis. Nec ferro—*

158. *Quisnam igitur (i. e. inter quos numerandus est avarus, Sanos an insanos?) Sanus? qui non stultus? quid?* It is answered, *Avarus stultus et insanus.* It is asked again, *Quid? si quis non sit avarus?* It is answered, *Continuo is sanus est.* The Stoic replies, *Minimè.*—So, *Serm. VII. 83. Distinguish,*

Quisnam igitur? liber; sapiens; sibi qui imperiosus; potesne,

Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere?—

201. — *Quorsum insanus? quare autem Ajacem dixisti insanum? ut ver. 197. Mille ovium insanus—*

208. *Qui species alias veri, scelerisq; tumultu Permixtas capiet, commotus habebitur;—*

According to this Definition, Madness is either an *Error* of the Understanding, or a *Depravity* of the Will. So, *ver. 43.*

Quem mala stultitia, et—inscitia veri Cæcum agit.—

32. — *insanis et tu, stultiq; prope omnes, i. e. sunt. Prope autem uno excepto sapiente, ut ver. 46. 80.*

212. *Tu prudens, scelus ob titulos cum admittis inanes?*
So distinguish. Agamemnon had said, ver. 206.
Prudens placavi sanguine Divos.

80. *Aut alio mentis morbo calet, i. e. amore; supra,*
Pallet amore—

99. — *Quid simile isti—insanior horum?*
This is answered to the Stoic, who replies,
Nil agit exemplum, quod litem litem resolvit.

Serm. IV. ver. 14.

— *Namq; marem cobibent callosa vitellum:*
Callosa refers to *alba*, *marem vitellum* refers to *succi melioris*; but Dr. Bentley's *alma* is much the same with *succi melioris*.

19. — *Misto mersare Falerno, i. e. κερπαινεῖν.*

63. — *duplicis—juris, i. e. mixti;*

Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris
Naturam, (simplex e dulci constat olivo)

Quod, i. e. duplex jus.—So, *duplicis Ulyssæi.* Cic.
de Leg. l. 7. Animal hoc providum, sagax, multiplex.—

Serm. V. ver. 79.

Venit enim (magnum!) donandi parca juventus.
A truly wonderful thing, that Penelope was not corrupted!

103. *Sparge subinde, i. e. ista, Ergo—unde—*

— *Et si paulum potes illacrimare, et*

Gaudia prodentem vultum celare; (subaudi illacrimato et celato, i. e. illacrimandâ celato—So aspirare et adesse, i. e. aspirando adesse; discere et audire, i. e. audiendo discere.

3. — *Quid? rides? Tiresias* says this, and soon learned that Ulysses was serious,

Quando pauperiem missis ambagibus horres.

59. O Laertiade, * quicquid dicam aut erit, aut non, i. e. dicam quicquid aut erit, aut non erit,
Divinare etenim, i. e. dicere quicquid erit—

Serm. VI. ver. 30.

— Tu pulses omne quod obstat,
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras?
Hæc hominis impulsit. Horatius respondet,
Hoc juvat et melli est, i. e. quod ad Mæcenatem eam.

Serm. VII. ver. 1.

Serv. Jamdudum ausculto,—reformido. Hor. Davusne?
Serv. Ita, Davus. Hor. Amicum mancipium domino, et frugi. Serv. Quod sit satis, hoc est,
Ut vitale putes.

63. — illa etenim se,
Non habitu mutæve loco, peccatæve superne,
Cum te formidet mulier, neq; credat amanti,
Ibis sub furcam prudens.

Serm. VIII. ver. 15.

— Alcon Cbium, maris expers, i. e. ἐμπειρον.
Cbian Wine is afterwards opposed to *citra mare nato*,
ver. 48, 9.

51. — inulas ego primas amaras
Monstravi incoquere (illotos Curtillus echinos,
Ut melius) muria, — v. Serm. IV. 65. 6, 7.

Lib. I. Epist. I. ver. 6.

Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

* See an Instance of like Construction, Virg. Æn. l. 113.

Sana vocant Itali quæ—pro quæ sana.

v. Quint. Inst. Orat. VIII. 2.

To have often craved the Compassion of the People, upon being overpowered by his Antagonist, is the Character of a *bad* Gladiator; but the *good* Gladiator here described would give over the Business, lest he should at last be obliged to crave that Compassion. He had often desired to leave off the Business; but the People had as often required him to perform for that Time, always promising, but not keeping their Promise, that it should be the last Time. Distinguish therefore,

Ne populum, extremâ toties, exoret arenâ.

49. *Quis circum pagos, et circum compita pugnat*

Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,

Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?

The Word *contemnat* has nothing to do here. It must be changed into *contendat*. The Poet's Sense, in short, is, Who would with much Striving and Difficulty obtain any Object of Pursuit, when it may be obtained without them? Above,

————— *quæ maxima credis*

Esse mala, — quanto devites — labore?

Ne cures ea, quæ stultè miraris et optas,

Discere — non vis? —————

Horace alludes to the Exercises and Discipline, which were preparatory in the athletic Adventurers for the Olympic Prize. They took all Opportunities of engaging where these Pastimes were used, in *pagis et compitis*.

Æschines alludes to the same, *cont. Ctesiphont.* c. 60.

οἷε δὲ ποτὲ ἐδεληῖσθαι τινα ἐπασχινεῖν τα παναθηναῖα.

So Cic. in *Brut.* c. 69. — *Pugnos et plagas Olympiorum cupidi ferre possunt.* So Horat. *Ars Poet.*

Qui studeat optatam cursu contingere metam,

i. e. coronari Olympia,

Multa tulit fecitq; puer. —————

97. *Quid? mea cum pugnat — mutat quadrata rotundis:*

A Prælore dati, rerum tutela mearum

*Cum sis ; et pravè sectum stomacharis ob unguem
De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.*

Here *stomacharis* answers to *credis*. You are not concerned for the Irregularity of my Mind, as I am your *Ward*, to whom you owe your Care; but you will not endure in me the least Impropriety of Dress, as I am your *Client* and *Hanger-on*, and owe every thing to you. Dr. Bentley changes *respicientis* into *suspicientis*, without Reason. He says, *Profecto respicientis est actio superioris erga inferiorem, potentis versus inopem*. It is otherwise, *Cæsar. Bell. Civ. III. 3. Ad hunc summa imperii respiciebat. Hirt. Bell. Afr. 73. Ducem aliquem requirunt, quem respicerent. Horace uses respicientis in the same peculiar Signification as Cicero, when he says,—totaq; domus, quæ spectat in nos solos. Off. I. 17. In like manner the Greeks, προς μὲν ἐν σε πάντα ὀπᾶν. Xenoph. Cyr. Inst. Lib. 2. Εἰς τὸν σὸν δεσπυρὸν πάντες ὀπᾶμεν. Horace's Description of himself to *Mæcenas* is, *ego quem vocas*; which is the same as, *de te pendens, te respiciens amicus. Carm. II. 20.**

*Non ego, pauperum sanguis parentum,
Non ego, quem vocas ;—obibo.*

Epist. II. ver. 30.

Ad strepitum citbaræ cessanti incidere curam.

So, Ep. XIV.—*non incidere ludum. Tusc. Disp. I. 44.*
Tu quæ curam somno suspensio levas.

33. ————— atq;

Si noles sanus, cures hydropicus :—Atque ;

For all these are distinct Arguments. *Si noles sanus, i. e. cum nondum sis hydropicus, sed in eum morbum propendens, currere ; cures hydropicus.*

24. *Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusq; bibisset ;*

[Si] *Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis & excors ;
Vixisset canis immundus vel amica luto sus.*

The

The *Reddition* begins at *vixisset*; and * *si* in the second Line is to be understood ἀπὸ κοινῆς.

Epist. VI. ver. 1.

Nil admirari prope, res est una——

For we ought to admire Virtue, though that may be done—*ultra quam satis est, v. 16.*

7. *Ludicra.* This is answered.

Quid, plausus, et amici dona Quiritis

Quo spectanda modo—credis et ore?

So distinguish.

59. *Differtum transire forum propalamq; iubebat——*

Cic. de Off. III. 24. Luce palam in foro saltet.

Liv. VI. 14. Medio foro accurrit,—palam populo solvit.

Epist. XIV. ver. 4.

Certemus spinas animone ego fortius, an tu

Evellas ægro; et melior sit Horatius, an † res.

Here is a Comparison of *Horace* and his *Bailiff*, not of *Horace* and his *Field*. *Sallust. Jug. 29. Animus æger avaritiâ. Cic. Ep. Att. De vitiis animi, suas radices habent, quas tamen evellerem profecto, si liceret.*

Epist. XVI. ver. 29.

—— *Augusti laudes agnoscere possis?*

31. *Respondeſne tuo, dic sodes, nomine; nempe,*

i. e. tibi ipsi credis?

32. *Vix bonus—ego et tu?* So distinguish.

* So *Ep. XI. 25.—Nam si—prudentia curas—aufert;*

[Si] Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt;

Strenua nos exercet inertia.

Here the *Reddition* begins at *Sirenua*.

† *Inter res domini erant et servi. Cic. de Off. III. 23.*

Epist. XVII. ver. 36.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet—

Hæc respondentis.

43. *Coram rege suo de paupertate tacentes*

Plus poscente ferent? distat sumasne pudenter,

*An rapias? —Coram rege suo plus feret Aristippus
tacens, quam Cynicus poscens? Atqui si hoc concedas, con-
cedis quod quæritur.*

Epist. XVIII. ver. 15.

Alter rixatus de lanâ sæpe caprinâ——

*Sæpe antea rixatus etiamnum propugnat & per-
severat.*

80. *Ut penitus notum——serve*

*Tuterisq; tuo fidentem [quem commendasti] præsidio
ecquid sentis? — (qui dente Theonino cum circumroditur)*

i. e. cum is dente Theonino circumroditur. Cic. Tusc. III.

De in fine quibus audies tu quidem, i. e. de iis audies.

IV. 6. Quæ declinatio si cum ratione fit, i. e. ea declinatio.

V. 5. Sed hoc—quale sit, de quo a te disputari volo.

96. *Inter cuncta—percunctabere doctos,*

(Quâ ratione queas—utilium spes)

Virtutem doctrina paret,——

107. —— *etiam minus, ut mihi vivam, i. e. modo mihi
vivam.——Mox,*

—— *ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.* He corrects
himself upon this last Petition. But I do not consider,
that I am asking what does not belong to Jupiter to give,
namely, *animum æquum*, or *ne fluitem.*—

Lib. II. Epist. I. ver. 106.

—— *Majores audire minori dicere,*

—— *audire dicere. So, intellexi—dicere. Cic. Fam.*

VII. 28. So, aiebant nuntiare.—Ep. ad 2 Fr. II. 6.

260. Di-

260. *Discit enim citius—*Quis discit citius *poema malum* quod deridet, quam *patronum*, quem *veneratur*.

Epist. II. ver. 18.

— *dicta tibi est lex.* Here end the Paragraph.

Insequeris tamen hunc et lite moraris iniqua;

i. e. *tamen me hunc insequeris, nam a me*

Dicta tibi est lex. Dixi me pigrum—

24. *Quereres super hoc etiam—mendax.*

57. — *Quid faciam vis*

Deniq;—Denique quale genus carminis vis ut faciam?

So *Deniq;* had been joined to the following Sentence, when it ought to have concluded the preceding one, *Tusc. Quæst. IV. Interitus patriæ, servitus denique.* Here *denique* is moreover, as *Ep. Fam. II. 15. Deniq; nunc sollicitus non sum.* There follows *postremo.*

80. — *et confracta sequi vestigia—*i. e. ἀπότομα et παρακεκινδυνευμένα.

84. — *Hic ego, rerum*

*Fluctibus in mediis—*i. e. *ego hoc * ingenium, quod dixi, quod Athenis annos septem studiis dedit—Ep. 15. Nimirum hic ego sum.* May not we hence collect, on *Horace's* own Authority, that he was *seven Years* a Student at *Athens*?

87. *Frater erat—Recte, Frater, fere alter. Ep. I. 10.*

Fraternis animis, quicquid negat alter & alter.

Mart. Epigr. XI. 11. Frater erat—

199. *Pauperies immunda modo procul absit.—*So,

Modo quæ dicat illa bene noris. De Fin. I. 5.

Domus and *modus* are often confounded.

* *Serm. II. 1.—est Lucilius ausus—offensi ingenio—uni æquus virtuti.*

Ars Poet. ver. 2.

— *varias inducere plumas,*

Undique collatis membris. — If we read *formas* instead of *plumas*, there will be nothing to denote the *valucrum genus*.

31. *In vitium ducit culpe fuga, si caret arte.*

This Line is faulty. *Vitium* and *culpa*, i. e. *viti-um* and *vitium*. The Line is misplaced, and should come in immediately after,

Serpit bumi tutus nimium timidusq; procellæ;

But even then, if we consider all that goes before, it is not the *avoiding* of one Fault that leads into another, but it is the *aiming* at an Excellency in Writing, which leads into a Fault near a kin to it, *si caret arte*, if the Author has not good Judgment.

120. — *bonoratum* — *Achillem*, i. e. *πολλὰ πύλλοντον*.

Cic. Tusc. Quæst. II. 24. — *clari et nobilitati labores.*

222. *Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit*, i. e. *gravitate incolumi relicta; valedicto gravitati.* So *Mart.*

Epigr. V. 10. *Ennius est lectus salvo tibi, Roma, Marone.* *Sic Græci*, χαίρειν ἑάσας; *Latini*, dicere vivere aut valere. — *Incolumi gravitate*, bidding Adieu to the Gravity and Dignity of the tragic Subject. *Horace* evidently blames and ridicules the Introduction of these little Pieces, or satirical Interludes, into the Seriousness of a tragic Representation.

224. — *functusq; sacris, et potus* — So *Athenæus* (L. II.)

derives *μεθεῖν*, q. d. *μετὰ τὸ δεῖν*.

294. *Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*

The Construction is — *quod multa dies non castigavit perfectum decies ad unguem.* So — *ad unguem Factus homo.* *Cic. Ep. ad Qu. Fr. III.* *Tua expolitio ad perfectum* — *Hor. Serm. ult. L. I.* — *ultra perfectum.* *Perfectus, potitus* — In *Pis. 25.* — *nondum esse satis politum et querendum esse aliquid perfectius.* *Brut. 18.*

344. [*Lectorem delectando pariterq; monendo.*]

1. This Line is bad Composition. 2. It makes great Tautology. There was just before—*miscuit utile dulci.*

Aut prodesse—aut delectare—

Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita.

3. It ought to have been *auditorem*, not *lectorem*. For Horace had been hitherto speaking of the poetical Performance as a Play, or Dramatic Representation. He here speaks of it as a Book.

462. *Qui scis an prudens—demittenti funem dicam,*

Qui scis an—et Siculi poeta exemplo confirmabo.

Ep. ad Aug. 2.—moribus ornes,

Legibus emendes.

Cic. de Leg. I. Serendi etiam mores, nec scriptis omnia sancienda. De Orat. I. Leges veteres, moresq; majorum.

Ep. ad Att. II, 19. Si neq; leges, neque mores cogunt.

8. *Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno*

Cetera.—Observe how this fine Compliment to Augustus introduces the Subject of the whole Poem, or rather arises out of it.

25. —*aequata Sabinis, i. e. in societate aequa. Liv. I. 17.*

32, 3. *Venimus ad summum*—

These are all Absurdities, like *nil intra est oleam*—which may as well be admitted, as that—*quia Graiorum sunt*—See *Cic. Brut. c. 18.*

Ep. II. 2. 205. Non es avarus. Adi—pro abi.

Come hither, let me talk with you. Quid?—

I. 7. 19. Ut libet. Hac accipientis, ver. 70.

62. — *Benignè, i. e. I thank your Master.*

Negat ille. The Servant brings this Answer to Philippus, who replies, *Mibi negat improbus?* Servant again, *Et te negligit aut horrat.*

I. I. 38.—*excludat jurgia finis, i. e.* A Definition of the Number of Years sufficient to constitute the Perfection of a Poem.

47.—*ratione ruentis acervi, i. e.* by the Argument of Sorites. So Persius,—*Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.*

75.—*totum ducit venditq; poema, i. e. versus unus injuste ducit secum totum poema et vendit.* So, *Ep. ad Attic. XIII. 12. Ligariana præclari vendidisti. Mox, Posthac quicquid scripsero, tibi præconium deferam.* It is unreasonable, says Horace, that one beautiful Passage should carry with it, and give a Character to, the whole Poem.

23. ——— *tabulas peccare vetantes;*

————— *Musas in monte locutas.*

One would conclude that the Laws of the twelve Tables, the ancient Treaties, and pontifical Books here mentioned, were written in Verse; perhaps the Saturnian Verse. *Pontificum—vatum.* Livy, describing the Ceremony of a Treaty between Tullus Hostilius and the People of Alba, says, of the *pater patratus—verbis, que longo effata carmine, non operæ est referre, peragit.* I. 24. The Albans, on the other hand,—*sua item carmina, sumq; jusjurandum—peregerunt.* Ib.

189. *Quatuor aut plures aulea premuntur in horas, &c.*

Horace here will appear to have played the Courtier as much as the Critic, in ridiculing Pompey's Shows at the Opening of his new Theatre, which he had built at an immense Expence, if we compare this Passage with Cicero's Description of them, *Ep. Fam. VII. 1.*

Serm. I. 16. 14. ——— ridiculum acri

Fortius—magnas plerunq; fecat res.

Cic. de Orat. II. 58.—odiosaſq; res sæpe, quas argumentis ditari non facile est, joco risuq; dissolvit. Horace seems to have had his Eye upon this Passage of Cicero.—So, *Air. Poet. ver. 444.*

Quin sine rivali teq; et tua solus amares.

Cic.

Cic. Ep. ad. Qu. Fr. III. 8. Quam se ipse amans sine rivali.

So, Ar. Poet. 202.

Tibia—erat utilis—nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.

Cic. de Leg. II. 15. Illa [leg. fedilia,] quæ solèbant quondam compleri severitate jucundâ Livianis et Nævianis modis.—

So, Ar. Poet. ver. 97.

—————*Projicit ampullas*—————

Cic. Ep. ad Att. I. 14.—totum hunc locum, quem ego solea pingere, de flammâ, de ferro (nostis istas ἀνκύβες)

So, Ar. Poet. ver. 370, &c.

—————*consultus juris et actor*

Causarum mediocris abest virtute disert

Messallæ —————

Sed tamen in pretio est —————

—————*animis natum inventumq; poema juvandis*

Si paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Cic. de Orat. I. 26.—fingendus est nobis—orator—omni laude cumulatus; neque enim si multitudo litium—dat locum vel vitiosissimis oratoribus, idcirco nos hoc, quod quærimus, omitemus. Itaq; in iis artibus, in quibus non utilitas quæritur necessaria, sed animi libera quædam oblectatio, quam diligenter et quam prope fastidiosè judicamus? nullæ enim lites sunt,—quæ cogant homines, sicut in foro non bonos oratores, item in theatro actores malos perpeti.

Ar. Poet. ver. 359.

Indignor, quandoq; [i. e. quandocunq;] bonus dormitat Homerus.

So, Cic. Somn. Scip. 7. Quandoq;—Sol—iterum defecerit.

Again,

Again, *Quandocunq;* for *quandoq;* Serm. I. 9.

Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunq;

Ep. I. 7. 21.

Hæc seges ingratos tulit et feret—

So Cic. *Tusc. Disp.* II. 5. *Probræ etsi in segetem sunt de-
teriorem data fruges*—

And Mart. *Epigr.* V. 53.

Non reddet sterilis semina jacta seges.

Ar. Poet. 15.

Purpureus, late qui splendeat—*parinus*—

So Cic. *Orat.* 58. *Quos autem numeros cum quibus, tanquam
purpuram, misceri oporteat.*

F I N I S.

4 OC 69

